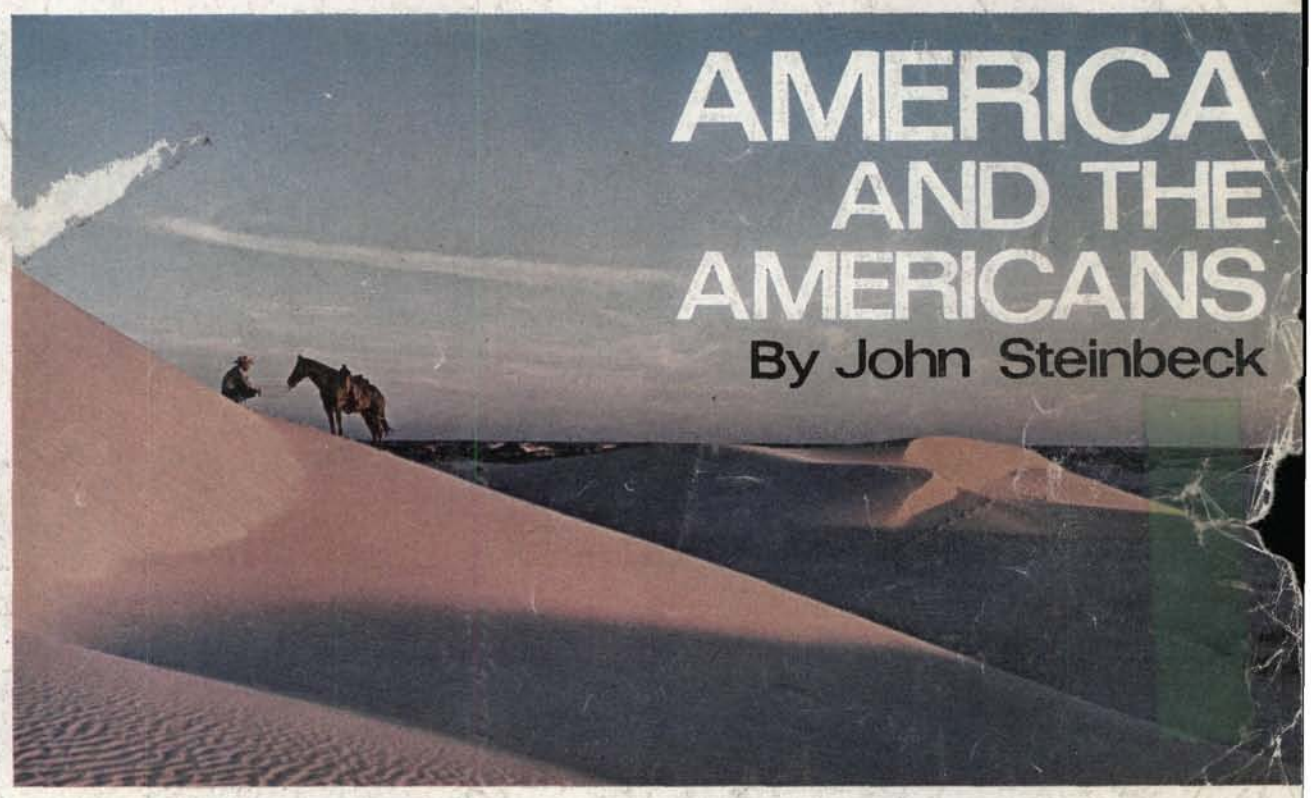
Saturday Evening Post · July 2, 1966 · 35c

POST

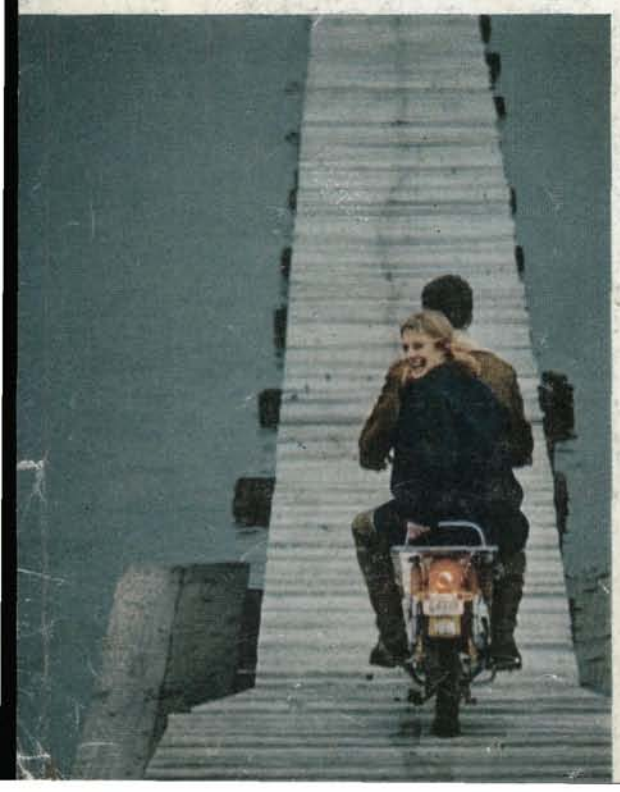
New weapons against **PAIN**

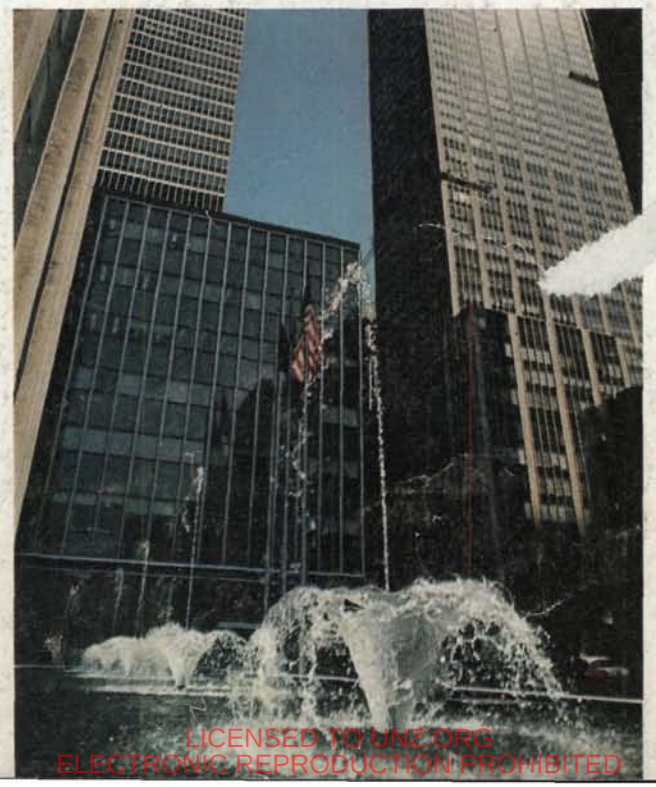
Must Negroes use **VIOLENCE?**

The haunted house of **ELKE SOMMER**



AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS
By John Steinbeck





AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
LIBRARY
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The closer he gets...the better you look!*

Now! Shampoo-in hair color so natural it invites close-ups!

Let distance lend enchantment—to other women! You be the gal who looks even lovelier close up! Fresher, prettier, more exciting when your hair glows with the soft, natural-looking color of new Nice'n Easy by Clairol.

Here is an easy-to-do, once-a-month shampoo-in hair color so rich in formula, it can lighten lighter...brighten brighter...and deepen more evenly! So rich, it covers gray better than any other shampoo-in color...so rich, it leaves your hair with lively body...and an exciting glow! Try it for a lift...for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair color looks so natural it invites close-ups!

The closer he gets...the better you look!

Pour it on... work it through.

Wait just minutes... rinse...shampoo!

Nice'n Easy... so natural looking!

New! Nice'n Easy* by Clairol

the natural-looking hair color you just shampoo in!*

*Trademark

© Clairol Inc. 1966

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

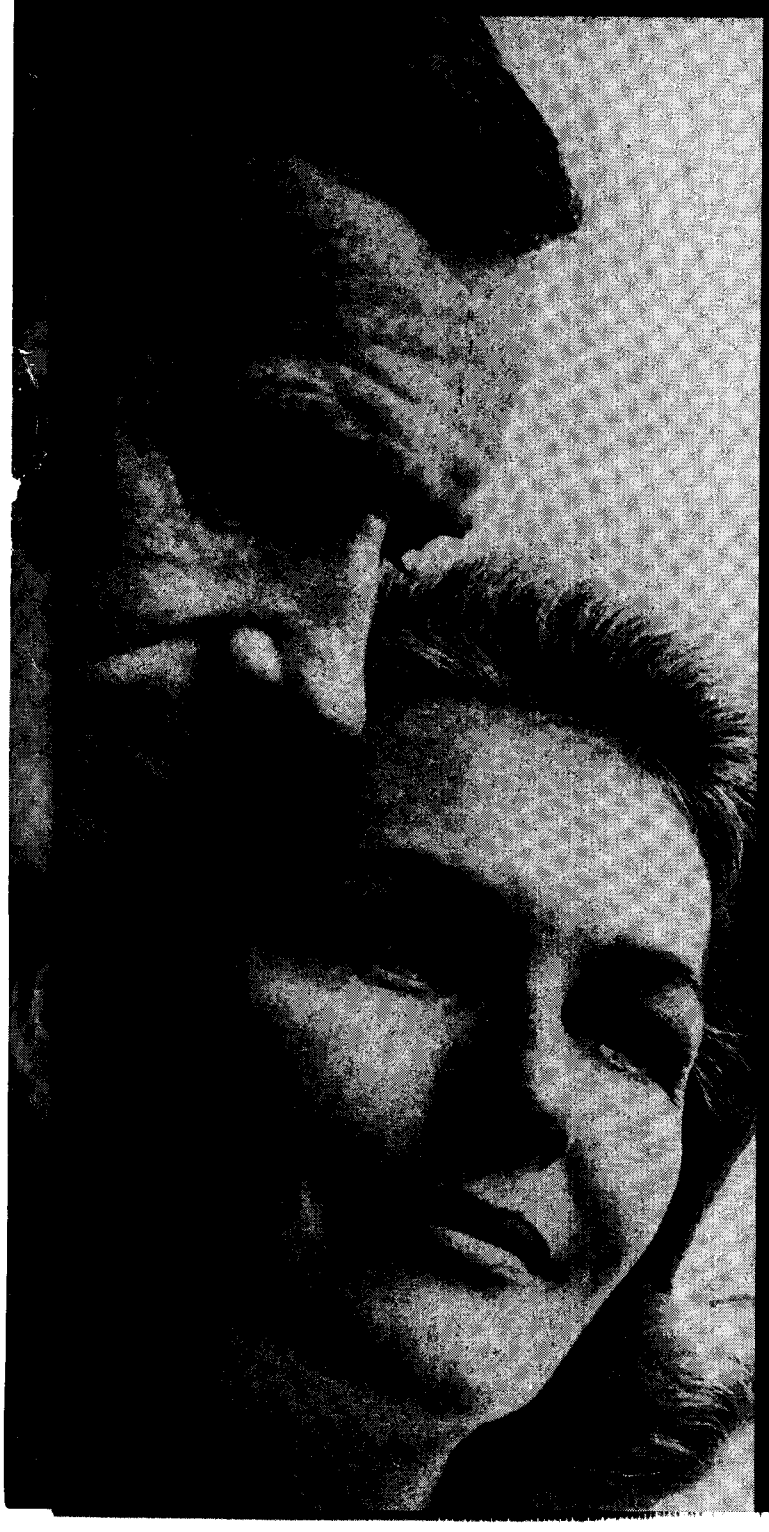
Two nice ways to start Sunday. Breakfast in bed. And a Long Distance visit with the folks.

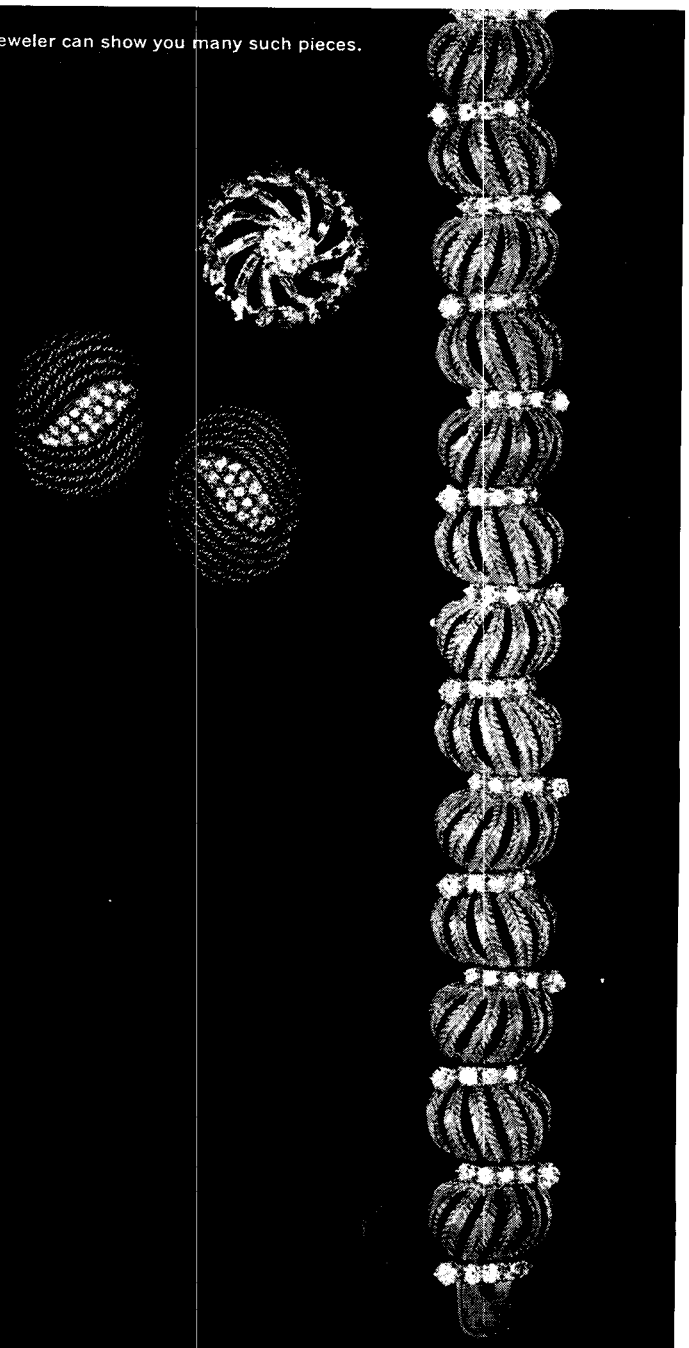
What better day for family-time calling? There's no need
to wait till Sunday evening for lowest rates.
Now rates are lowest *all day* Sunday. Call soon and you'll agree,
Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.

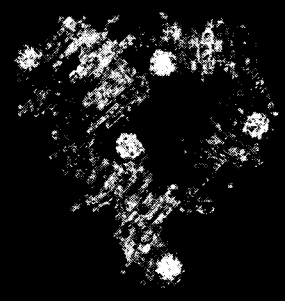
AT&T Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph
and Associated Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[illegible] about $1950; ring, abo[illegible] about $800; pin, about $550. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.







A gift of diamonds tells of ever-growing love

Time-tested love cannot be exalted by material possessions. Yet one, the diamond, given to commemorate some anniversary or other great occasion, becomes an ever-whispered endearment to cherish always. Its meaning is beyond all worldly values.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening
POST

Founded in 1728 by
Ben Franklin

WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. Editor
OTTO FRIEDRICH Managing editor
ASGER JERRILD Art director
DON McKINNEY Chief articles editor
WILLIAM EWALD Assistant articles editor
MacLENNAN FARRELL Fiction editor
FRANK KILKER Art editor
JOE SAPINSKY Associate art director (photography)
STEWART ALSOP Washington editor

Senior articles editors JAMES ATWATER (general); SANDFORD BROWN (business); THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. (national affairs); JOHN HUNT (speaking out); ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. (national affairs); RICHARD LEMON (general); DAVID A. LYLE (foreign); MICHAEL M. MOONEY (general); STEVEN M. SPENCER (science); JEANETTE SARKISIAN WAGNER (general). **Associate** ANN BAYER. **Assistant** BARBARA J. POSEN. **Editors-at-large** JOHN BIRD, BILL DAVIDSON, ROGER KAHN, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN. **Contributing writers** TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, MYRON COPE, SANCHE DE GRAMONT, MAX GUNTHER, MARVIN KITMAN, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, WILLIAM SAROYAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR. **Senior fiction editors** HASKEL FRANKEL, SUSAN STANWOOD. **Associate** GERALDINE KRUG. **Assistant** JOANNA E. RAPF. **Technical photography director** JOHN HARM. **Associate photography editors** ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, SALLY A. REUKAUF. **Regional photographer** OLLIE ATKINS (Washington). **Contributing photographers** BILL BRIDGES, JOSEPH CONSENTINO, JOHN LAUNOIS, HARVEY LLOYD, WAYNE MILLER. **Photo lab** ROBERT MOORE (chief). **Senior copy editors** RICHARD L. LEHMAN, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER. **Associate copy editor** NORRIS RANDOLPH. **Assistants** MARY ANN O'ROARK, DEBORAH HARKINS. **Layout** JOHN DAXLAND, MAXINE COHEN. **Editorial production** FLORENCE CONWAY. **Assistant** RITA ORTIGA. **Research** LIA SMITS (chief); MARILYN FLAIG, VICTORIA SMITH, XENIA VUJNOVICH.

J. M. CLIFFORD President
JESS L. BALLEW Publisher

© 1966 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published biweekly, twenty-six issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa. and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $3.95; 2 Yrs., $7.45; 3 Yrs., $10.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Pan American countries, 1 Yr., $5.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $6.95. UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTY: We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, J. M. Clifford, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Sr. Vice Pres.; Maurice W. Poppei, Sr. Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, *Treasurer*; *Gloria L. Swett, Secretary*; *Robert L. Sherrod, Vice Pres., Editorial Coordinator*; Jess L. Ballew, Vice Pres., Publisher. The Saturday Evening Post; John S. Connors, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, American Home and Jack and Jill. Executive offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Editorial and advertising offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

IN THIS ISSUE

July 2, 1966 • 239th Year, Issue No. 14

Articles

Negroes have a right to fight back *(Speaking Out)* . . . *John Oliver Killens* 10
Pity the poor President *(Affairs of State)* . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 18
Daddy is a hippy *(The Human Comedy)* . . . . . *Richard Lemon* 22
New ways to kill pain . . . . . *Max Gunther* 25
Haunted . . . . . *Joe Hyams* 28
America and the Americans . . . . . *John Steinbeck* 32
Joe Torre: The last of the great catchers . . . . . *Myron Cope* 84
The hobbit-forming world of J. R. R. Tolkien . . . . . *Henry Resnik* 90
The wacky spy caper . . . . . *Barnard Law Collier* 97

Fiction

Traveling light *(Conclusion)* . . . . . *Charles Portis* 48
Fire in the vineyards . . . . . *Kay Boyle* 76

Departments

Letters . . . 4 America, America . . . 50 Post scripts . . 82
Hazel . . . . . 94 Editorial 102

About this issue

John Steinbeck

The ghostly house he shares with his wife, Elke Sommer, is the subject of JOE HYAMS's current piece. Hyams met Miss Sommer while on a *Post* assignment to do a story about her *(A Season of Sommer*, April 18, 1964). "Naturally," says Hyams, "I would want to write about our first haunting for the S. E. P." . . . The idea for his article on pain came to MAX GUNTHER as he was being anesthetized for an operation two years ago. The last thing he remembers before losing consciousness was the surgeon describing a pain-killer called "Finnigan's drip" (Phenergan drip). . . . Viking will publish in October JOHN STEINBECK's *America and Americans*, from which his article in this issue was taken. . . . A Latin-American expert for the New York *Herald Tribune*, BARNARD LAW COLLIER, author of *The Wacky Spy Caper*, lives in Washington where he often spies on the activities of the CIA./Cover photos *(from left to right top)*: Joern Gerdts, John Lewis Stage; *(bottom)*: Shel Hershorn, Dennis Stock, and Kosti Ruohomaa.

Moving?

Change your address in advance and get this FREE Moving Guide

Please send us the address label from this issue before you move and we will send you—FREE—a copy of NEW HOME JOURNAL, the 48-page illustrated guide that will help you save time, trouble and money when you move.

Mail to:
SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
DEPT. NHJ
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19105

Please send me a FREE copy of New Home Journal

ATTACH YOUR ADDRESS LABEL HERE

NAME (print)_____
My New Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____
Date Moving_____

Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's a better way to do it

...with a Nicholson file

Quality tools by Nicholson: Files · Rotary Burs
Hacksaw and Band Saw Blades · Hole Saws
Ground Flat Stock · Industrial Hammers

NICHOLSON® U.S.A. **NICHOLSON** BLACK DIAMOND® U.S.A.
Nicholson File Company, Providence, R. I.

Now you can serve great Daiquiris and Bacardi-Cocktails made and bottled by the people who invented both of them!

(Just pour over ice and serve)

The only bottled cocktails made with BACARDI® rum

© BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FLA. COCKTAILS, 55 PROOF.

Letters

Drugs on campus

Dear Sir:

In one stroke you have found a capable new writer, Richard Goldstein, and have brought the impact of national journalism to bear on a problem [DRUGS ON THE CAMPUS, May 21] which is generating more fright than light at the local level.

MRS. S. H. GRAY
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Goldstein deserves a round of applause for exposing the use of narcotics. I wish there were stricter laws to stop it all.

MARY SBROCCO
River Edge, N.J.

Sir:

Thank the Lord I have already tasted an orange in its wholeness like no other orange, and I have seen its gemlike color with a healthy, *undrugged* mind and eye—or I might be tempted. Your article appears to be a seductive sales pitch for the use of marijuana.

MRS. CHARLOTTE BECKSTEAD
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I wish that students would use their excess time and energy on useful projects, such as the ones being undertaken at N.Y.U., where some students stay "cool" by tutoring (gratis) less-fortunate youngsters in the neighborhood and assist in planning activities for them. These students know that facing up to the realities of life is what turns children into men and women.

MRS. MARTIN J. O'GRADY
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

The otherwise fair and informative article by Richard Goldstein contains the rather misleading statement that "such drugs (LSD) were recently available under the aegis of Richard Alpert and Timothy Leary." Although it is true that many Harvard (and other) students have taken LSD and other psychedelics on their own initiative, the Leary-Alpert Psychedelic Research Project, with which I was associated, did not use undergraduates in its research. The subjects were primarily professors, ministers, artists, graduate students, housewives and prison inmates.

RALPH METZNER Ph.D.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

This letter is written under a pseudonym. I have a family to support and a sensitive job which would be threatened if my name were associated with this cause. I am a middle-aged research scientist. I have used marijuana for more than a decade to aid in private contemplation, to augment the conviviality of social gatherings, and to stimulate my imagination.

My fellow "heads" and I consider the anti-marijuana legislation an affront. It is an affront that we should be judged criminals for living privately as we choose. It is high time that free Americans be officially granted the right to go to hell each in his own way.

SEYMOUR GRASS

Dear Sir:

DRUGS ON THE CAMPUS seems to d al sensationally and irresponsibly with a very serious issue. . . .

Your reporter referred to "Anthony F. Philip, chief psychiatrist for the student health service" at Columbia and then gave a quotation from Dr. Philip. Dr. Philip is not a psychiatrist but is a clinical psychologist, and he is not with the student health service but is Director of the Columbia College Counseling Service. This is an important distinction. . . .

There is no statement in the article that the names used are fictitious, except in one instance the phrase "pseudonym" is entered in parentheses beside one name. The implication is that all of the other names are authentic. . . .

JOHN W. ALEXANDER
Associate Dean
Columbia College
New York, N.Y.

We used fictitious names for all living students mentioned in our two-part drug series who were involved in criminal activity of any kind. The series contained a pattern of using fictitious first names—e.g., "Roger," "Ray," "Rod"—for individuals who were connected in any way with the sale or use of narcotics. This means of disguise was obviously a practical necessity, and we thought the system was made evident and clear. We regret any implication to the contrary.—Ed.

Reason for rebellion

Dear Sirs:

Your May 21st editorial asks "Why do students have to rebel?" [THE SAFE WAY TO REBEL]. The answer is that there are not enough editorials like yours, and students have to find their own way to announce that there is a talented, restless, thoughtful generation eager to make its contribution, not to America's past but to its future.

Magazines like the *Post* and *Moderator* (the national college magazine) need to draw attention to dramatic problems like marijuana on campus, but we have to be careful not to miss the Big Story—the really important gap between the economic values of yesterday's college generation and the social values of today's student. Your editorial was a keen recognition of this profound situation.

J. MARK LONO
Editor, Moderator
Philadelphia, Pa.

Betty Bacall's beagle

Dear Sirs:

Please have more articles by Thomas Meehan. When I finished the Bacall article [SHE TRAVELS BY ROLLER COASTER, May 21] I felt as though I could say "Hi, Betty" if I met her on the street.

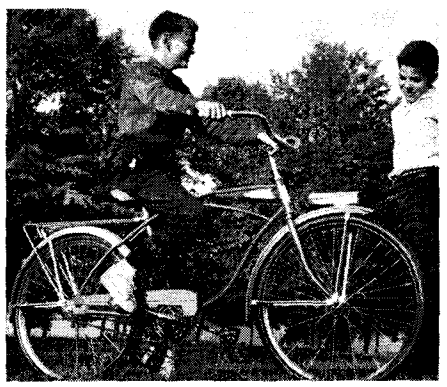
MRS. EDWARD JOHNSON
New Preston, Conn.

Dear Sir:

As press agent for *Cactus Flower*, I was delighted to read your article on Lauren Bacall. However, as the present owner of Miss Bacall's beagle, I'd like to point out that its name is Daisy Robards Ullman, and definitely not Benjamin.

ROBERT ULLMAN
New York, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



I EARNED MY BIKE... YOU CAN TOO

Yes, you can easily earn a deluxe bicycle like this beauty . . . This exciting, brilliantly finished bicycle is equipped with gleaming chrome rims, headlight, kickstand, chain guard and rear carrier—and the boy's and girl's models come in three sizes—20", 24" and 26".

To earn YOUR bike, send us seven 3-yr. **Saturday Evening Post** subscriptions sold at the full U.S. price of $10.95 each to people outside your own home. Both new and renewal subscriptions count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Print the subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and specify bike size and model. We'll arrange for prompt shipment of your bicycle.

*This offer good in Continental U.S. only, until December 31, 1966. Sorry, no bicycle may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
404 Independence Square Phila, Pa. 19105

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

STOPS ITCH — RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

Car Using Oil?
CURE IT WITH CASITE
MotorHoney
$1.30 AT YOUR SERVICE STATION

EASY **TO USE LIQUID**
DISSOLVES CORNS
Get fast relief with GETS-IT. Dissolves even toughest corns quickly, easily, painlessly. Don't suffer, use GETS-IT—today.
GETS-IT® LIQUID CORN REMOVER
OUCH HAPPY

Writes on Everything!
LISTO® MARKING PENCIL
Only 27c. Refills in 6 colors—15c. At variety, drug & stationery stores.

Robert McNamara

Dear Sir:

Two frightening things happened to me on this Friday the 13th—my 18-year-old college-freshman son received his 1-A draft classification, and I read the *Post* article on the "unfeeling" Mr. Robert McNamara [HIS BUSINESS IS WAR by Stewart Alsop, May 21].

How can a man with no faith in anything but himself (and a machine loaded with statistics) possibly lead us to peace?

MRS. E. D. EVANS
Monett, Mo.

Dear Sir:

HIS BUSINESS IS WAR is a brilliant review of the most outstanding man of the '60's. While I have not always agreed with Mr. McNamara, I certainly agree with Mr. Alsop's conclusion—that Robert S. McNamara seems likely to go down in history as one of the very greatest public servants this country ever produced.

LT. COL. ARTHUR R. TURNER, USAF
Maxwell AFB, Ala.

Dear Sir:

For the sake of our national security, let us hope that historians do not have to write off Secretary McNamara as a brilliant failure.

RUTH T. LAWSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

Laughing matter

Gentlemen:

ONLY FOOLS LAUGH AT THEIR WOES by Angus Wilson [Speaking Out, May 21] is definitely one man's opinion—and it certainly isn't mine. It's a grim existence at best, and if I find something to chuckle at, the dickens with complacency.

JACK J. ELKIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

Certainly we should not assume a gloom-and-doom countenance, but conditions the world over are too serious for us to sit among our flowerbeds wearing complacent smiles, trusting the world will right itself.

ROY CLUCK
Hannibal, Mo.

Quail hunting

Dear Sir:

I assume Mr. Stewart Alsop is more conversant with the affairs of state than he is with the state of quail hunting [EACH MAN KILLS THE THING HE LOVES, May 21]. Undoubtedly he has been taken on many quail hunts, but the sport in which he is indulging is an elaborate form of skeet or trap shooting rather than hunting.

The statement is made, "No doubt it is possible to walk out into the woods with a dog and a gun and try to shoot quail." I submit that it is under such circumstances that the true quail hunter is most content. Instead of 24 humans, 22 horses, 4 mules, 24 dogs and two rubber-tired wagons, imagine if you will two humans, a matched brace of dogs and the prospect of a long walk through crisp autumn fields.

Deep in every hunter is the fantasy of the pioneer, the woodsman who knows his terrain and the habits of the birds, and knows how to find game with this knowledge and the help of his faithful dog. I have no idea what constitutes Mr. Alsop's fantasy, but I suspect it is more related to admiration of the wealth that can support elaborate expeditions and for the shoot-for-count attitude of the market hunter, live-pigeon shooter, skeet shooter or golfer.

The paradox that most quail hunters are also passionate quail lovers is reconciled on consideration of basic conservation principles. The average life of a quail is only two years, even when not shot. Furthermore, the number of quail an area can support is a function of available cover, so that it is impossible to stockpile quail simply by not shooting them.

WARREN P. SIGHTS, M.D.
Columbia, Mo.

Exciting stories

Dear Sir:

The *Post* did itself proud with its fiction selections for the May 21 issue. John D. MacDonald's FUNNY MAN was almost classic, yet maintained his very special modern approach. Arthur Heinemann, too, gave us a warmly believable *human* protagonist in THE VANDAL. The *Post* has done a great deal to elevate the short story to a razored quality and exciting professionalism not found in most magazines.

FREDERICK A. RABORG JR.
Bakersfield, Calif.

End to crime

Dear Sir:

Your March 26th issue carried an excellent editorial advocating the end of capital punishment, but you received a critical letter which I feel must be answered: Col. E. B. Crabill (Ret.) wrote [LETTERS, May 7 issue] that the threat of death ended attacks upon American supply and communications troops in Germany during World War II. Because of this, he feels that the death penalty is a deterrent to crime.

No man in his right mind would commit an offense if he *expected* to be punished for it. Most crimes are committed by men who think they can get away with them.

The deterrent effect of the death penalty is even more mythical. Most murders are the product of extreme circumstances. They are not planned. No man is going to be deterred by a death penalty that isn't given even the most fleeting consideration.

Imprisonment prevents a man from commiting a crime for a few years; death prevents him from ever committing another—but neither approach deters crime. Crime is only a symptom. The causes of crimes must be found and eliminated. Locking men up and forgetting about them, or killing the only people who hold the answers, is patently ridiculous.

ALBERT F. NUSSBAUM,
Ass't. Editor, New Era
(Published by and for the inmates of the U.S. Penitentiary)
Leavenworth, Kans.

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

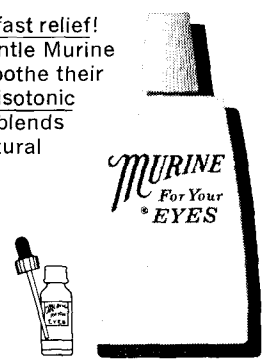
Cover–Joern Gerdts, John Lewis Stage, Shel Hershorn (Black Star), Dennis Stock (Magnum), Kosti Ruohomaa (Black Star). • 3–U.P.I. • 10–Skeet Tallent (Pix). • 18–Aurelius Battaglia. • 25, 26, 27–David Attie. • 28, 29, 30, 31–Allan Grant. 32–Bern Keating (Black Star). • 33–Burt Glinn (Magnum). • 34–Joern Gerdts, Vytas Valaitis. • 35–Lee Lockwood (Black Star). • 36–Ernest Haas (Magnum). • 37–Burt Glinn (Magnum), Wayne Miller (Magnum). • 38–Bob Adelman (Lee Gross), Ken Wittenberg. • 40–Harvey Lloyd (H. Brackman Assoc.). • 84, 85, 86, 88–Joseph Consentino. • 90–Pamela Chandler, Paula Powers. • 97–Two by U.P.I., H. M. Mason, Jr. • 98–N. M. Bodecker. • 99–Caidin Archives. • 100–N. M. Bodecker. • 101–John R. Hawke. • 102–Bettmann Archives, Inc.

Eyes weary from TV?

Take a moment for **MURINE**

...freshen and rest your eyes

How millions get fast relief! They use only gentle Murine to cleanse and soothe their eyes quickly. An isotonic formula, Murine blends perfectly with natural eye fluids. It's so gentle you can use it whenever your eyes feel uncomfortable.



Handy new squeeze bottle. Also glass bottle with dropper.

The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A. ®Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bargains like these

you get 9 records free when you join

Hits like these

166 hit albums to choose from

make COLUMBIA the world's largest Record Club

Barbra Streisand — Color Me Barbra — COLUMBIA
2407. Where Am I Going, C'est Se Bon, Yesterdays, etc.

THE ROLLING STONES NOW! — HEART OF STONE, WHAT A SHAME, 10 More — LONDON
2439. Also: Down Home Girl, You Can't Catch Me, etc.

BOOTS NANCY SINATRA — REPRISE — These Boots Are Made for Walkin' — In My Room • Lies & MORE
2402. Also: It Ain't Me Babe, Flowers On The Wall, etc.

DEAN MARTIN HOUSTON — plus I Will • Down Home, 9 more — REPRISE
2257. Also: D… The First … Ev'ry Morning

The Dave Clark Five's Greatest Hits — EPIC — Over and Over, Catch Us if You Can, Glad All Over • 7 MORE
2396. Also: Do You Love Me, Bits And Pieces, etc. *

SEPTEMBER OF MY YEARS — FRANK SINATRA — It Was a Very Good Year, 12 MORE — REPRISE
2346. Also: Once Upon a Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.

Just Like Us — PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS — JUST LIKE ME, STEPPIN' OUT, 10 MORE — COLUMBIA
2338. Also: Out Of Sight, I'm Crying, Night Train, etc.

HAPPINESS IS RAY CONNIFF — his SINGERS and ORCHESTRA — Blue Moon, All by Myself, 10 MORE — COLUMBIA
2398. Also: Melodie D'Amour, Famaica Farewell, etc.

NO MATTER WHAT SHAPE (Your Stomach's In) — The T-Bones — LIBERTY
2425. Let's Hang On, Lies, Hole in the Wall, 12 hits in all

DEAN MART… — (REMEMBER ME) I'M THE ONE WH… LOVES YOU — plus King of the Road, Walk On By, 8 more — REPRISE
2239. Also: R… Roses For A B… Lady, etc.

ANDY WILLIAMS' NEWEST HITS — I'll Remember You — A Fool Never Learns — 10 MORE — COLUMBIA
2399. Plus: On The Street Where You Live, Emily, etc.

WILLIAM TELL and Other Favorite Overtures — COLUMBIA — LEONARD BERNSTEIN, NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
2267. "Stunning with staggering articulation."—High Fidelity

"LITTLE" JIMMY DICKENS — May The Bird Of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose — COLUMBIA
2277. I Can't Get Over Me, Half-Way Loved, 10 more

JAN & DEAN Meet BATMAN — LIBERTY
2423. Robin, The Boy Wonder, The Joker Is Wild, etc.

MARY WELLS GREATEST HITS — The One Who Really Loves You, Bye, Bye Baby, What's Easy For Two Is Hard For One, My Guy • Two Lovers, 7 MORE — MOTOWN
1786. Also: Your Old Stand By, You Beat Me To The Punch, etc. *

ROGER MILLER'S GOLDEN HITS — SMASH — England Swings, King of the Road, Dang Me, 9 MORE
2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.

the SHIRELLE… GREATEST HIT… — Everybody Loves a Lover, Soldier Boy • Mama …, Baby It's You, 11 more — SCEP…
2251. Also: Stop Music, Blue Holic… Big John, etc.

MORE HITS by THE SUPREMES — Nothing But Heartaches, Stop! In The Name of Love, 10 more — MOTOWN
2187. Back In My Arms, Ask Any Girl, 12 in all *

An Historic Return — HOROWITZ AT CARNEGIE HALL — COLUMBIA
1977-1978. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) The fabulous "live" performance; his first in 12 years!

Major Lance — MAJOR'S GREATEST HITS — The Monkey Time, Um, Um, Um, Um, Um • 10 more — OKeh
2235. Also: Ain't It A Shame, Hey Little Girl, Rhythm, etc.

NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS — Chim-Chim Cher-ee, Kisses Sweeter Than Wine, Downtown, Lark Day, Springtime, 7 MORE — COLUMBIA
2127. Also: We'll Sing In The Sunshine, 12 in all

CARL SMITH — KISSES DON'T LIE — plus Sing Her a Love Song, Together Again • 9 more — COLUMBIA
2166. Also: I Have I Told You Lately That I Love You, etc.

ALLEY CAT— GREEN ONIO… — plus 10 More — BILL JUSTIS — SMASH
1044. Also: Ri… Dink, The Strip… Take Five, etc.

GWEN VERDON as Sweet Charity — Original Broadway Cast — COLUMBIA
2392. "A bright swinging score." Variety

TOP POP SONG HITS Vol. 2 — Ticket to Ride, Help!, Mr. Tambourine Man, Unchained Melody, 14 MORE — COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB
2353. Plus: I'm Henry The 8th, I am; Satisfaction; 18 in all

THE MOVIE SONG ALBUM — TONY BENNETT — COLUMBIA — Song from "The Oscar", Emily, 10 MORE
2404. Also: Never Too Late, The Pawnbroker, Smile, etc.

RING OF FIRE — The Best of JOHNNY CASH — Bonanza! • The Big Battle, The Rebel—Johnny Yuma — COLUMBIA — 9 MORE
1012. Also: What D… I Care, Forty Shades of Green, etc.

SERKIN - BEETHOVEN — COLUMBIA — Three Favorite Sonatas, MOONLIGHT • PATHETIQUE, APPASSIONATA
1263. "Magnificent performances!" High Fidelity

KINKS KINKDOM — A Well Respected Man, Louie, Louie • 9 MORE — REPRISE
2408. Also: Such A Shame, It's All Right, I Need You, etc.

The Wonderful World of Antonio Carlos Jobim — WARNER BROS
2178. Bonita, She's A Carioca, Dindi, Surfboard, & more

GROFE: GRAND CANYON SUITE — Bernstein, N.Y. Philharmon… — COLUMBIA
1645. Delightful… formance of Gr… soaring tone po…

BILL COSBY IS A VERY FUNNY FELLOW RIGHT! — WARNER BROS
2253. "Well done and full of good solid laughs." S.F. Chron.

AL HIRT — Swingin' Dixie (Vol. 2) — Wang, Wang, Blues, Chicago — AUDIO FIDELITY — 10 MORE
1785. Also: Stardust, Battle Hymn of The Republic etc.

DEAN MARTIN HITS AGAIN — You're Nobody 'Til Somebody Loves You, You'll Always Be The One I Love — REPRISE — plus 8 MORE
1903. Also: In The Chapel in the Moonlight, etc.

ROY ORBISON'S GREATEST HITS — Only The Lonely, Running Scared, I'm Hurtin' • Uptown — MONUMENT — 8 MORE
1896. Also: Crying, I'm Hurtin', Mama, Blue Angel, etc.

PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS — HERE THEY COME! — COLUMBIA
2122. Louie, Louie, Oo Poo Pah Doo, You Can't Sit Down, etc.

GENE PITNEY'S BIG SIXTEEN — MUSICOR — 24 Hours from Tulsa, Town Without Pity, Tower Hall • 13 MORE
2342. Also: Only Love Can Break A Heart, Mecca, etc.

BERT KAEMPFERT — WONDERLAND BY NIGHT — plus La Vie en Rose, Tammy, 9 MORE — POLYDOR
2410. Also: As I Love You, Dreaming The Blues, etc.

Having a Rave Up … — THE YARDBIR… — featuring I'm a M… Heart Full of So…
2335. Also: Still Sa, Here 'Tis, spectable, etc.

···BILL JUSTIS··· — A TASTE OF HONEY, THE "IN" CROWD — SMASH — Yakety Sax, Walk, Don't Run, Autumn Leaves • 7 MORE
2363. Also: Harlem Nocturne, Night Train, Tuff, etc.

GEORGE JONES & GENE PITNEY — FOR THE FIRST TIME! TWO GREAT STARS — MUSICOR
2141. I'm A Fool To Care, One Has My Name, 10 more

THE 4 SEASONS — Working My Way Back to You, plus: I Woke Up, Show Girl — PHILIPS — 9 MORE
2337. Also: Too Many Memories, Living Just For You, etc.

THE BEST OF LITTLE ANTHONY & THE IMPERIALS — Goin' Out of My Head, Take Me Back, Hurt So Bad — DCP — 9 MORE
2397. Plus: Shimmy Shimmy Ko-Ko Bop, Our Song, etc.

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK — 007 THUNDERBALL — Tom Jones sings the title song — UNITED ARTISTS
2322. "…more fire than Goldfinger." — High Fidelity

A Golden Treasury of Concert Favorites — VERDI AND ROSSINI OVERTURES — COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB — GILBERT & SULLIVAN OVERTURES, 2-Record Set
2285. (This Two Record Set Counts As One Selection)

MARY MARTIN in THE SOUND of MUSIC — COLUMBIA — ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan

Roy Drusky's Greatest Hits — White Lightnin' Express, Pick of the Week, 10 MORE — Mercury
2352. Also: All For The Love of a Girl, Yesterday, etc.

JOHNNY MATHIS — THE SWEETHEART TREE, Plus • Danny Boy • Autumn Leaves, 9 MORE — Mercury
…. Also: This Is Symphony, I'll … My Eyes, etc.

DVORAK: New World Symphony — BERNSTEIN, New York Philharmonic — COLUMBIA
2131. "First class… top notch interpretation."—Hi-Fi Review

The Rhythm and Blues Album — TRINI LOPEZ — I Got A Woman, Shout, So Fine, 9 more — REPRISE
2185. Also: Wee Wee Hours, Don't Let Go, Hurtin' Inside, etc.

ANDY WILLIAMS SINGS MOON RIVER — and other great movie themes — COLUMBIA
1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more

DUKE ELLINGTON and his Orchestra — CONCERT IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS — REPRISE
2354. Island Virgin, Jungle Kitty, The Opener, etc.

PETER PAUL & MARY — See What Tomorrow Brings • Early Mornin' Rain • If I Were Free, 10 MORE — WARNER BROS
2225. Also: Jane, Jane; The Rising of The Moon; etc.

MIKE DOUGLAS — The Men in My Little Girl's Life — EPIC
2333. A House of Love, While We're Young, 10 more

BROADWAY BOUQUET — COLUMBIA — The Magnificent Strings of Percy Faith
2161. Long Ago, Make Someone Happy, Who Can I Turn To, etc.

RAY PRICE — THE OTHER WOMAN — plus Unloved, Unwanted • Born to Lose, 9 more — COLUMBIA
…. Also: The Last …r, Just Call Me …some, etc.

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS — STRAUSS WALTZES AND POLKAS — Vienna Blood, Artist's Life, 6 more — PHILIPS
2245. Also: Thousand and One Nights, High Spirits Polka, etc.

20 ORIGINAL WINNERS OF 1964 — MY GUY, Mary Wells — UNDER THE BOARDWALK, The Drifters — MY BOY LOLLIPOP, Millie Small — YOU'RE A WONDERFUL ONE, Marvin Gaye — Roulette — 16 MORE
1925. Also: Martha & The Vandellas, The Miracles, etc.

LENA HORNE — feelin' good — UNITED ARTISTS
2174. And I Love Him, Who Can I Turn To, Softly, 9 more

THE FERRANTE & TEICHER CONCERT — Tonight • Exodus, 6 more — UNITED ARTISTS
2357. Also: The Last Time I Saw Paris, Crystal Fingers, etc.

SOUTH PACIFIC — MARY MARTIN • EZIO PINZA — COLUMBIA — ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein Hit *

THE VENTURES à go-go — I LIKE IT LIKE THAT, THE 'IN' CROWD, WOOLY BULLY — DOLTON — 9 MORE
2170. Also: Louie, Louie; La Bamba; Whittier Blvd; etc.

RICK NELSON — MILLION SELLERS — TRAVELIN' MAN • IT'S LATE, HELLO MARY LOU — IMPERIAL — 9 More
1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, You Are The Only One, etc.

Concert for Lovers — FERRANTE & TEICHER — Taste of Honey, Greensleeves • 10 More — UNITED ARTISTS
…. Also: Fly Me …he Moon, More, …cination, etc.

MORE BIG FOLK HITS — THE BROTHERS FOUR — Puff (The Magic Dragon), We Shall Overcome • 10 more — COLUMBIA
2028. Also: I'm Just A Country Boy, Battle of New Orleans, etc.

LERNER & LOEWE — Camelot — RICHARD BURTON, JULIE ANDREWS, ROBERT GOULET, and Original Broadway Cast — COLUMBIA
1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!" Kilgallen

LATIN MANN — Herbie Mann — Watermelon Man, Bijou, 8 more — COLUMBIA
2343. Also: Senor Blues, Interlude, Jive Samba, etc.

ANDY — ANDY WILLIAMS — Canadian Sunset, Hawaiian Wedding Song, 22 more — Columbia Record Club
2249-2250. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) I Wish You Love, Are You Sincere, Let It Be Me, 24 in all

THE WORLD'S GREATEST INTERNATIONAL HITS! — PETULA CLARK — Never On Sunday • Volare • 10 more — WARNER BROS
2231. Also: What Now My Love, Have I The Right, Morgen, etc.

BOOTS RANDOLPH — MORE YAKETY SAX — The Race Is On, Waterloo, 10 MORE — MONUMENT
2356. Also: You don't Know Me, Gotta Travel On, Last Date, etc.

SAMMY'S BACK ON BROADWAY — SAMMY DAVIS — A Wonderful Day Like Today, The Joker, Sunrise, Sunset, 9 MORE — REPRISE
2183. Also: People, A Married Man, Take The Moment, etc.

TCHAIKOVSKY: • THE NUTCRACKER • SWAN LAKE (Suites) — ORMANDY, PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA — COLUMBIA
2405. "Exciting, sensuous romanticism." —N. Y. Times

THE MARKETTS — The BATMAN THEME, plus • Batmobile • The Bat, 9 MORE — WARNER BROS.
…. Fearless, exciting interpretation of Batman!

LES McCANN LTD — Beaux J. Poobop, Plus, Old Folks, Bat Man, 7 more — LIMELIGHT
2358. Also: Send Me Love, The Great City, The Grabber, etc.

DINO, DESI & BILLY — Our Time's Coming — Get Off of My Cloud, Yesterday • 10 more — REPRISE
2360. Also: Fun Fun Fun; Hang on Sloopy; Sheila; etc.

ROBERT GOULET ON BROADWAY — HELLO, DOLLY! PEOPLE, 10 more — COLUMBIA
2268. Also: Who Can I Turn To, Long Ago, Sunrise, Sunset, etc.

JOHNNY HORTON'S GREATEST HITS — Battle of New Orleans, Sink the Bismarck, North to Alaska, plus 9 more — COLUMBIA
1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.

THE VERSATILE FLATT & SCRUGGS — I Still Miss Someone, Confessing • 10 more — COLUMBIA
2242. Also: Wabash Cannonball, Loafer's Glory, etc.

QUINCY PLA… FOR PUSSYCA… — Quincy Jones and Orche… — The "In" … • What'… Pus… 10 — Mercury
2295. Also: B… In The Night, Hours, etc.

Mr. Tambourine Man — THE BYRDS — COLUMBIA
2120. All I Really Want To Do, It's No Use, 10 more

RESPIGHI — The PINES of Rome, The FOUNTAINS of Rome, Roman FESTIVALS — ORMANDY, Philadelphia Orch. — COLUMBIA
2068. First time on one LP for these three classics!

20 TOP POP SONG HITS — The House Of The Rising Sun, Glad All Over • She Loves You, I Want To Hold Your Hand, Needles And Pins — RECORDED IN ENGLAND! — COLUMBIA
1703. Also: Bits And Pieces, A Hard Day's Night, My Guy, etc.

TONY'S GREATEST HITS — COLUMBIA — VOL. III — I Left My Heart In San Francisco, I Wanna Be Around, The Good Life, 9 MORE
2150. Here's Tony Bennett singing Who Can I Turn To, etc.

LITTLE ANTHONY & THE IMPERIALS — GOIN' OUT OF MY HEAD, plus HURT SO BAD • 10 more — DCP
1901. Also: Hurt, I Miss You So, Who's Sorry Now, 7 more

JOHNNY RIVERS ROCKS THE FOLK — 12 Greatest Folk Songs in His A Go-Go Style — IMPERIAL
2169. Mr. Tambourine Man, If I Had A Hammer, 10 more

COLUMBIA SPECTACULARS! — by Tchaikovsky, Offenbach, others — EUGENE ORMANDY, PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
2244. Thirteen dazzling showpieces — played with fire.

GOLDFINGER — Original Motion Picture Sound Track — UNITED ARTISTS
1704. Featuring the title song sung by Shirley Bassey

BILL COSBY tells WHY IS THERE AIR? — and other marvelous things — WARNER BROS
2184. More hilarious reminiscences by this great comedian

TUFF GUITAR AL CAIOLA — A Hard Day's Night, Memphis, 10 MORE — UNITED ARTISTS
1724. Also: Raunchy, Tequila, Rock Around The Clock, etc.

VIVALDI — THE FOUR SEASO… — Leonard Bernste… N. Y. PHILHARMON… John Corigliano, VIOLIN — COLUMBIA
2213. Baroque …terpiece in a …terful performa…

© 1966 Columbia Record Club 224/F66

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COME ON IN WHERE THE HITS ARE...
You are invited to take
ANY 9
REGULAR or STEREO RECORDS
FREE
you begin your membership by purchasing just one record
w, and agree to buy a record a month during the coming nine
nths (you will have over 300 records a month to choose from)
Plus this BROWSER RECORD RACK FREE
This brass-finished rack holds up to 50 records for convenient browsing . . . enables you to find the record you want in seconds! Folds flat when not in use!
THE ENTURES
JERRY VALE IT'S MAGIC plus My Prayer Solitude 9 MORE
2400. Also: Red Sails In The Sunset, It's Magic, etc.
THE BYRDS TURN! TURN! TURN! plus: Satisfied Mind It Won't Be Wrong 8 MORE
2344. Also: Wait and See, He Was a Friend of Mine, etc.
FAVORITE MELODIES of LISZT Liebestraum PHILIPPE ENTREMONT, Piano
2347. ". . . he plays like an 'angel' . . ." Wash. Sunday Star
SIMON & GARFUNKEL SOUNDS OF SILENCE —plus— LEAVES THAT ARE GREEN BLESSED • 8 MORE
2340. Also: Aagie, Kathy's Song, I Am a Rock, etc.
JAMES BROWN plays JAMES BROWN Today & Yesterday Papa's Got a Brand New Bag Parts 1&2
JAN & DEAN Golden Hits VOL. II Linda • Surf City Honolulu Lulu • 9 MORE
ESPAÑA BERNSTEIN N. Y. Philharmonic SPANISH FAVORITES by FALLA RAVEL CHABRIER
BOB DYLAN HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED featuring Like a Rolling Stone
GEORGE MARTIN & his Orchestra HELP! Plus YESTERDAY TICKET TO RIDE • 8 MORE
2227. Also: I Need You, Tell Me What You See, etc.
The Versatile HENRY MANCINI AND HIS ORCH.
1115. Ebb Tide, The Breeze and I, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all
CK JONES There's Love & There's Love & There's Love plus And I Love Her 10 more KAPP
JOHNNY CASH ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL plus It Ain't Me, Babe • 10 more
2030. Also: Danny Boy, The Wall, You Wild Colorado, etc.
MY FAIR LADY AUDREY HEPBURN REX HARRISON Original Sound Track
1530. Greater than ever . . . winner of 6 Academy Awards
My Name Is Barbra Why Did I Choose You My Man • 10 MORE BARBRA STREISAND
JOHNNY'S GREATEST HITS Chances Are Wonderful! Wonderful! plus 10 more JOHNNY MATHIS
WEST SIDE STORY Original Soundtrack Recording
Sinatra's Sinatra Young At Heart All The Way The Second Time Around 9 MORE
1592. Also: How Little We Know, Witchcraft, Paisley, etc.
BOBBY VINTON'S GREATEST HITS Blue on Blue • Roses Are Red • 10 more EPIC
1635. Also: Tell Me Why, Blue Velvet, Mr. Lonely, etc.
THE SUPREMES WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO • Long Gone Lover • Baby Love • 10 MORE MOTOWN
MORE GENIUS OF JANKOWSKI Canadian Sunset • Heide Sunrise Serenade 9 MORE Mercury
Rhapsody in Blue An American in Paris Leonard Bernstein plays Gershwin
"Fierce impact momentum." — World-Telegram
The Statler Brothers FLOWERS ON THE WALL plus Memphis My Darling Hildegarde 9 more
2339. Also: I Still Miss Someone, This Ole House, etc.
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ New York Philharmonic SHOWSTOPPERS Some Enchanted Evening Ol' Man River Maria So in Love 13 more
2259. Also: You Are Love, Impossible
BELOVED CHORUSES, Vol. 2 Mormon Tabernacle Choir Philadelphia Orchestra Music of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Grieg, others
RAY CHARLES GREATEST HITS Hit The Road Jack • Georgia On My Mind 10 MORE ABC-PARAMOUNT
Dave Brubeck Quartet MY FAVORITE THINGS plus My Romance • Little Girl Blue 5 more
2283. Also: When It's All Over, Through The Doorway, etc.
DOWN TOWN PETULA CLARK WARNER BROS. Now That You've Gone In Love • 10 MORE
1780. Also: Baby It's Me, Be Good to Me, Music, etc.
GARY LEWIS & THE PLAYBOYS She's Just My Style Down in the Boondocks Lies • 9 MORE LIBERTY
PORGY AND BESS ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK RECORDING From The Samuel Goldwyn Motion Picture Production
All I Really Want to Do CHER Don't Think Twice Needles and Pins 10 MORE IMPERIAL
2168. Also: Girl Don't Come, Blowin' In the Wind, etc.
Jerry Vale THERE GOES MY HEART PLUS I Can't Help It I Understand • 9 MORE
2221. Also: Can't You See I'm Sorry, There Must Be A Way, etc.
AL CAIOLA GUITAR FOR LOVERS Dear Heart • My Love Forgive Me • 10 more
BRAZILIAN BYRD CHARLIE BYRD, guitar
GARY LEWIS & THE PLAYBOYS Everybody Loves a Clown —plus— Tossin' and Turnin' Mr. Blue 9 more LIBERTY
George Jones GREATEST HITS Vol. 2 • Money To Burn • Just One More 10 MORE Mercury
20 ALL-TIME No. 1 HITS PARTY DOLL Buddy Knox SECRETLY Jimmie Rodgers WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE Frankie Lyman BEEP BEEP The Playmates ROULETTE 16 more
1926. Also: Peppermint Twist — Dee; etc.
MY LOVE FORGIVE ME ROBERT GOULET This Is All I Ask Too Good 10 MORE
Barbra Streisand People Absent Minded Me Fine And Dandy 10 MORE
MARVIN GAYE GREATEST HITS Can I Get A Witness You're A Wonderful One Pride and Joy 9 MORE TAMLA
JAN & DEAN The Little Old Lady from Pasadena One-Piece Topless Bathing Suit Memphis • 10 MORE
HELLO, DOLLY! Louis Armstrong
The Sensitive Sound of DIONNE WARWICK Unchained Melody Wives & Lovers 9 MORE
THE 4 SEASONS Gold Vault of Hits Dawn (Go Away) Let's Hang On Rag Doll 9 MORE
THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS Mom Always Liked You Best!
2255. "Their charm is undiminished" —Record World
The Golden Hits of Lesley Gore Sunshine, Lollipops & Rainbows Judy's Turn To Cry It's My Party
ANDY WILLIAMS DEAR HEART Red Roses For a Blue Lady • Who Can I Turn To 9 MORE
STONEWALL JACKSON'S GREATEST HITS WATERLOO B.J. THE D.J. 10 MORE
Glenn Miller Time 1965 Glenn Miller Orchestra directed by: Ray McKinley starring: Bobby Hackett
MORE OF ROY ORBISON'S GREATEST HITS Blue Bayou • Falling • What'd I Say Mean Woman Blues MONUMENT 9 MORE
MILES DAVIS E.S.P. COLUMBIA
TCHAIKOVSKY MENDELSSOHN Violin Concertos FRANCESCATTI New York Philharmonic Cleveland Orchestra
MORE AMOR Eydie Gorme & The Trio Los Panchos
The Kingsmen IN PERSON featuring LOUIE, LOUIE WAND Plus TWIST & SHOUT MASHED POTATOES 9 more
Beethoven Fifth Symphony BERNSTEIN N.Y. PHILHARMONIC
DAVE DUDLEY There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere
TOM LEHRER THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS REPRISE
AL HIRT Swingin' Dixie! (VOL 1) Tiger Rag • Saints • 10 MORE AUDIO FIDELITY
THE DAVE CLARK FIVE I LIKE IT LIKE THAT plus Maybe It's You I Need Love • 9 more
2296. Also: I Am Oh
ROBERT GOULET SUMMER SOUNDS plus Summertime • I'll Get By • 8 more
THE GREAT TCHAIKOVSKY Symphonies Nos. 4, 5 & 6 Eugene Ormandy Philadelphia Orchestra
2387-2389. Three Records, Six Symphonies, Two Spectacular Works with Boston
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF MOTION PICTURES Goldfinger • My Fair Lady • A Hard Day's Night • Dear Heart • others
JULIE LONDON FEELING GOOD Plus — Watermelon Man Summertime • Hello, Dolly! 6 MORE LIBERTY
ROGER WILLIAMS KAPP Autumn Leaves—1965 plus Chim Chim Cher-ee Mona Lisa • 9 more
Trumpets' Greatest Hits BOBBY HACKETT And the Angels Sing Java 10 MORE EPIC
This Is Gene Pitney • Looking Through the Eyes of Love • Last Chance to Turn Around 22 MORE MUSICOR 2-Record Set
CASCADING VOICES The Hugo & Luigi Chorus • HELLO, DOLLY! • TEA FOR TWO 10 more Roulette
FATS DOMINO '65 Blueberry Hill Jambalaya 8 MORE
Sarah Vaughan POP ARTISTRY He Touched Me Yesterday • 10 MORE
SLIM WHITMAN REMINISCING Have You Ever Been Lonely Since You're Gone • 10 more IMPERIAL
FARON YOUNG SINGS THE BEST OF JIM REEVES Four Walls Welcome to My World 10 more
THE BIG HITS OF 1965 HUGO WINTERHALTER and his Orchestra Downtown • Goldfinger King of the Road Chim Chim Cher-ee 8 more KAPP
MONK MISTERIOSO Thelonious Monk Quartet COLUMBIA
JOAN BAEZ FAREWELL, ANGELINA VANGUARD plus Satisfied Mind Colours 8 MORE
PERCY FAITH Themes for the "In" Crowd Thunderball • Let's Hang On 1-2-3 9 More COLUMBIA

...ES AN EXCITING SELECTION OF HIT ALBUMS

...d our greatest offer ever! By joining the Colum-...a Record Club now, you may have ANY 9 of the ...t albums shown on these two pages — ALL 9 ...EE! What's more, we'll also send a handsome ...owser record rack FREE.

...RECEIVE YOUR 9 FREE RECORDS — simply write the numbers of the nine records you wish to re-...ive FREE on the postage-paid card provided. Then ...oose another record as your first selection for ...hich you will be billed only $3.79 (regular high-...delity) or $4.79 (stereo). In short, you will actu-...ly receive ten records for the price of one!

Be sure to indicate whether you want your ten ...cords (and all future selections) in regular high-...delity or stereo. Also indicate the type of music which you are mainly interested: Classical; Lis-...ning and Dancing; Broadway and Hollywood; ...ountry and Western; Teen Hits; Jazz.

...W THE CLUB OPERATES. *Each month you will re-...ive your free copy of the Club's entertaining ...usic magazine, with over 300 different records ...choose from . . . a wide selection to suit every ...usical taste. You may accept any of the records ...fered — from any field of music!

The records you want are mailed and billed to ...u at the regular Club price of $3.79 (Classical ...4.79; occasional Original Cast recordings and ...ecial albums somewhat higher), plus a small ...ailing and handling charge. Stereo records are ...1.00 more.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase ...record a month during the coming nine months. ...hereafter, you have no further obligation to buy ...y records from the Club, and you may discon-...nue membership at any time. If you continue, you ...eed buy only four records a year to remain a ...ember in good standing.

...OUS-RECORD PLAN: If you do ...ish to continue membership after fulfilling your ...rollment agreement, you will be eligible for the ...lub's bonus-record plan . . . which enables you to ...et the records you want for as little at $2.39 ...ach (plus a small mailing charge). So the Club ...epresents your best buy in records for as long as ...ou remain a member. Mail the card today!

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. ***Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically rechanneled for stereo.**

More than 1,500,000 families now belong to the world's largest record club

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

Terre Haute, Ind.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The author recently published *Black Man's Burden*, a study of the American Negro's lot, and later this year will publish a new novel, *Sippi*, about the civil-rights movement in Mississippi. He has served with the National Labor Relations Board and, during World War II, with amphibious forces in the South Pacific. Currently he is writer-in-residence at Fisk University.

Speaking Out

NEGROES HAVE A RIGHT TO FIGHT BACK

BY JOHN OLIVER KILLENS

There is this scene in the movie *Elmer Gantry*, which was adapted from the Sinclair Lewis novel of the same title, in which this thug is slapping this prostitute around. At which point Burt Lancaster comes in, walks over to the thug and says something like, "Hey, fellow, don't you know that hurts?" And smashes his fist magnificently up against the thug's head and generally kicks the thug around, just to emphasize the point.

It was a beautiful moment in the movie, and it crystallized my own attitude toward the merits (moral and practical) of nonviolence as a policy for Negroes. The perpetrators of violence must be made to know how it feels to be recipients of violence. How can they know unless we teach them?

I remember as a child on Virgin Street in Macon, Ga., there was this boy who took delight in punching me, and one of his favorite sports was twisting my arm. Onlookers would try to prevail upon him: "Shame! Shame! The Lord is not going to bless you!" Which admonitions seemed to spur my adversary on and on.

One day I put two "alley apples" (pieces of brick) in my trousers' pockets and ventured forth. I was hardly out in the sun-washed streets before bully-boy playfully accosted me. He immediately began his game of punching me in the stomach, laughing all the while. He was almost a foot taller than I, but I reached into my pockets and leaped up at both sides of his head with the alley apples. Bully-boy ran off. We later became great friends. We never could have become friends on the basis of him kicking my backside, and my counter-attack consisting solely of "Peace, brother!"

The one thing most friends and all enemies of the Afro-American have agreed upon is that we are ordained by nature and by God to be nonviolent. And so a new myth about the Negro is abroad throughout the land, to go with the old myths of laziness and rhythm and irresponsibility and sexual prowess. In the last third of the 20th century, when the disfranchised all over the earth are on the move, the world is being told that the good old U.S.A. has evolved a new type of *Homo sapiens*, the nonviolent Negro. The most disturbing aspect of this question is that many Negroes have bought this myth and are spreading it around.

One of the basic attributes of manhood (when we say manhood, we mean womanhood, selfhood) is the right of self-defense. In the psychological castration of the Negro, the denial of his right of self-defense has been one of the main instruments. Let me make one thing clear: I am not at the moment interested in the question of the so-called castration of the American male by American womanhood, or "Momism." White Mama is a victim too. Indeed, Madame Simone de Beauvoir in *The Second Sex* hit the bull's-eye when she made the analogy between the training of bourgeois girls and the training of American Negroes to know their place and to stay forever in it.

I grew up in Macon under a "separate-but-equal" public-school system. On our way to our wooden-frame school we black kids had to walk through a middle-class white neighborhood. One day in spring a white boy on the way home from his pretty brick school with his comrades said innocently enough, "Hey, nigger, what you learn in school today?" Friendly-like.

"I learned your mother was a whore," the sassy black boy answered, not in the spirit of nonviolence. We were 7 to 11 years of age.

The black boy's buddies laughed angrily, uproariously. The white lad slapped the black boy's face, and that was how the "race riot" started. We fist-fought, we rock-battled, we used sticks and baseball bats and everything else that came to hand. Nobody won. The "race riot" just sort of petered out. We black kids went home with cut lips and bloody noses, but we went home proud and happy and got our backsides whipped for tearing our school clothes, and by the next morning we had almost forgotten it.

Just before noon next day our school ground swarmed with policemen. They strode into the classroom without so much as a "good morning" to the teachers and dragged kids out. They took those who had been in the "riot" and some who'd never even heard of it. The next move was to bring scared black mothers to the jailhouses to whip their children in order to "teach them they must not fight white children." Not a single white lad was arrested—naturally. And so they drove the lesson home. The black American must expect his person to be violated by the white man, but he must know that the white man's person is inviolable.

As an African-American, especially in the hospitable Southland, I concede that nonviolence is a legitimate tactic. It is practical and pragmatic; it has placed the question morally before the nation and the world. But the tendency is to take a tactic and build it into a way of life, to construct a whole new ideology and rhetoric around it. The danger is that all other means of struggle will be proscribed.

We black folk must never, tacitly or otherwise, surrender one single right guaranteed to any other American. The right of self-defense is the most basic of human rights, recognized by all people everywhere. It is certainly more important than the right to eat frankfurters while sitting down, or to get a black haircut in a white barbershop, or to get a night's lodging in Mrs. Murphy's flophouse, may the Good Lord rest her soul. Indeed, it is more important than the right to vote. In many places in the South the Negro can't get to the polls without the right of self-defense.

A man's home is his castle, but a man's "castle" is really made of flesh and bones and heart and soul. One's castle is also one's wife and children, one's people, one's dignity. Invade this castle at your peril is the way the freedom script must read.

I was in Montgomery during the bus-protest movement. I was told on more than one occasion that most Negro men had stopped riding the buses long before the protest started because they could not stand to hear their women insulted by the brave bus drivers. Here the alternatives were sharp and clear: debasement, death, or tired feet. Black citizens of Montgomery did not have the right to be violent, by word or action, toward men who practiced every type of violence against them.

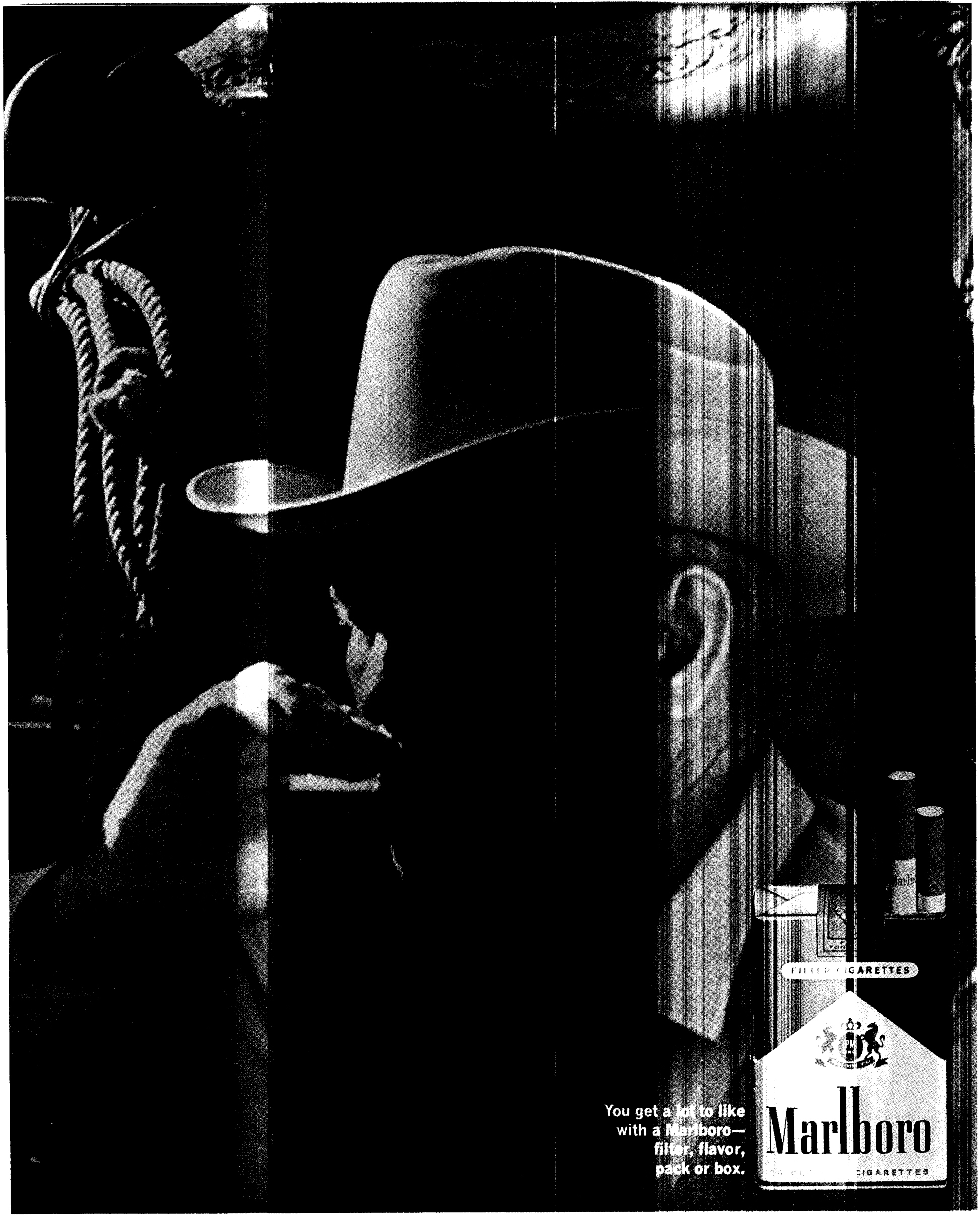
I also know that despite all the preaching about nonviolence, the South is an armed camp. It always has been, ever since I can remember. The first time my wife, who is Brooklyn-born, went south with me, she was shocked to see so many guns in African-American homes. Of course, the white establishment has even vaster fire power, including the guns of the forces of law and order.

Yet, as I said before, nonviolence has the power of moral suasion, which makes it possible to solicit help from many white and liberal summer soldiers, who would otherwise shrink rapidly from the cause. But moral suasion alone never brought about a revolution, for the simple reason that any power structure always constructs for itself a morality which is calculated to perpetuate itself forever. Ask Governor Wallace if the civil-rights movement isn't the work of satanic forces. How many centuries of moral suasion would it have taken to convince the kindly Christian southern slave masters that slavery was evil or to convince the Nazis at Auschwitz that morality was not on their side?

Before leading the Negro people of Birmingham into a demonstration in that city, the Rev. Martin Luther King was reported to have said, "If blood is shed, let it be our blood!" But our blood has always been the blood that was shed. And where is the morality that makes the white racist's blood more sacred than that of black children? I cannot

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

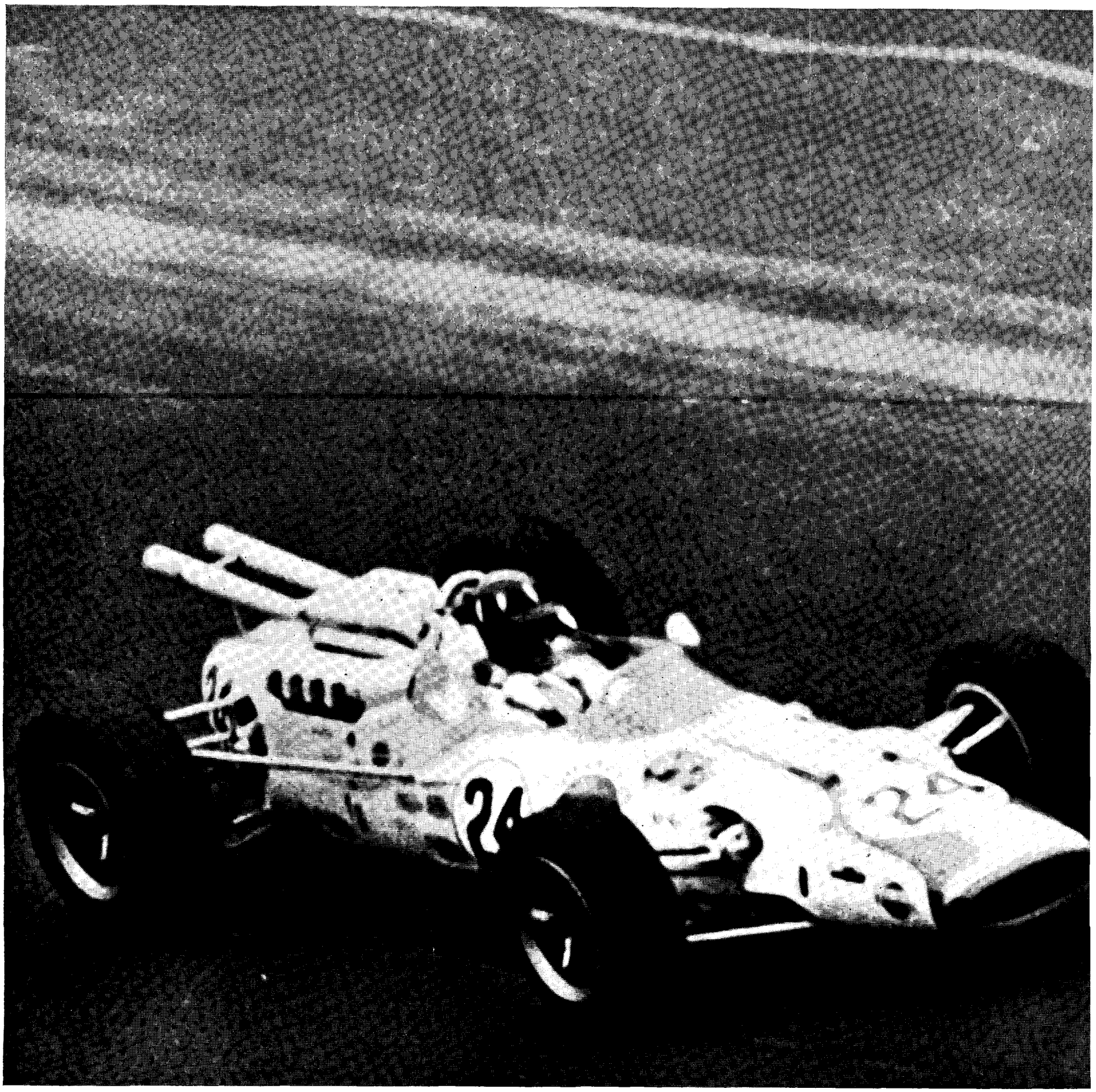


Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRESTONE WINS

AT INDIANAPOLIS 500...43rd VICTORY IN A ROW



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Graham Hill, 1966
winner at 144.317 m.p.h.

"I chose Firestones because I knew they'd come through for me!"

Again this year at Indianapolis, the winning car came home on Firestone tires. It's no surprise to the people who follow racing. Like so many of the drivers at Indianapolis, they know Firestone . . . and how Firestone builds racing tires. This year's win is Firestone's 43rd Indianapolis victory in a row—a winning streak that goes all the way back to 1920†. In fact, during the past 50 years, more races have been won on Firestones than on any other tires in America.

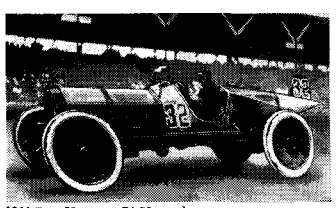
Sure, we're proud of our winning record. But it's not what we get out of racing that counts . . . it's what you get. From our racing research program comes unequaled experience in building strong, long-lasting tires for *your* car.

So why buy just any tire when, for only a few pennies more, you can get Firestone quality? Get the tires that are speedway-proved for your highway safety. You can charge them, if you like, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

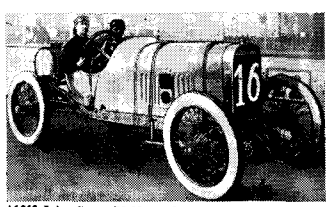
†No races during the war years.

Firestone

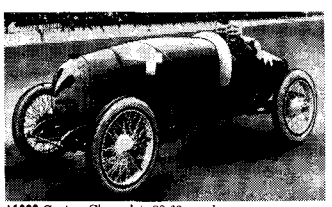
THE GREATEST TIRE NAME IN RACING FOR OVER 50 YEARS



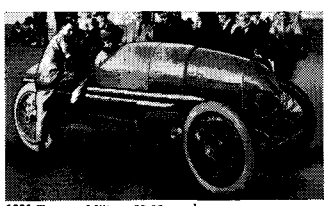
1911 Ray Harroun, 74.59 m.p.h.



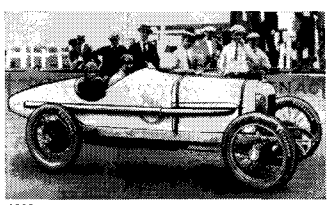
†1913 Jules Goux, 75.93 m.p.h.



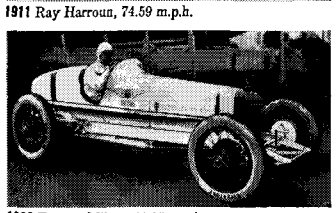
†1920 Gaston Chevrolet, 88.62 m.p.h.



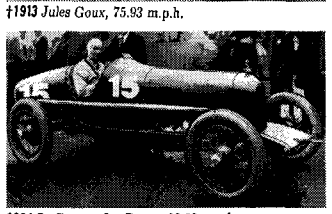
1921 Tommy Milton, 89.62 m.p.h.



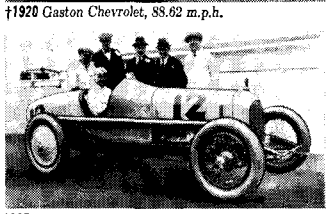
1922 Jimmy Murphy, 94.48 m.p.h.



1923 Tommy Milton, 90.95 m.p.h.

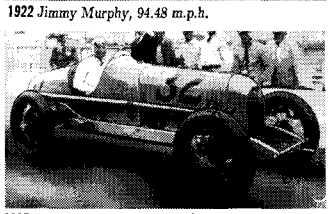


1924 L. Corum, Joe Boyer, 98.23 m.p.h.

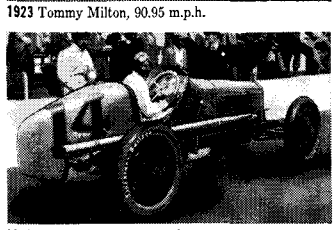


1925 Pete De Paolo, 101.13 m.p.h.

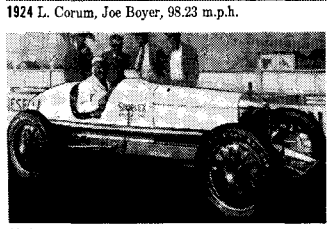
1926 Frank Lockhart, 95.9 m.p.h.



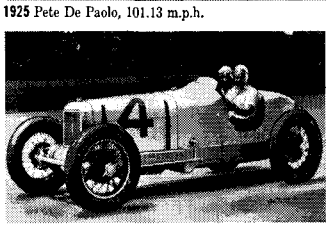
1927 George Souders, 97.54 m.p.h.



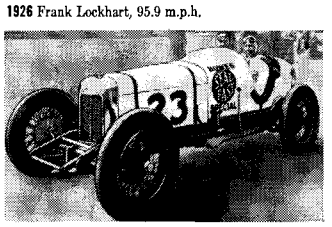
1928 Louis Meyer, 99.48 m.p.h.



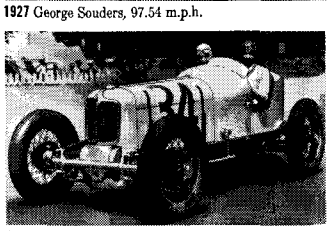
1929 Ray Keech, 97.58 m.p.h.



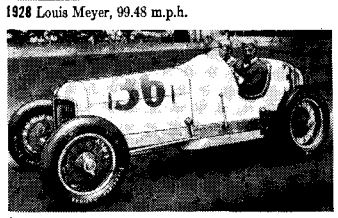
1930 Billy Arnold, 100.44 m.p.h.



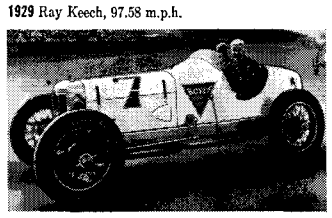
1931 Louis Schneider, 96.62 m.p.h.



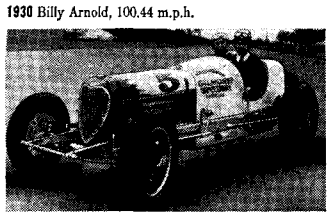
1932 Fred Frame, 104.14 m.p.h.



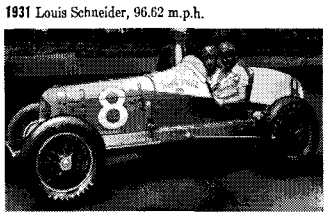
1933 Louis Meyer, 104.16 m.p.h.



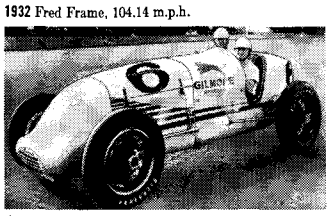
1934 Wild Bill Cummings, 104.86 m.p.h.



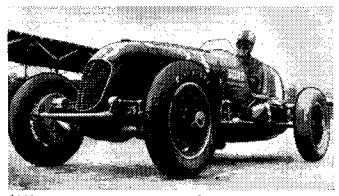
1935 Kelly Petillo, 106.24 m.p.h.



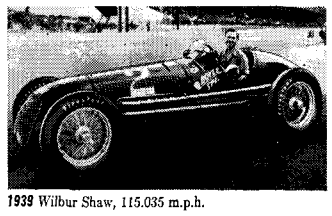
1936 Louis Meyer, 109.06 m.p.h.



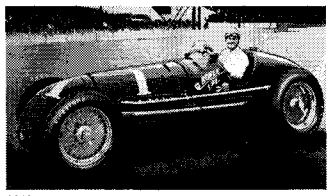
1937 Wilbur Shaw, 113.58 m.p.h.



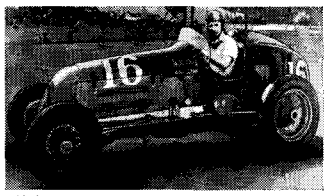
1938 Floyd Roberts, 117.20 m.p.h.



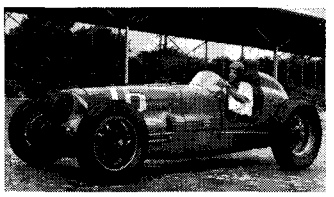
1939 Wilbur Shaw, 115.035 m.p.h.



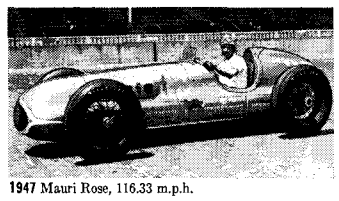
1940 Wilbur Shaw, 114.277 m.p.h.



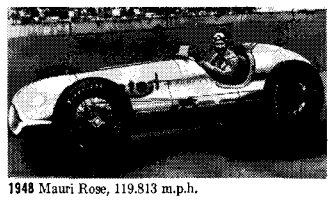
†1941 M. Rose, F. Davis, 115.117 m.p.h.



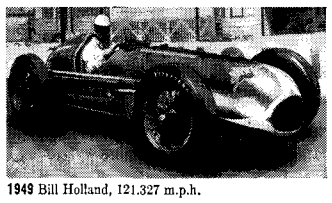
†1946 George Robson, 114.8 m.p.h.



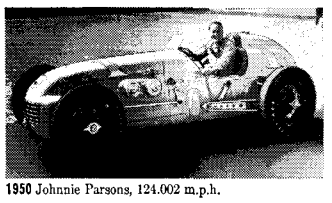
1947 Mauri Rose, 116.33 m.p.h.



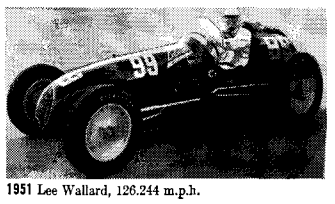
1948 Mauri Rose, 119.813 m.p.h.



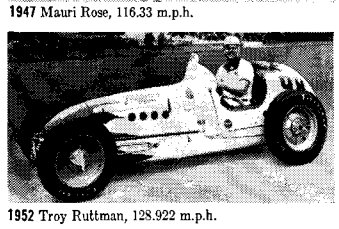
1949 Bill Holland, 121.327 m.p.h.



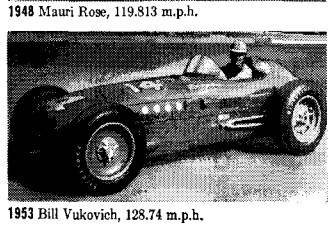
1950 Johnnie Parsons, 124.002 m.p.h.



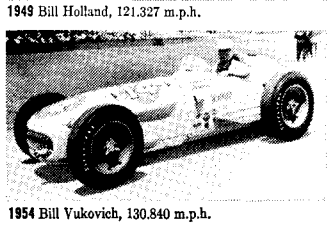
1951 Lee Wallard, 126.244 m.p.h.



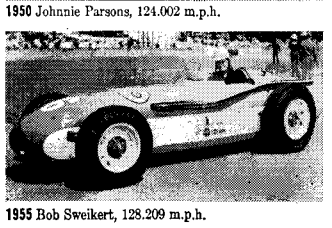
1952 Troy Ruttman, 128.922 m.p.h.



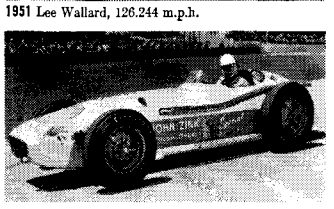
1953 Bill Vukovich, 128.74 m.p.h.



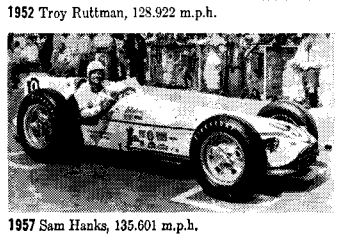
1954 Bill Vukovich, 130.840 m.p.h.



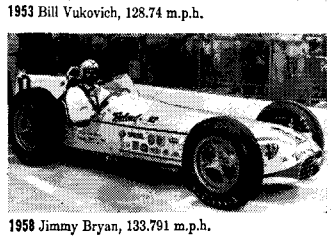
1955 Bob Sweikert, 128.209 m.p.h.



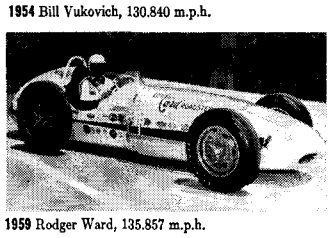
1956 Pat Flaherty, 128.49 m.p.h.



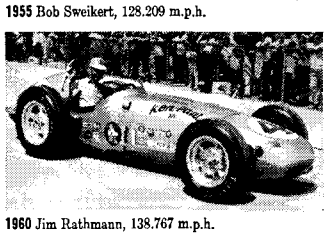
1957 Sam Hanks, 135.601 m.p.h.



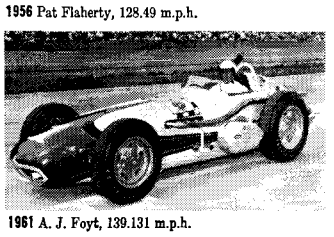
1958 Jimmy Bryan, 133.791 m.p.h.



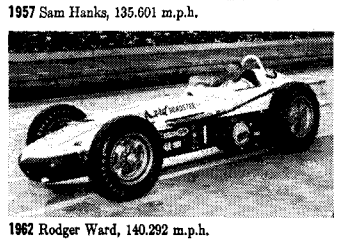
1959 Rodger Ward, 135.857 m.p.h.



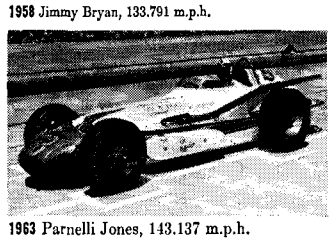
1960 Jim Rathmann, 138.767 m.p.h.



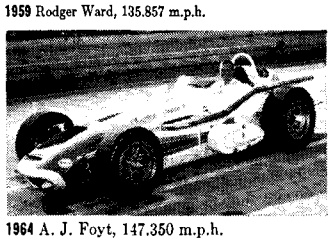
1961 A. J. Foyt, 139.131 m.p.h.



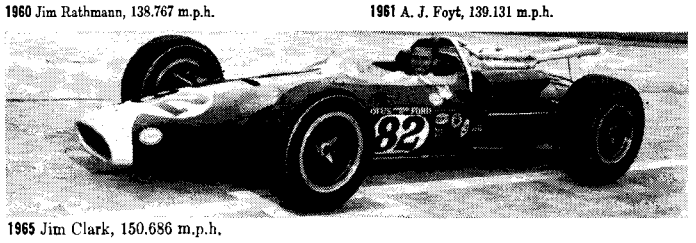
1962 Rodger Ward, 140.292 m.p.h.



1963 Parnelli Jones, 143.137 m.p.h.



1964 A. J. Foyt, 147.350 m.p.h.



1965 Jim Clark, 150.686 m.p.h.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Make a day of it.
We'll support your every step.

Go as far as you like. Let the whole family enjoy itself! Arch-Lift® Walking Sandals will take care of their feet.

The cupped heel will cradle your own. The contour-shaped sole, and the built-in arch support, give a gentle lift to your every step. After all, who knows more about keeping feet comfortable than Dr. Scholl's.

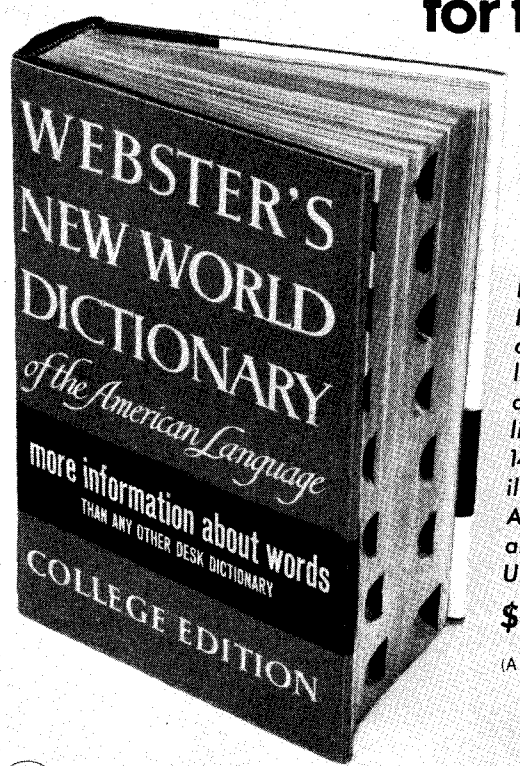
Look for these Walking Sandals in shoe and department stores and at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops.

Men's: Tan, brown or black leather. Sizes 6-15. From $10.95. **Women's:** Red, tan, black or white leather. Also in a higher heel. Sizes 3-13. From $10.95. **Children:** Tan, red or white leather. From $7.95.

Dr Scholl's ARCH-LIFT® Walking Sandals
BUILT UP ARCH

If not available locally, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 38LG-6, Chicago 10.

When you'd never think of going to a dictionary for the answer, go here.



Want a short explanation of the Theory of Relativity? Want to know which statesmen were involved in the Potsdam treaty? Or when Picasso was born? This dictionary answers questions like these—and also gives you all the information you're likely to need about words. 142,000 entries, 3100 terms illustrated, 1760 pages. Approved and used in colleges and universities throughout the United States and Canada.

$6.95 *THUMB-INDEXED* *$5.95 PLAIN*
(A small price for so much knowledge)

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY • Cleveland, Ohio 44102
A SUBSIDIARY OF THE TIMES MIRROR COMPANY

believe that Dr. King meant these words, if indeed he ever uttered them. I can only believe that he got carried away by the dramatics of the moment. Dr. King is one of the men whom I hold in great esteem. We have been friends since 1957. But he loses me and millions of other black Americans when he calls upon us to love our abusers.

"Kick me and I will still love you! Spit on me and I will still love you!"

My daughter, who loves him dearly, heard him say words to this effect on the radio one day. She was in tears for her black hero. "Daddy! Daddy! What's the matter with Rev. King? What's the matter with Rev. King?"

I agree with Chuck and Barbara (my son and daughter). There is no dignity for me in allowing a man to spit on me with impunity. There is only sickness on the part of both of us, and it will beget an ever greater sickness. It degrades me and brutalizes him. If black folk were so sick as to love those who practice genocide against us, we would not deserve human consideration.

The advocates of nonviolence have not reckoned with the psychological needs of black America. There is in many Negroes a deep need to practice violence against their white tormentors. We black folk dearly loved the great Joe Louis, the heavyweight champion the white folk dubbed "The Brown Bomber." Each time he whipped another white man, black hearts overflowed with joy. Joe was strong wine for our much-abused egos.

I was at Yankee Stadium the night our champ knocked out Max Schmeling, the German fighter, in the first round. I saw black men who were strangers embrace each other, unashamedly, and weep for joy. And Joe was in the American tradition. Americans have always been men of violence, and proud of it.

We are a country born in violence. Malcolm X, the Black Nationalist leader who was murdered, knew this basic truth. He did not preach violence, but he did advocate self-defense. That is one of the reasons he had such tremendous attraction for the people of the ghetto. What I am saying is that the so-called race riots are healthier (from the point of view of the ghetto people) than the internecine gang warfare which was the vogue in the ghettos a few years ago, when black teen-agers killed each other or killed equally helpless Puerto Ricans, as was often the case in New York City. Historically in the black ghettos the helpless and hopeless have practiced violence on each other. Stand around the emergency entrance at Harlem Hospital of a Saturday night and check the business in black blood drawn by black hands that comes in every weekend.

It is time for Americans (black and white) to stop hoodwinking themselves. Nonviolence is a tactic, but it must never be a way of life for the black American. Just because I love myself, the black *Me*, why do white Americans (especially liberals) think it means I have to hate the white American *You?* We black and white folk in the U.S.A. have to settle many things between us before the matter of love can be discussed. For one thing, if you practice violence against me, I mean to give it back to you in kind.

Most black folk believe in the kind of nonviolence that keeps everybody nonviolent. For example: In a certain cotton county in the heart of Dixieland, black folk, most of them sharecroppers, asserted their right to vote and were driven from the land. For several years they lived in tents, and of a Saturday evening white pranksters had a playful way of driving out to Tent City and shooting into it. A couple of campers were injured, including a pregnant woman. Complaints to the authorities got no results at all. So one Saturday evening when the pranksters turned up, just to have a little sport, the campers (lacking a sense of humor) returned the fire. A young relative of the sheriff got his arm shattered. The sheriff got out there in a hurry and found rifles shining out of every tent. He sent for the Negro leader.

"Tell them to give up them rifles, boy. I can't protect 'em less'n they surrender up them rifles."

Whereupon the 35-year-old "boy" said, "We figured you was kind of busy, Sheriff. We thought we'd give you a helping hand and protect our own selves." There was no more racial violence in the county for a long time.

Let us speak plainly to each other. Your black brother is spoiling for a fight in affirmation of his selfhood. This is the meaning of Watts and Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. It seems to me, you folk who abhor violence, you are barking up the wrong tree when you come to black folk and call on them to be nonviolent. Go to the attackers. Go to the ones who start the fire, not to the firefighters. Insist that your Government place the same premium on black life as it does on white. As far as I can ascertain, no white American has ever been condemned to death by the courts for taking a black life.

The Deacons of Defense, the Negro self-defense organization that started in Louisiana not long ago, is going to mushroom and increasingly become a necessary appendage to the civil-rights movement. This should be welcomed by everyone who is sincere about the "Negro revolution." It accomplishes three things simultaneously. It makes certain that the Government will play the role of the fire department, the pacifier. Second: The actual physical presence of the Deacons (or any similar group) will go a long way in staying the hands of the violence makers. Third: It further affirms the black Americans' determination to exercise every right enjoyed by all other Americans.

Otherwise we're in for longer and hotter summers. There are all kinds among us black folks. Gentle ones and angry ones, forgiving and vindictive, and every single one is determined to be free. Julian Bond, poet, SNCC leader and duly elected member of the Georgia legislature (his seat was denied him because of his pronouncements on Vietnam), summed up the situation when he wrote:

"Look at that gal shake that thing
We cannot all be Martin Luther King."

I believe he meant, among other things, that whites cannot expect Negroes to be different—that is, more saintly than whites are—and that most black folk are in no mood to give up the right to defend themselves.

John O. Killens

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE

YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY WON $100 a month FOR LIFE

FREE

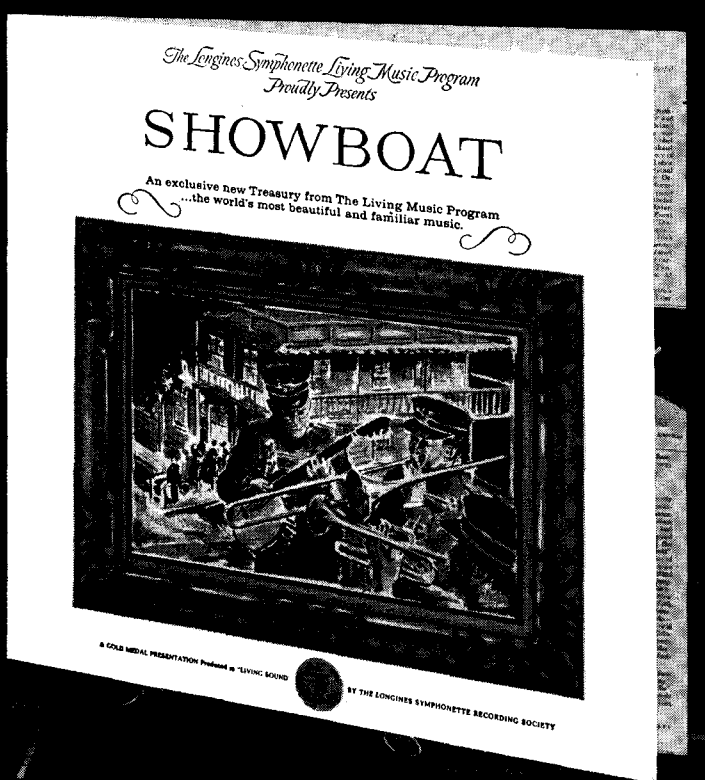
"101 Incomes For Life" are reserved for the winners in the all-new, 1966 Longines Symphonette Sweepstakes! *Yes, The Longines Symphonette invites you to enter its newest, most exciting sweepstakes ever!* Incomes of $100 a month for life! $500 a year for life! $250 a year for life! $100 a year for life! *And—other prizes. More than* 70,000 chances to win!

The Longines Symphonette Invites You To Accept . . .

This superb two-record Treasury

FREE

for previewing the all-new
LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM!
Nothing to buy — no contracts to sign!


The Longines Symphonette Living Music Program
Proudly Presents
SHOWBOAT
An exclusive new Treasury from The Living Music Program
...the world's most beautiful and familiar music.
A GOLD MEDAL PRESENTATION Produced in "LIVING SOUND"
BY THE LONGINES SYMPHONETTE RECORDING SOCIETY

ALL 29 of These Great Showboat Melodies Are Yours To Keep Absolutely FREE!

Beautiful Dreamer
Here Comes The Showboat
Camptown Races
Hearts & Flowers
Ring, Ring The Banjo
Aba Daba Honeymoon
Alabamy Bound
Irish Washerwoman
Under The Bamboo Tree
Can't You Hear Me Callin', Carolina?
Is It True What They Say About Dixie?
Are You From Dixie?
Moonlight Bay
After The Ball
Pop Goes The Weasel
Swanee
Darktown Strutters Ball
My Wild Irish Rose
Sweet Adeline
Mississippi Mud
Bird In A Gilded Cage
Hello My Baby
If You Know Susie
Way Down Yonder In New Orleans
Alexander's Ragtime Band
I Want A Girl Just Like The Girl
Carry Me Back To Old Virginny
It's Delightful To Be Married
My Old Kentucky Home

All in Your *FREE* two-record Treasury!

YES, YOURS FREE "HERE COMES THE SHOWBOAT"

A pulsating two-record Treasury with a brilliant cargo of nostalgic music and toe-tapping melody!

There is bittersweet nostalgia in every tuneful selection from this golden, two-record Treasury dedicated to the heyday of SHOWBOAT. A full 29 songs transport you tunefully back to the fiddle-strumming, banjo-twanging, cake walking era when rugged river towns became entralled audiences as soon as someone hollered—"Here Comes The Showboat". Mishel Piastro and the virtuoso musicians of The Longines Symphonette have gathered together, in a beautiful two-record Treasury, all the songs that were the pulse and theme of these illustrious, floating theaters of yesteryear. This never-before-released Treasury is yours FREE, just for previewing the all-new Longines Symphonette Living Music Program.

Your FREE two-record Treasury dramatically demonstrates the superb quality of all releases of The Living Music Program. Spectacular "Living Sound", so magnificent, so true to life, it is just like having a "live" orchestra of your own to provide music for dining, for family gatherings, for parties — and for those quiet moments of reminiscence. Your FREE two-record set is our gift to you if you will preview for 10 days (without cost or obligation) the first release in the all-new LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM—"The Best Music of The Golden Twenties."

THE LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM IS NEW AND DIFFERENT!

Every two months the **Living Music Program** releases a brand-new, freshly recorded two-record Treasury. You enjoy each release in your own home FREE for 10 days, then if you wish, you may return the Treasury and owe nothing. But best of all: decide to keep any release, and send just **$4.95** (plus postage-handling cost) in full payment! Of course, you may cancel your membership at any time without further obligation! You may accept as few or as many LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM releases as you wish. And you build a complete, matched library of the world's most beautiful music! Deluxe two-record sets of the Living Music Program quality might sell in the finest record stores for as much as $11.90 — members pay only $4.95! But — decide for yourself . . . and accept the superb two-record Treasury, "Here Comes The Showboat" as our FREE gift.

Some of the new releases planned for THE LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM!

"The Nostalgic Thirties" • "The Best Music from the Golden Twenties" • "Broadway's Million Dollar Melodies" • "International Hit Parade" • "The Symphonette Goes Pops"

Nothing to Buy—Just mail the postage-paid card checked "Yes" to get your FREE Two-record Treasury ...and to find out if you have already won a valuable prize in the all-new INCOME FOR LIFE SWEEPSTAKES.

How sweepstakes works . . . The Longines Symphonette has reserved the described gifts for holders of lucky numbers; selected by electronic computers under the direction of the D. L. Blair Corporation. Each Lucky Number coupon submitted by an adult 21 years of age or older will be checked against the official list of winning numbers. Employees of The Longines Symphonette and its affiliates, or of this magazine or persons less than 21 years of age, shall not be eligible. Your entry must list the official lucky number, and must be checked YES or NO. ("NO" entries may be pasted on post-paid bind-in card). Entries must be received by January 5, 1967. This sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations. Prize winners will be notified by mail. A list of major prize winners will be sent upon request if you send a self-addressed stamped envelope!

USE POSTAGE-PAID CARD TO ENTER SWEEPSTAKES!

THE LONGINES SYMPHONETTE
LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM
Symphonette Square • Larchmont, N.Y. 10538

☐ YES—send my FREE two-record Treasury and reserve a charter membership in THE LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM. Also send release #1, "The Best Music from THE GOLDEN TWENTIES", to play again and again for 10 days FREE. I will return "The Golden Twenties" and owe nothing . . . or send just $4.95 (plus modest postage-handling cost). I keep the FREE two-record "Showboat" Treasury, in any event. Thereafter, I will receive a new two-record Treasury every two months to hear FREE for 10 days. I may cancel membership at any time.

☐ **CHECK HERE FOR STEREO** — Only 50¢ additional for the deluxe, two-record Stereo Edition.

Name_____
(Please Print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip or Zone_____

☐ NO—do not send FREE Treasury, but let me know if I have already won. I have copied the number from the postage-paid card bound into this magazine.

NUMBER_____
(Please print carefully)

R 2591-251

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pity the poor President

WASHINGTON:

A prideful, domineering fellow like Lyndon B. Johnson is not the sort of man who invites sympathy. And yet, at this unhappy moment in his remarkable career, it is hard not to feel for the President something very like pity.

For President Johnson finds himself in the pitiable situation of the Ancient Mariner. In Coleridge's poem, the Ancient Mariner shot an albatross which had been following his ship—"with his cruel bow he laid full low the harmless albatross." His shipmates decided that he "had done a hellish thing" and tied the big bird round his neck. Thereafter, the Mariner's life was "sad as sad could be," until at long last the albatross fell off his neck and "sank like lead into the sea."

Johnson's albatross is Vietnam. He has plenty of other troubles, of course, but almost all of them, from the high cost of living to the growing restiveness and resistance to his leadership, at home and abroad, relate directly to Vietnam.

The President shot his albatross in the spring of 1965 when he made the decision to commit American troops to ground combat in Vietnam. For that is the kind of decision which cannot be reversed quickly, if at all. Once he made it, the Vietnam albatross was hung tight around his neck—and the country's.

As a direct result, a vitally important segment of both the press and the liberal-intellectual community has turned harshly against the President. For example, Walter Lippmann, who used to be a staunch admirer, has written harsher things about this President than about any other President—notably when he recently described Johnson's conduct of foreign policy as "willful, personal, arbitrary, self-opinionated."

In the liberal-intellectual community, Walter Lippmann has immense influence—the *vox Lippmanni* is regarded by many liberal-intellectuals as something close to the *vox dei*. And as Lippmann himself has pointed out, the liberal-intellectuals in turn have an influence out of all proportion to their numbers.

Arthur Schlesinger Jr., a leading—perhaps *the* leading—liberal-intellectual, recently blamed the mess in Vietnam on the President's "bum advisers," and caustically added that "a President should have confidence in his own judgment." Most liberal-intellectuals are far harsher than that. In liberal circles, it is fashionable nowadays to snicker and sneer at the President who has achieved more liberal goals than any other President in modern times. The liberals have never cottoned to the Johnson style, but the commitment in Vietnam gave them a reason, or an excuse, to turn on him.

Yet the President made his decision to commit American troops in Vietnam for a good reason. With one exception (Under Secretary of State George Ball) *all* his chief advisers urged him to make the commitment. A partial list would include Secretary of State Rusk, Secretary of Defense McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, *all* the members of the National Security Council, and *all* of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

These are almost exactly the same men who advised President Kennedy (and advised him well) at the time of the great Cuban missile crisis. And surely it would have been a good deal more "willful, personal, arbitrary, self-opinionated" to reject the all-but-unanimous advice of such men, than to accept it. Accepting it required real courage, moreover, for the President is no political innocent, and he was perfectly well aware of the horrendous political dangers inherent in committing American troops to ground combat in Asia.

Until recently, it was possible for the President's supporters to claim, on the basis of the polls, that "everybody's against him but the people." That claim is no longer valid. Recent polls show a majority disapproving the President's conduct of the war in Vietnam, and a much bigger majority disapproving of his handling of the inflation problem, which is a direct outgrowth of the war.

Moreover, so far at least, the Republicans have been uncharacteristically shrewd. Instead of screaming that the war is "Johnson's war," or denouncing "the Red Dean" (to paraphrase the mindless Republican sloganeering of the Korean War period), they have for the most part remained demurely silent, and let such Democrats as Senators Fulbright and Morse do their work for them.

In fact—and to Lyndon Johnson this must seem the unkindest cut of all—the most devastating criticism of his conduct of the war has come from Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia, the President's old friend and onetime sponsor. "Go in and win or get out," Russell says. It is a slogan tailor-made for the Republicans.

The ideal opposition slogan is one which sounds reasonable, stirs the emotions of the voters, and cannot possibly be acted upon. The President cannot "go in and win" unless he is willing to risk a very much larger and more dangerous war, in the view of almost all his advisers. And to "get out," in the view of the same advisers, would be to invite disaster not only in Southeast Asia but in Europe and Latin America too. Nor would disaster be risked only abroad. It is not at all difficult to imagine the Republican speeches about "the chicken-hearted President who wasted thousands of American lives and then ran out on our friends."

The dilemma which confronts the President proves once again that *any* President, however powerful, however resourceful, however "willful, personal, arbitrary, self-opinionated," is fenced in by circumstances, and also by the need to rely on the advice and the information of other men. There never was a man who hated more to be fenced in than Lyndon Johnson. This is why it seems just conceivable that he means it, when he talks, as he sometimes does these days, about leaving the White House in 1968, to "put my feet up on the porch and watch the Pedernales roll by."

No one, perhaps, ever wanted to be President more than Johnson. When he was Majority Leader, he always took guests at the L.B.J. ranch on a ritual visit to the family graveyard. It was not difficult to imagine what he saw in his mind's eye—a towering memorial, about the size of the Washington Monument, to President Lyndon Johnson. Now he is President, and his boyhood home has become a national shrine, and the memorial will no doubt be forthcoming in due course. But these days there must be a taste of dust and ashes in his mouth.

No man in the United States will be happier than Lyndon Johnson if somehow, someday, the albatross which is Vietnam falls off his neck, and sinks "like lead into the sea." Meanwhile, it is hard not to feel a certain sympathy, and even pity, for the proud and beleaguered President, who has, after all, only tried very hard to do the right thing on the basis of the best advice he could get.

Stewart Alsop

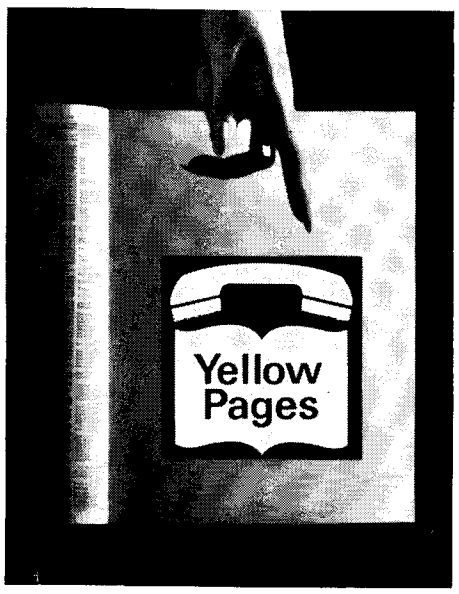
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Overtime? Overtime! As the day lingers on, so does Dial. No other soap has AT-7 to fight bacteria that cause odor. That's what keeps you feeling really fresh. And that's why a Dial shower has staying power.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll never need the Yellow Pages again!

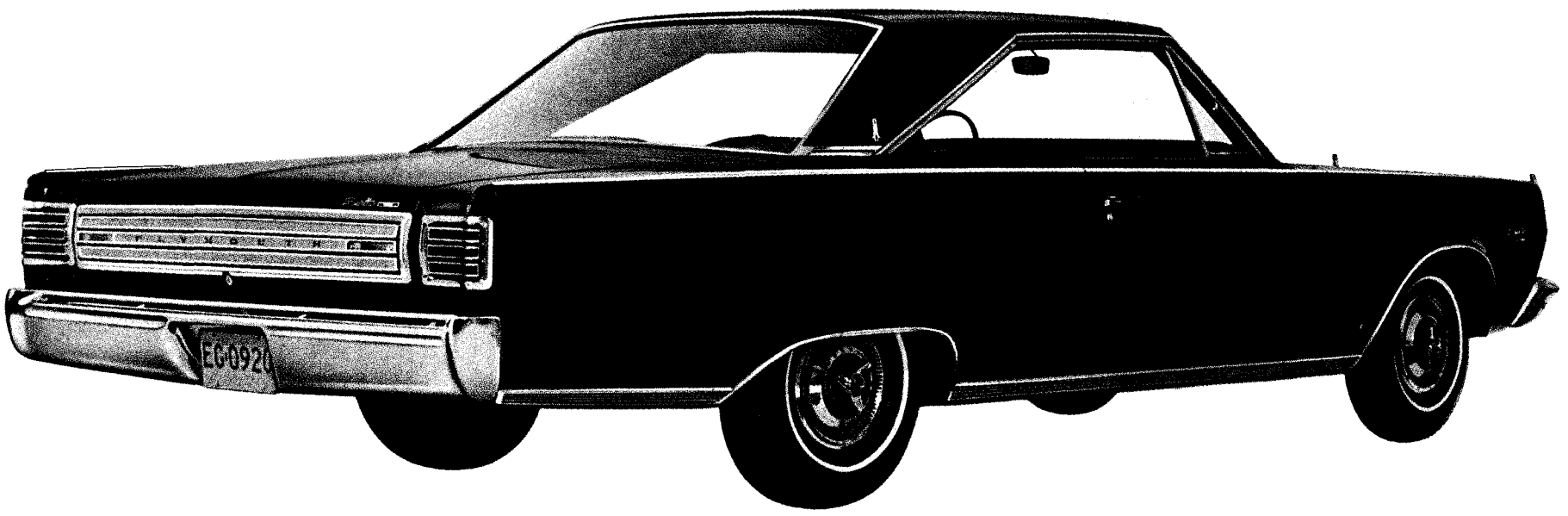
(If the sun doesn't come up in the morning.)



Action-People find it here first–fast.
Let your fingers do the walking.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLYMOUTH DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION



Plymouth Belvedere is longer, wider, heavier–bigger than its chief competition.

Here are a few more good reasons for buying one.

You'll never find a more beautiful bargain than the all-new Belvedere. 18 completely restyled models for '66. From the sleek Satellite to the handsome Belvedere I, Plymouth's lowest-priced mid-size car.

Want zoom? You've got it. All the way up to Plymouth's incredible 426-cu.-in. Hemi V-8 if you like.

And you get Plymouth's biggest safety package ever, including safety door handles and Safety-Rim wheels. Padded dash. Variable-speed windshield wipers and washer. Seat belts. Backup lights. Outside rearview mirror. Other Belvedere features: Hidden spare tire for greater trunk space. 6-way custom-adjusted front seat. Wraparound taillights.

Every Plymouth Belvedere model is bigger, roomier, heavier than its competition, Chevelle and Fairlane.

Let yourself go. To your Plymouth Dealer's, now.

Plymouth ...a great car by Chrysler Corporation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Human Comedy

DADDY IS A HIPPY

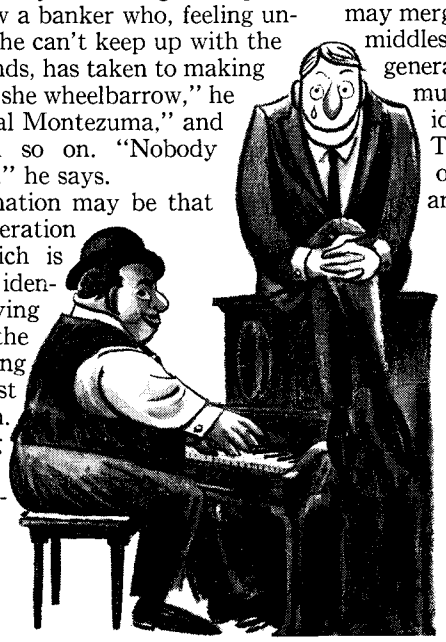
BY RICHARD LEMON

I was doing the Watusi and singing *I Am a Rock* the other morning when I noticed my son giving me a funny look. My son is 10, and what he knows of Simon & Garfunkel and the Mama's and the Papa's he learned from me. We have passed many pleasant moments around the family transistor shouting *Hang on Sloopy* and *Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown,* and if he eventually develops a genuine appreciation of rock 'n' roll, it will be because he was exposed to it early, by me. But in that look he gave me, I caught a sign that I may have made a mistake.

A few days later, while driving him to school, I burst into *Baby Don't Go,* which was a WMCA Good Guy Goldie, or old-timer, from the year 1965. I started bouncing rhythmically, a thing I often do when alone—and there was the look again. I could duck it no longer: My son disapproves of my taste in music.

All this has made me take stock. I am in my mid-30's, the father of two, and although I could take you where the action is, I wouldn't be of much use once I got there. I've watched post-twist dances at hip discothèques, but what I do myself is more of a twitch, and to tell the truth, I would rather play tennis. I wear suits and look at home on a commuter train, yet I admire the works of Sonny and Chér, and at odd moments around the house—while doing dishes, or with shaving cream on my face—I may break into my twitch and run through *Red Rubber Ball* or *Monday, Monday.* In my son's eyes, rock is my kind of music; he probably tells the other kids that Daddy is a hippy, and he will grow up thinking of rock as a curious relic of olden days, the way I think of Rudy Vallee doing the Maine *Stein Song.* Rock is said to be dying, and I know why: my generation is killing it by appropriation.

Within recent months, great numbers of adults in this country have gone loopy over rock 'n' roll. Businessmen talk about "losing their cool" and use phrases like "wipe-out city," which is a mega-cool version of "hubba hubba." Grandmothers are ironing their hair and going down to discothèques to shake everything loose. A respectable, home-loving couple I know, who summer on the Connecticut shore, report that last summer they and their friends carried transistors and record players down to the beach, where they would frug and Watusi all day long, kicking sand in the old ladies' eyes and frightening the children. I even know a banker who, feeling uncomfortable because he can't keep up with the hippy talk of his friends, has taken to making up his own. "Man, is she wheelbarrow," he says, and "That's real Montezuma," and "How warty!" and so on. "Nobody knows the difference," he says.



I think the explanation may be that there is a whole generation in this country which is still looking for an identity. We started buying pop records when the big bands were going out, and stopped just before Elvis came in. We grew up listening to *The Hit Parade* and wondering if *Cement Mixer, Put-ti Put-ti* would be an All-Time All-Timer, and the only great new star of our era was Stan Kenton. We are post-zoot and pre-beat, neither Ada from Decatur nor what's happening. My favorite music before rock came along was Fats Waller and Benny Goodman and the album of *Guys and Dolls*—a mishmash of 1930's jazz, 1940's swing and Broadway.

I believe that, as an American, I have an inalienable right to a musical identity. But now I also realize that two age groups can't occupy the same musical ground, and so it was unethical for me to horn in on another generation's identity; I know that if I had discovered my father singing *Hey Bop a Ree Bop* it would have shaken my faith in the social order. I see only two ways out of this jam: The teen-agers' and my generation may merge into one group called the teen-ups, or middlesters, leaving the crowd under 12 as the generation that buys records; or some new music style may evolve which my son can identify with and I can disapprove of. Then, as I was drifting off to sleep the other night, I saw it—a music-magazine article published sometime in 1967.

SPACE MUSIC BLASTS OFF WITH BIG WYATT AND SUE!

"The hottest sound in music today is the sound of tomorrow, and its creators are two young college dropouts who bill themselves simply as Big Wyatt and Sue. Sue plays the mandolin with a microphone inside it. Big Wyatt plays the electric drums. Their genre is called Space Music, and their subject is the world of tomorrow—'a world we never made,' Big Wyatt notes. 'Our songs,' Sue says, 'are our way of protesting against the future.' Their biggest hits have been their own compositions: *It Happened in the Van Allen Belt, You Can't Look to NASA for Love,* and *Disintegration,* about an astronaut who cannot conquer the urge to kiss a Venus maiden and literally loses his head through dissolution in the atmosphere ('He lifted off his space helmet and oo-wah-wah!').

"'We stumbled onto Space Music when the strap on Sue's chest mike broke and the mike fell in her mandolin,' Big Wyatt says. 'The minute we heard it,' Sue says, 'it was like being, well, detraumatized.' The music has also created the newest dance craze, the Space Walk, in which the dancers drift slowly about the floor picking up new partners at random and occasionally lying down to roll over slowly. . . ."

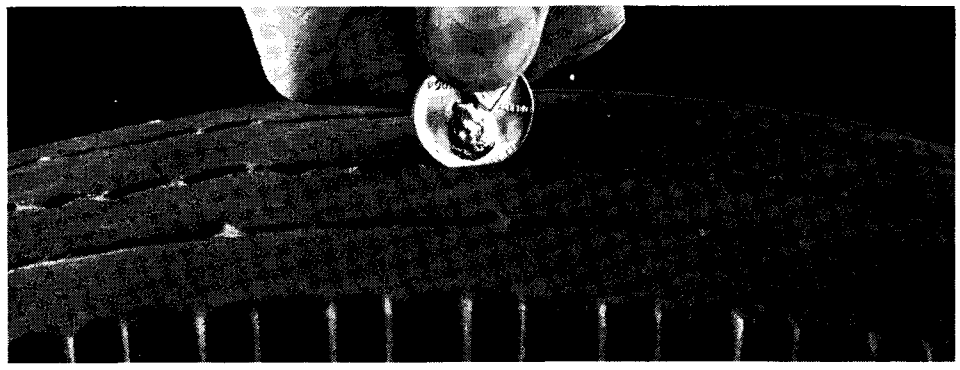
There I lost track of things, confident that my son's identity was established. Three days later, on the car radio, I heard a song called *Everyone's Gone to the Moon.* It seems clear that I've miscalculated, and the new cycle is already under way.

It's too soon. I'm not ready for it, my son's not ready for it, and I see nothing but confused identities ahead. Space Music on the radio. Space music on TV. Then Sybil Christopher and Sharman Douglas will get hold of it, and my son will have been gypped again.

It's too much for me. I am going home and make myself a Singapore Sling and listen to Fats Waller playing *Melancholy Baby.* I am going to make another Singapore Sling and put on Petula Clark singing *Downtown.* I know they're not my era, pussycat, but like, 23-cool it—there's such a thing as wipe-out city for the ages. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

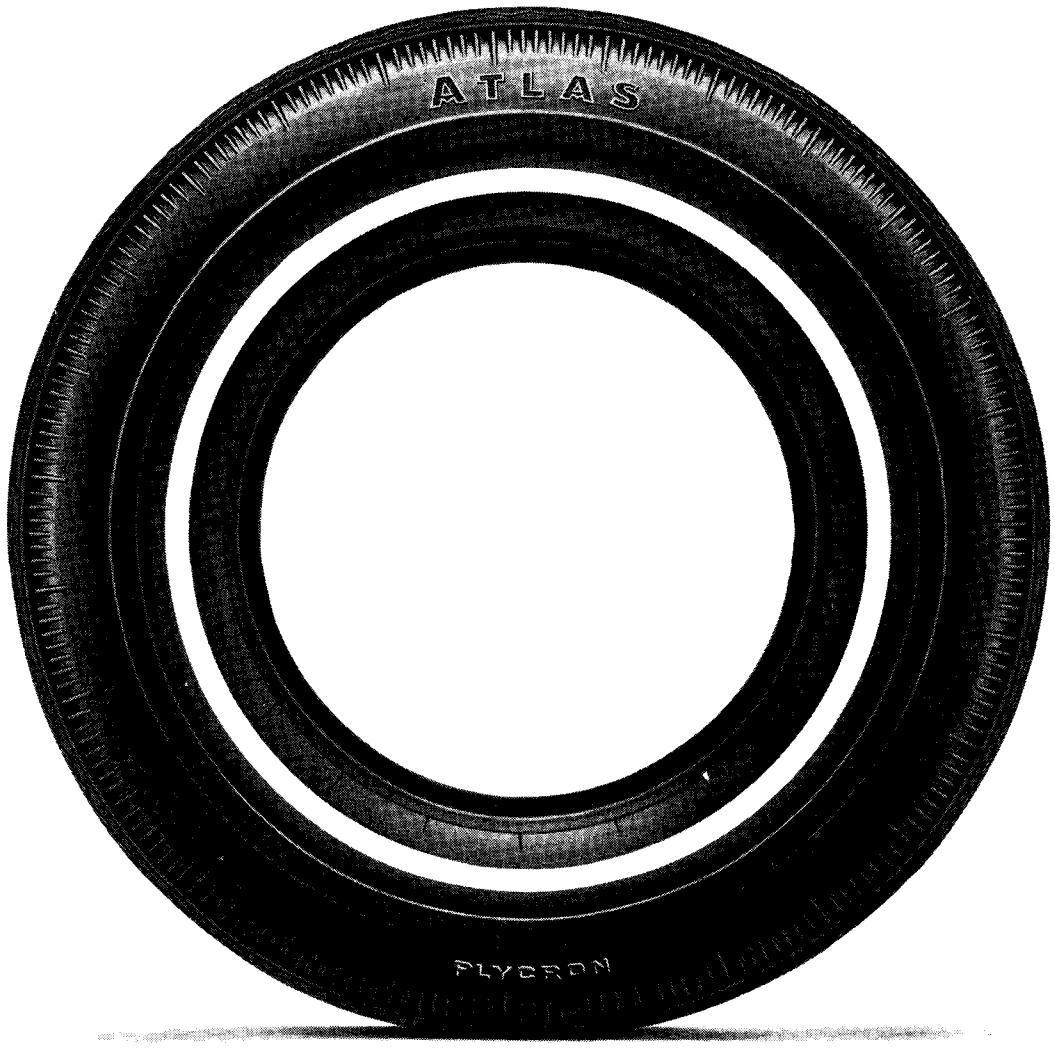
How a penny can tell you if your tire tread is becoming unsafe!



Take a Lincoln penny. Hold it directly upside down. Put it in the tread groove nearest the center of your old tire. Try it in a few different places at least a foot apart. If, at any point, you can see the top of Honest Abe's head, the tread is worn thin and you're ready for . . .

The Round Tire

You'll get at least 3,000 extra miles of wear.



If you're a penny pincher, you'll really appreciate The Round Tire—the Atlas **PLYCRON*** tire. It gives at least 3,000 more miles of wear than the tires that come on most new cars. And roundness is just one reason for those extra miles you get with The Round Tire.

How come? For one thing, The Round Tire comes from a rounder mold—a mold precision engraved to within 3/1000 of an inch of perfect round. Other molds can be out of round by as much as 30/1000 of an inch. **And our rounder molds are just one example of the extra care taken in making Atlas Plycron tires.**

Cord strength, wrap-around tread—lots of other details are important, too.

The point is, only a tire this carefully made can give you the extra miles you want.

Tests prove you can expect at least 3,000 more miles from the Atlas **PLYCRON** tire. These tests were conducted on sets of four tires from various manufacturers' production for 1966 model cars and were promptly run under identical conditions by an independent test fleet.

Want more miles? Get The Round Tire.

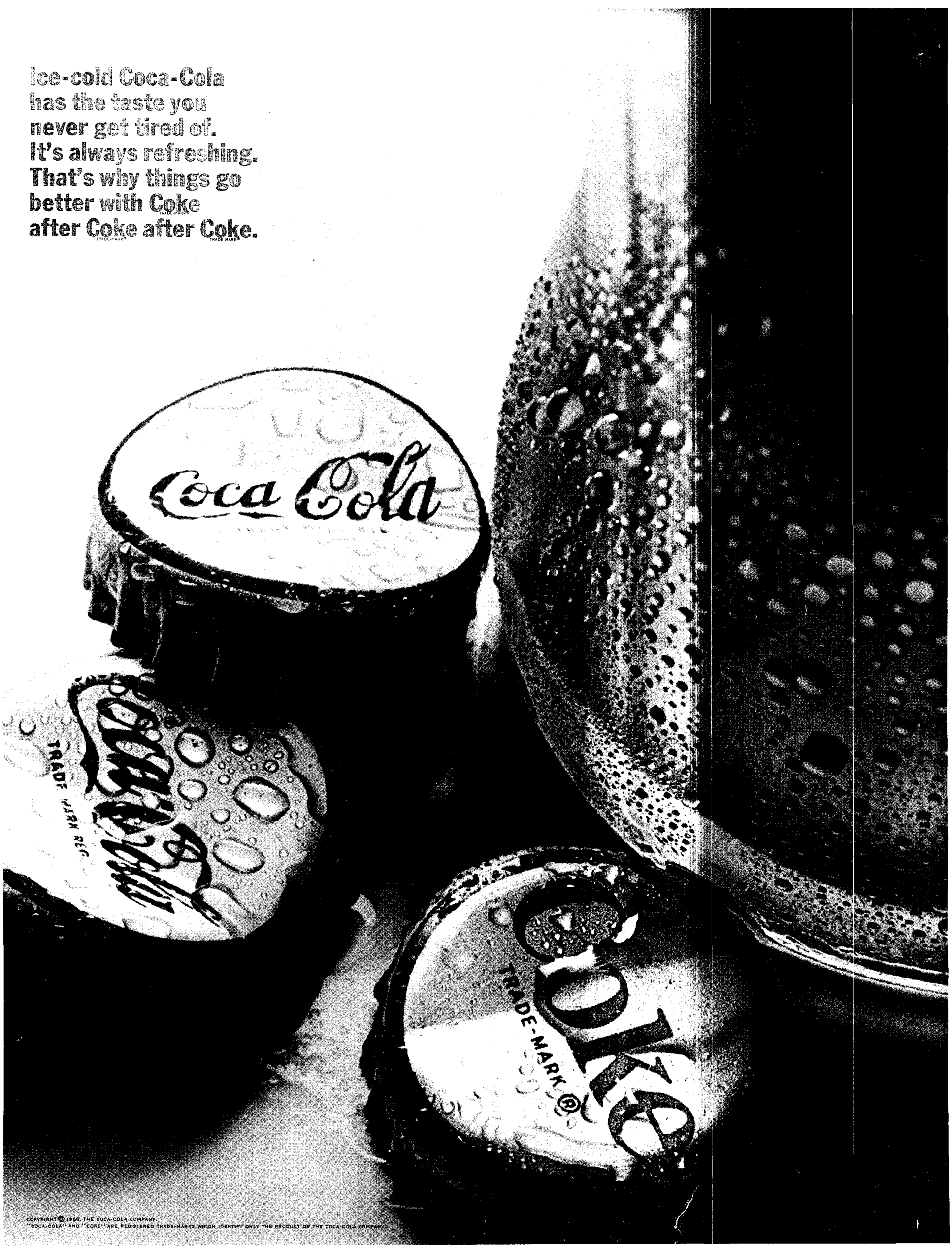
ATLAS PLYCRON

Atlas Tires • Batteries • Accessories • Sold at over 50,000 leading service stations

*Trade-marks "Atlas" "Plycron" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. ©1966 Atlas Supply Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ice-cold Coca-Cola
has the taste you
never get tired of.
It's always refreshing.
That's why things go
better with Coke
after Coke after Coke.



COPYRIGHT © 1966, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.
"COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY ONLY THE PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST

By MAX GUNTHER

New ways to kill pain

Chronic sufferers and surgical patients alike are being offered some unusual methods of relief.

On a winter day in 1958 a young man came to the dental office of Dr. Wallace Gardner in Cambridge, Mass., to have a wisdom tooth pulled. Gardner had settled his patient into the chair and begun to prepare a syringe of Novocain when the young man stopped him.

"I don't want a needle," he said.

"I'm not going to drill this tooth," Dr. Gardner said. "I'm going to *extract* it."

"I know that," said the young man, "but all I want is the earphones."

About a year before, Dr. Gardner had had as a patient Dr. Joseph C. R. Licklider, an acoustics expert and psychologist. Licklider had suggested that the sinister whine of a dental drill might contribute to patients' general unhappiness in the chair. Working together, Drs. Gardner and Licklider developed a system for masking the drill sound. The patient would put on earphones through which he heard tape-recorded music. By means of a small box on his lap, he could control the volume. A second knob on the box brought "white noise" into his ears—a roaring sound something like that of a passing train. He could turn this up to fearful loudness when the drill began boring into his tooth. Licklider and other patients had tried the idea, and had reported amazing results.

The young man who proposed to have his tooth pulled without Novocain had used the music-and-noise system in the past while having cavities filled, and obviously had great confidence in it. When Dr. Gardner found he could not discourage his patient, he agreed to give it a try.

The young man settled back in the reclining chair, adjusted the earphones and put his fingers on the music and noise knobs. Dr. Gardner began to pry the wisdom tooth from its socket, expecting a cry of agony at any moment. "I was scared," he recalls. "I tell you, I was sweating." But the young man lay completely flaccid, eyes closed, oblivious. Gardner paused to mop his forehead. Then, grimacing with sympathetic pain, he forced the tooth up from its bed of flesh. The patient did not even seem to notice.

Dr. Gardner didn't realize it, but this episode was another tentative step forward in man's long search for more effective and more reliable weapons against pain. Normally pain is useful, for it warns us that something is wrong with the body. But persistent pain is a terrible enemy to the sufferer and to his surgeon or dentist; to those with chronic afflictions it can become unbearable.

The search for the ideal anesthetic has been going on for centuries. There is a wide variety of painkillers, but most of them are either not effective enough or produce undesirable side effects. To overcome these difficulties, new weapons are

Audio analgesia lets the patient administer his own painkiller during minor surgery, such as tooth extraction. Noise or music coming through the earphones can be turned up to fearful loudness, masking other sounds, dulling the brain's awareness of pain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

constantly being developed. One of them is noise.

Dr. Gardner and eight other Boston-area dentists subsequently performed 5,000 dental operations in a formal study of "audio analgesia" and reported that 90 percent of the patients needed no other painkiller. Companies such as the Ritter Co., Inc., a major medical-equipment maker, began to manufacture music-and-noise machines for the purpose. Today, according to the American Dental Association, several hundred dentists use audio analgesia. One southern dentist, after using it to extract 15 teeth from a patient at one sitting, said, "This is the first dental miracle I have seen."

Audio analgesia has also been used experimentally to ease pain in childbirth. At the University of Saskatchewan, Drs. Robert K. Burt and Gerald W. Korn gave earphones to 100 obstetrical patients in 1963. Attending doctors, nurses and the patients themselves were asked to rate the new painkiller. About two thirds called it excellent or good; a fourth called it fair; only some 10 percent called it useless.

Nobody knows how or why audio analgesia works. "In fact, nobody knows precisely how or why any pain-deadener works," says Dr. Perry Volpitto of the Medical College of Georgia, past president of the American Society of Anesthesiologists. "Pain in a human being is not simply a straightforward process in which nerves send messages to the brain. It is partly subjective, a matter of emotion. Almost anything that distracts a patient's mind from his pain can, in effect, lessen the pain. Hypnotism has been used successfully. Researchers have even used placebos—sugar pills and the like—often with great effect."

Dr. Gardner, who has had one of his own teeth extracted under audio analgesia, believes several factors are at work. For one thing, the patient himself controls music and noise volume, and this may lessen his feeling of being a helpless victim. Also, there may be a limit to the amount of sensation the brain can receive at one time. Bombarded with stupendously loud noise, it may have less capacity to take note of pain. A dentist's confidence in the system may also have a suggestive or hypnotic effect on the patient—as is indicated by the fact that some dentists have great success with audio analgesia, while others do not.

The general anesthetic in widest use today is one of the first ever discovered: ether. Other inhalation-type anesthetics in common use are chloroform and nitrous oxide (laughing gas). If a doctor wants to put you to sleep by means of an injection, he's likely to use thiopental sodium or one of its derivatives. If he wants to deaden pain in a certain body part without putting you to sleep, he will most likely use Novocain or a chemical relative.

Each of these agents has some flaw that makes it less than ideal. For example, ether is explosive. It can't be used near electrical equipment that generates sparks, or near anything hot, such as a cautery. Chloroform can harm the liver and kidneys. Nitrous oxide has a low potency; the amount needed to produce deep anesthesia and muscle relaxation is perilously close to the lethal dose. Thus it is usually used only for light anesthesia or with other anesthetic compounds.

Injection-type painkillers also have disadvantages. "They're generally less controllable than gases," says Dr. Edward Thomas of St. James' Hospital, London. "If I start you breathing a gas and you begin to react abnormally, I immediately stop administering the gas. But if I've given you a jolt of intravenous anesthetic and something starts to go wrong, it's too late to do anything." Patients sometimes have allergic reactions to both general and local injection anesthetics—reactions that aren't always predictable, ranging in severity from skin blisters to death.

And there are often side effects—always unpleasant, sometimes dangerous—from all kinds of anesthetics. "When we anesthetize you—let's face it—we poison you," one doctor says. "We hope the poisoning is controllable and reversible, but it's poisoning nonetheless. It may affect your heart, brain, kidneys—all kinds of vital functions." Patients wake up with "anesthetic hangover"—dizziness, shortness of breath and other symptoms that may last for days while the body rids itself of the poison. Novocain and other painkillers used in spinal anesthesia may produce a throbbing headache which can last for weeks. Many obstetricians hesitate to use a general painkiller—gas, injection or pill—on a pregnant woman for fear that it will impair the unborn infant's circulation, dangerously delay the start of breathing at birth, or have other, unknown effects.

Despite the miracles that doctors can now perform, anesthesiology is still considered risky. While working with the University of Wisconsin Hospitals, Dr. William Dornette made a study of surgical operations over more than a decade. He found that in some 63,000 operations there were 26 deaths attributable to anesthesia—roughly one death in every 2,400 operations. This squares with the occasionally heard guess that, of the 13 million cases in which anesthesia is administered each year in this country, about 5,000 people are killed. Still, this is a vast improvement over the early days of this century, when anesthetics may have killed one patient in a hundred.

Many new drugs and techniques have appeared in the last two decades. Muscle-relaxing drugs such as curare and succinylcholine were introduced in the 1940's and won wide acceptance during the 1950's. By using them, a doctor can get by with a smaller and less dangerous amount of general anesthetic. The patient can be rendered limp for surgical purposes without being drugged close to the borderline of death. But these drugs also relax the patient's chest muscles and diaphragm so that he can't breathe for himself. The anesthesiologist must force gas in and out of his lungs until the effect of the drug wears off.

New inhalation-type anesthetics have come on the market, each with its advantages and disadvantages. For instance, Ohio Chemical & Surgical Equipment Co. introduced Fluoromar (trifluoroethyl vinyl ether) in the late 1950's. It has several advantages over the old ethyl ether, to which it is chemically related. It has a wider safety margin—that is, a smaller fraction of the lethal dose is needed for deep anesthesia. It puts the patient to sleep faster (30 to 60 seconds), and lets him awake faster with less likelihood of nausea. But it also may make the patient breathe too shallowly, so that he needs the anesthesiologist's help to keep safe levels of oxygen in his bloodstream.

Another new inhalation-type anesthetic is Fluothane (halothane), introduced in 1958 by Ayerst Laboratories. Doctors like it because it has a muscle-relaxing effect that occurs before the patient is in dangerously deep anesthesia. But there is some suspicion that, like chloroform, it may cause liver damage in certain cases. (Last year two medical researchers, Dr. P. J. Snodgrass and Mrs. M. M. Piras, of the Harvard Medical School and Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, reported experiments in which halothane caused damage to liver cells in rats.)

Several new injection-type general anesthetics have been developed to overcome disadvantages of thiopental sodium, which the body has a hard time getting rid of. The patient needs as much as an hour to wake up and may feel befogged and dizzy the rest of the day. Among the drug industry's answers to this problem is Eli Lilly and Co.'s Brevital Sodium (methohexital sodium), introduced in 1960. The body eliminates this chemical so fast that it can be used in doctors' and dentists' offices. A patient can be put under, operated upon, awakened and sent home, all within half an hour. But such fast-acting anesthetics usually produce only light sleep, and there is a danger of patients moving suddenly in the midst of an operation.

Chemicals are by far the most important tools at the anesthesiologist's command, but in the past 10 years there has been more and more interest in nonchemical ways to kill pain. Ideas such as audio analgesia particularly interest dentists, who aren't always equipped to handle medical emergencies

Another method under study is electronarcosis: putting a patient to sleep by means of an electric current through the brain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such as an abnormal reaction to Novocain. Obstetricians, too, are always in the forefront of nonchemical-pain-killer research.

"If you want to speculate about an 'ideal' anesthetic," says Dr. Albert Betcher, chief anesthesiologist at the Hospital for Joint Diseases in New York, "a key factor to bear in mind is that this anesthetic should involve the least possible disruption of normal body processes." Dr. Betcher has studied hypnosis and has successfully brought patients through painful bone operations with no anesthetic other than his own voice.

Another area of investigation is the search for a workable method of killing pain with an electric current. The dream of electrical anesthesia goes back to the 19th century. Since the workings of brain and nerves involve minuscule electric currents, it seemed logical to suppose that a current applied from outside the body could interrupt those workings. Many researchers tried it, and some reported success with animals, but there were no consistently good results with humans. Around 1905, for instance, a French scientist, S. Leduc, anesthetized rabbits and dogs with current from huge batteries. But when he tried it on himself, he produced a horrible nightmare state in which he could feel pain but couldn't react to it.

Since 1958 researchers in several major U.S. hospitals have renewed the effort to realize the century-old dream. They have tried hundreds of methods: various placements of electrodes (on temples, roof of mouth, eyelids, nape of neck, base of spine); various kinds of current (10 to 50 volts, 1 milliampere to 200 milliamperes, direct current, alternating current and combinations); various drugs to calm the patient and relax his muscles.

Among the more active researchers has been a group at the University of Mississippi Medical Center. On January 14, 1961, after experimenting with animals for five years, they tried their system for the first time on a human patient, a 67-year-old woman with intestinal cancer. Shortly after eight o'clock that morning, anesthesiologist Dr. Leonard Fabian placed electrodes on her temples. A current was switched on from a small control box. In 15 seconds the patient was asleep. Throughout the half-hour operation she remained quiet, with 25-volt, 50-milliampere current flowing from temple to temple through her brain. At about 8:45 the surgeon sewed up her abdomen, and Dr. Fabian switched the current off. She opened her eyes in less than one minute, remembered nothing of the operation, said she had felt no pain, and had no aftereffects of any kind.

Another group was led by Drs. William Dornette and James Price at the University of Tennessee. From 1961 to 1963 they anesthetized 50 surgical patients electrically. For the purpose, they developed an "electronesthesia induction unit" called a Narcotron, an 18-pound, dial-covered box about the size of a small table radio with an earphonelike headset to hold electrodes against the patient's temples. The system produced anesthesia for operations lasting as long as three hours.

"You can see why the electronarcosis idea looks interesting," says an official of Ohio Chemical, a major maker of chemical anesthetics. "This kind of anesthesia, when it works, puts the patient to sleep almost instantly and allows him to wake almost instantly. This could be useful in long operations where a doctor may want to make tests or have lab analyses made to guide each step in the procedure. The patient might be switched on and off at will instead of being kept in a possibly dangerous drugged condition the whole time. And electrical anesthesia seems to produce little or no 'hangover' or nausea—which could be important in eye surgery, for instance, where the patient must lie still after the operation. What's more, an electronarcosis unit could be made highly portable, for use in emergency cases far from a hospital."

An advantage of inhalation-type anesthetics is that they can be withdrawn quickly if a patient begins to react abnormally.

But despite some successes, electrical anesthesia is still far from proven. Ohio Chemical gave a grant to the Medical College of Georgia in 1961 to support electrical-anesthesia research. "We found that there is still much to be learned," says Dr. Perry Volpitto, head of the research team. "The effects of electric current on the brain and nervous system are, so far, not completely predictable."

Of the 50 patients anesthetized by Dr. Dornette's group in Tennessee, 11 said they had definitely felt pain. Seven others gave vague reports of feeling pain but not minding it—as though the electronesthesia had a tranquilizing rather than pain-killing effect. One 12-year-old girl went into convulsions after the current was turned off, had hallucinations for the next 24 hours and abnormal brainwave patterns for several weeks.

"What we've got to do now," says Dr. Volpitto, "is sift through the results of all these experiments and study the brain some more. We've got to learn why electronarcosis sometimes works and sometimes doesn't." Most electronarcosis research groups are now in this rethinking stage.

Progress in anesthesia over the past decade has also included dramatic advances in the management of chronic pain. The man who probably illustrates this best is Dr. John Bonica of the University of Washington, president of the American Society of Anesthesiologists, a quiet, dark-eyed man of medium height who was once a championship wrestler. At the University Hospital in Seattle, Dr. Bonica runs a nationally famous Pain Clinic for people who suffer from intractable pain.

"The obvious and best way to treat pain is to remove the cause," says Dr. Bonica. "But sometimes the cause is unknown or isn't treatable." Inoperable cancer is an example. So is trigeminal neuralgia or "tic douloureux," a facial agony of unknown cause which is so intolerable that it has driven sufferers to suicide. Another example is phantom-limb pain, an ailment of amputees.

"In cases such as these," says Dr. Bonica, "we must deal with the pain itself." This may involve cutting or chemically deadening nerves, or operating on the brain itself in order to produce indifference to the pain. Operations such as these require impressive skill and an intimate knowledge of pain pathways throughout the body.

A problem anesthesiologists have attacked recently is that of permanently deadening pain without destroying the sense of touch or the nerves' motor (muscle-moving) function. "From the patient's point of view," says anesthesiologist Dr. Jay Jacoby of Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, "it may not be much of a bargain to swap pain for a numb, paralyzed limb." One solution depends on the fact that pain-carrying nerve fibers are often thinner than touch or motor fibers and hence more easily destroyed. By injecting a precise amount of nerve-deadening chemical, doctors can block pain fibers while leaving touch and motor pathways at least partly open.

A second method works something like a spinal anesthetic, but with an important difference. An ordinary spinal injection, such as you might be given before an appendix operation, renders a large region of your body not only numb to pain but also completely paralyzed. In treating someone with a chronically hurting stomach or hip, doctors want permanent numbness without paralysis. The technique for achieving this depends on the fact that certain major nerves divide into two branches as they enter the spinal canal on the way to the brain. The sensory branch enters the canal from the back, the motor branch from the front. Laying the patient on his stomach, an anesthesiologist injects into the spinal canal a discreet amount of nerve-deadening chemical that is lighter than spinal fluid. It floats to the top and surrounds the sensory branch of the nerve, deadening touch and pain but leaving at least some muscle-moving ability in the affected body part.

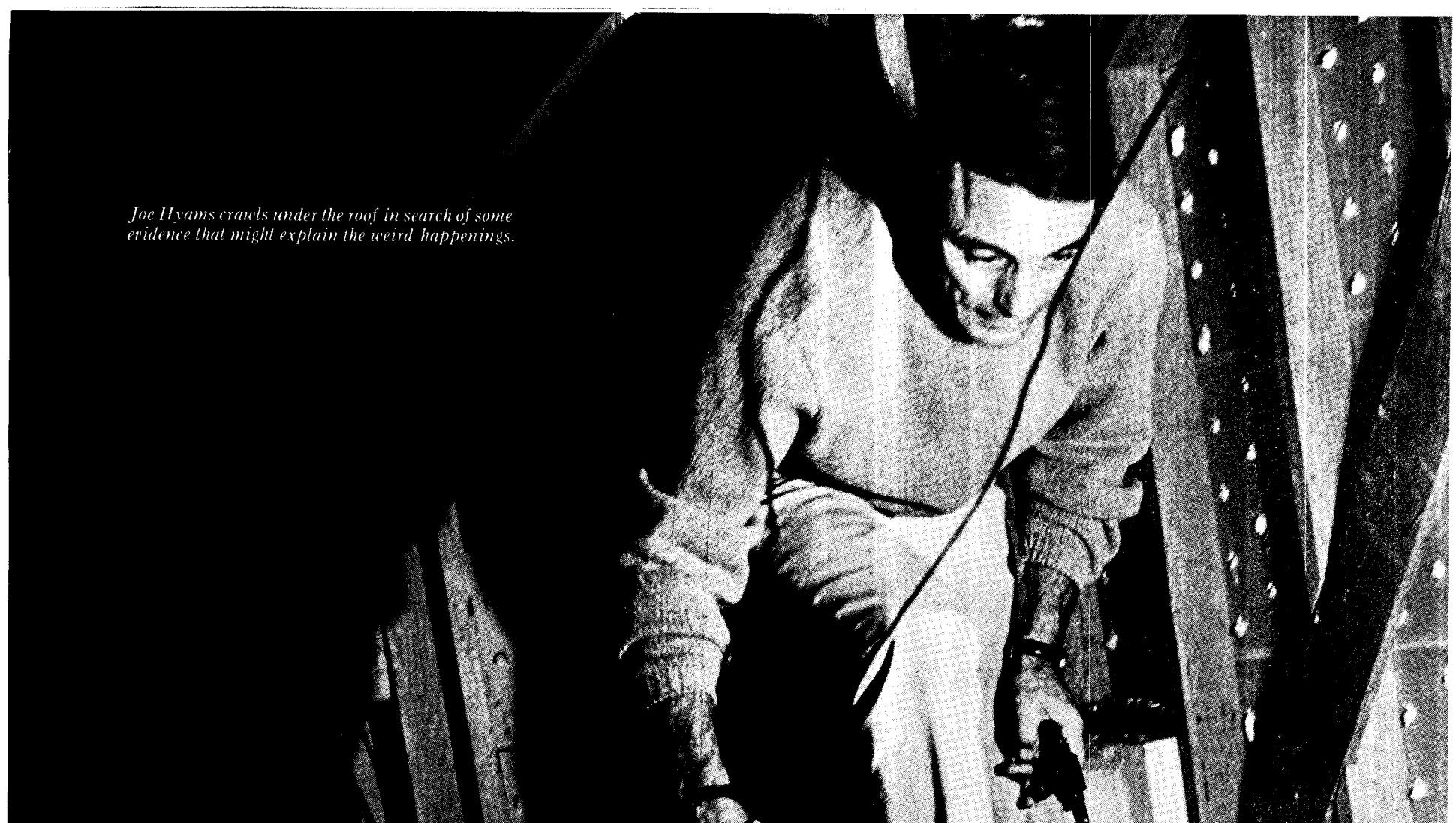
Another means of interrupting pain signals before they reach the brain was recently announced by a group of scientists at Western Reserve University School of Medicine in Cleveland. They developed a miniature electronic device, smaller than a dime, that can be implanted in the body near the spinal cord. It produces a mild, nonpainful electric shock that blocks out pain signals. Although not yet ready for use in humans, the device has shown encouraging results in laboratory tests.

The science of pain-killing has come a long way since the days when doctors held a struggling patient down and jammed a nitrous-oxide or ether mask over his face. Today there are even techniques for anesthetizing you against the anesthetic. On the morning of your operation you're likely to be given a tranquilizing pill, followed a little later by an injection of a more powerful tranquilizing drug to ease you into a euphoric semi-doze. In this state, you barely notice and hardly care when the major pain-killer is administered. You may also be given an amnesia-producing drug such as scopolamine to make you forget all about the experience.

Still the search goes on for better, more foolproof ways to ease pain, and in the meantime patients will have to rely heavily on the medical skills of the person administering the anesthetic. "There are no safe anesthetic agents or procedures," says Dr. Robert H. Smith of the University of California Medical School in San Francisco. "There are only safe anesthetists." □

Photographs by David Attie

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Joe Hyams crawls under the roof in search of some evidence that might explain the weird happenings.

HAUNTED

A writer describes the strange and frightening events which have occurred since he and his actress wife, Elke Sommer, moved into their new house.

By JOE HYAMS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first of what is by now a long series of inexplicable events occurred on July 6, 1964, a few days after the moving men had deposited us in our new home in Beverly Hills, Calif. I was out, and my wife, Elke, had invited a German journalist, Edith Dahlfeld, for afternoon coffee. As Elke was about to pour the coffee, Mrs. Dahlfeld asked if she wasn't going to introduce her to the man.

"What man?" asked Elke.

"The one who was standing in the hall and just went into the dining room," said Mrs. Dahlfeld.

"It must be Joe," said Elke.

Our house has a center entrance hall, with the living room on one side, the dining room on the other. The dining room is about 15 by 20 feet, with a large window the length of one wall fronting on the driveway. Elke got up and walked into the dining room. It was empty, and so was the kitchen beyond. Mrs. Dahlfeld insisted she had seen a man and described him as husky, broad-shouldered, around 50 years old, wearing dark slacks, a white shirt and black tie. His hair was thinning at the top and he had a bulbous "potato" nose.

Elke told me the story over dinner. Although we were both puzzled over Edith's insistence that she had seen some strange man, we didn't take it too seriously—it just seemed to be one of those inexplicable things you shrug off and forget.

At this point I must say that neither my wife nor I am the kind of kooky cultists who flourish in the California sunshine. I am a professional journalist who has spent most of the past 15 years dealing with facts. My wife is Elke Sommer, the film star, a girl who once killed a rattlesnake in our backyard with a pair of garden shears, and who fears only spiders and critics.

The next incident took place about two weeks later. My mother-in-law, who was staying with us and sleeping in a downstairs bedroom, woke up to find a man staring at her. She insisted that he was standing at the foot of her bed, and just as she was about to scream for help, he vanished.

At breakfast I convinced her that the man could have been a prowler. Since she was sleepy at the time, she may not have realized that he was looking in through her picture window. It had rained that night so I went outside to search for footprints in the soft soil under the window. The ground was smooth and unmarked.

It was about that time that we became aware of another phenomenon. Almost every night after we went to bed we began hearing noises coming from the direction of the dining room. It sounded as though there had been a dinner party and the chairs were being pushed back as the guests rose. At first we joked about it, agreeing that it must be Edith's "man" rearranging the dining-room furniture, but after a few days I did take the precaution of cutting away all the branches which might be rubbing against the dining-room window.

On August 8, 1964, Elke and my mother-in-law went to Yugoslavia, where Elke was to make a film. I was going to stay in the house for a few weeks to finish up some work.

From the moment I was alone I felt uncomfortable in the house, especially at night. As nearly as I can describe it, I never felt *really* alone. This is an uncomfortable sensation when you know the house is empty.

But there was more to this than just my subjective impressions. Although I invariably shut and locked the window in the downstairs bedroom, it was wide open on three mornings. The noises in the dining room continued. Twice I heard the front door open and shut, even though it was still bolted tight in the morning.

Such bizarre activities provoked some pretty bizarre reactions on my part. I visited the Micro Communications Corp., specialists in electronic detection equipment, and bought three miniature radio transmitters. I borrowed three portable FM radios to pick up their signals and into each radio plugged a tape recorder.

Since our house is comparatively inaccessible except via a long driveway, I hid one transmitter by the driveway entrance, another at the front door, and the third on the bar in the dining room. Sensitive microphones would pick up any sounds, transmit them to the radios and also record them on tape. Finally, I outlined the position of the legs of the dining-room chairs in chalk on the floor.

Thus prepared, I settled down in my upstairs bedroom and waited. I did not have to wait long. Although no sound of an approaching intruder was transmitted, the mike on the bar began picking up the familiar sounds of moving chairs. I picked up my .38-caliber Police Special and started to sneak downstairs. I crept silently down the hall to the dining room and then, gun forward, reached up and flicked on the switch.

The room was empty. The chairs still stood squarely in their chalk marks.

Upstairs, later, I listened to the tape recording. The noises had stopped when I went downstairs. The sound of the switch snapping on, and even my nervous cough, had come through clearly—and so had the sound of chairs being moved after I left the room again.

All the nocturnal activity was making me so uncomfortable that I invited Gordon Mueller, a friend, to come stay with me. I did not tell him anything about the "ghost" or why I wanted him to come, and for the next week there were no incidents. When I left for Yugoslavia I still felt that something odd was going on, but was not particularly worried. Gordon, who was redecorating his apartment, asked if he could stay on alone at the house.

On my arrival in Yugoslavia I found a letter from Gordon, who said his first night alone in the house was sleepless. "There were strange noises, and the window in the downstairs bedroom where I was sleeping somehow came open. I got your gun and went around the house, inside and out, but found nothing. Very odd. So I moved into your bedroom upstairs because there was a lock on the door."

Later Gordon wrote that the house was "creepy. I have never experienced anything like this before. Every time I go into the dining room the hair on the back of my neck rises up."

During the period that Gordon was in the house I had arranged for a private detective to check the area periodically. He reported that he found doors and windows wide open on several occasions, although nothing was missing. "Mr. Mueller said he always locked the house up tight before leaving," the detective wrote me on September 18. "I kept the house under close surveillance during one twenty-four-hour period when he was away. At about two-thirty in the morning all the lights in the house suddenly went on. Just before I reached the house they all went off." An electrician was asked to check the fuse box and lines, and reported that everything was in order. He could not account for all the lights going on at one time.

Just before Christmas of 1964 Elke and I returned home from Europe. We continued to hear the noises in the dining room every night, but somehow the fact that they were so dependable made them less fearful.

But other things continued to happen. We were away a good part of the spring of 1965, and I asked a friend, Joe Kavanagh, to look in on the house every now and then. Joe told me later that no matter how carefully he locked the house, the next time he came by a door was wide open. I figured someone might have gotten hold of a key to the house, so I had all the locks changed.

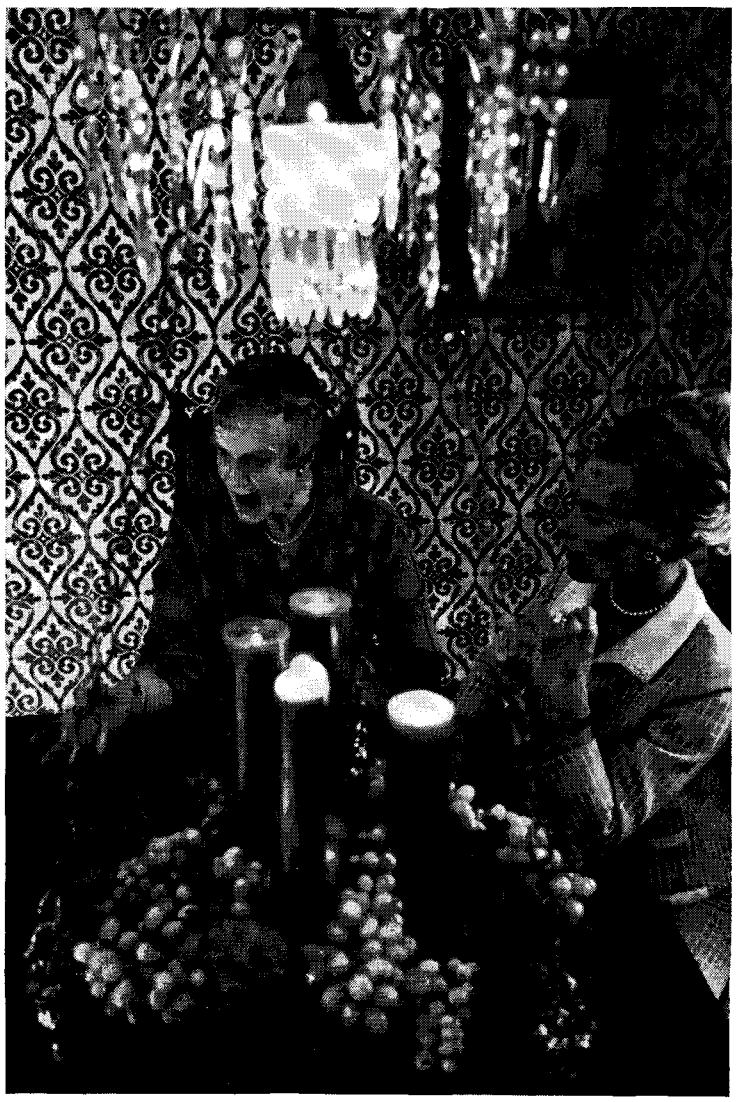
Then, last August, Elke and I closed the house again and went to the beach for a month. One day when I drove back to get the mail, a man who cleans our swimming pool, Marvin Chandler, asked me who was staying at the house in our absence. I told him the house was empty.

"That's what I thought," said Marvin. "But last Tuesday afternoon I saw a man in the dining room—a big man about six feet tall, heavy-built, with a white shirt and black tie. When I went to the door to ask him when you were coming back, he disappeared—just seemed to evaporate in front of my eyes."

Then, early in September, a writer friend of mine named John Sherlock asked if he could stay overnight in the house for a couple of days. John is a 32-year-old Englishman with a cool, analytical mind and a no-nonsense temperament. So I was surprised when he telephoned me at the beach the following morning to say he was at a motel.

From the moment he had entered the house alone at about 11 P.M., he told me, he had a strong feeling that someone was watching him. "I went to bed in the downstairs guest room at about 12:45," he said. "I left a light on in the hallway. Just as I started to climb into bed with my back to the hallway I felt certain someone was near and turned around. In the doorway I saw the figure of a man almost six feet tall staring at me. He was wearing dark trousers, a white shirt and a dark tie. I have never had such a feeling of menace.

"I got out of bed, got dressed and looked into



"In the name of Jesus I command you to leave this house at once!" screams clairvoyant Mrs. Lotte von Strahl.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A taxi driver saw the man

vanish in front of his eyes.

Since ghosts are said to prefer familiar haunts, the dining-room décor is altered in an effort to expel its lodger.

the hallway to see if he was still there. He wasn't—but as I went down the hallway I could feel him. I couldn't leave the house fast enough."

Like everyone else, I have read a little about telepathy, clairvoyance and similar phenomena which seem to defy logical explanation. But since neither of us had seen the ghost personally and I believe only what I can see, I tried to convince Elke that it was all a weird coincidence of events which, we would find, had a logical cause.

One night we had dinner at the beach with Arthur Ross, a screenwriter friend, and I told him our story, thinking it might make the plot for a movie. Arthur listened carefully, then said he had heard of a similar puzzle. The solution had been simple: a man had been living secretly in a house during the owner's absence.

"You have an unwanted boarder," he concluded. "Better check the blueprints with an architect."

I arranged to have a team of termite inspectors crawl under the entire house looking for any possible entrance from outside. They reported there were no termites and no way of getting into the house from underneath.

Then I got the original blueprints of the house and, with an architect, checked them against the actual construction to see if there was a hidden room in the house or tunnel from the outside. The plans checked with the actual construction: There was no possibility.

Next, I crawled through the air space under the roof with a flashlight and found no evidence that anyone had been there since the house was built. Someone told us that ghosts prefer to stay in familiar places, so as a pretty childish effort we changed the light fixtures in the dining room, repainted it, and papered the one wall near which he had most often been seen.

Meantime our two dogs began acting strangely. They would suddenly start to bark while staring in the entrance of the dining room. The puppy would frequently run to a particular spot in the dining room, then walk out of the room exactly as if following at someone's heels.

By now I reluctantly had to admit there was something very extraordinary and unpleasant going on in our house. Or could this just be overheated nerves reinforced by a few coincidences? Perhaps that suspicion was why I called a psychiatrist friend, Dr. Roderic Gorney, who is on the staff of the Department of Neuropsychiatry at U.C.L.A.

After listening attentively to my somewhat embarrassed account, he said that one of the residents in psychiatry at the University Medical School was a member of the American Society for Psychical Research, and he knew the A.S.P.R. was always interested in finding haunted houses to investigate.

Dr. Gorney asked if we would object to having a few "sensitives" or mediums visit the house, accompanied by qualified investigators for the Los Angeles branch of the A.S.P.R. The study would follow a previous A.S.P.R. procedure which called for an investigator and medium or sensitive to go through the house and then fill out printed forms. These included 25 checklist points about the appearance and "personality" of the ghost if seen, felt or heard. They were also to fill out a checklist of 100 adjectives that described the medium's impression of the ghost; whether he was flying in the air, gesturing in a specific way, mocking at someone or something, wandering around aimlessly, threatening someone.

Elke and I were cautioned not to tell the mediums who visited the house our names or professions. When possible, we were asked to be out of the house when they came through to avoid the possibility of telepathy—mind reading.

With the ground rules firmly in mind, we opened our house for investigation by the A.S.P.R. and the interested scientists from U.C.L.A. And into our lives came a strange parade of people—serious and, I believe, with few exceptions honest—who are convinced our world is inhabited by a band of spirits, some dead thousands of years.

Here, briefly, are the highlights of a series of visits—sessions that were fascinating but eventually disturbing, particularly to Elke.

October 28. Douglas Johnson came to the house accompanied by an A.S.P.R. investigator. Mrs. Marjorie Kern, who was in charge of scheduling the A.S.P.R. investigation, claimed Johnson had amazing ability as a clairvoyant. He went directly into the dining room and announced that he saw clairvoyantly a man who once had a moustache and who is fond of music. "He is a heavy-set man, a European, who spent his past life giving of himself," Mr. Johnson said.

November 6. Another clairvoyant, Mrs. Lotte von Strahl, came to the house. Mrs. von Strahl had for many years used her ability to aid the police of Berlin and other cities in Germany. Now a Los Angeles resident, she has a respected and wide reputation.

Immediately upon entering the house she went to the dining room and described a "monster," a man who was large, untidy, full of hate, and also quite drunk.

While in the dining room Mrs. von Strahl shuddered and emitted a low scream. "He touched me," she said. "He hates me. He wants me to get out, and I'm afraid of him."

November 10. Michael Hughes, another clairvoyant, entered the house, walked past the dining room and went immediately out near the pool as though drawn there by an invisible force. "I see a blond girl about seventeen years old who died in Europe about three years ago of something in the lungs. She was ill six weeks before passing over. There is something to do with a relationship to an aunt. The girl is volunteering information that since her death the house she lived in in Europe was burned."

November 11. Maxine Bell, a woman who has successfully helped the L.A. Police Department in locating lost objects and missing persons, toured the house quickly. She returned to the dining room where she said she saw a sloppy man in his 50's. "I think he is a doctor," she said. "He died of a heart attack at the age of fifty-eight before he could finish something important with the man of the house."

November 12. Brenda Crenshaw, a reverend of the Spiritualist Church of England and a member of the esteemed British Spiritualist Association, visited the house. Going directly to the dining room, Mrs. Crenshaw said, "I see a man above average height, about fifty-eight years of age, a doctor who died of a chest or heart condition outside the country."

These reports were rather startling. The physical description of the male ghost seemed to fit a doctor with whom I had been writing a book. He had died suddenly before we had finished. It also resembled Elke's father in some respects. The young girl whom Mr. Hughes saw made Elke jump with fright—the description precisely fitted a girl she once knew whose house had burned since her death.

The A.S.P.R. suggested we hold some séances in an attempt to make direct contact with the alleged spirits who had chosen our home as a haunting place. A total of five séances were held over a five-week period. Though they were long on showmanship, with much panting and wheezing on the part of the mediums, they were not very long on information.

Meanwhile, I began checking on the previous owners of our house. Their reports were not at all reassuring.

The people from whom we bought the house had lived in it for approximately a year and a half.

"I never *saw* anything unusual," the wife said, "but I heard strange sounds rather frequently. Ordinarily I am not a fearful person and am used to being alone.

"But one night when my husband was out of town, I went to bed about eleven o'clock and was awakened by the sound of footsteps walking below me in the dining room. They were so clear that I was frightened, and I telephoned a friend and asked if I could come stay with her.

"I locked myself in the upstairs bedroom and called a taxi. A short time later it arrived and stopped in the driveway by the front door. I kept waiting for the taxi driver to ring the bell, but he didn't, so I shouted to him from the bedroom window. When he answered I ran down the stairs, got into the car and asked the driver why he had not rung the bell. The driver told me he saw a man standing by the door and assumed he was the fare. The man had vanished when I shouted from the window."

The second owner, an established businessman in his early 50's, told me that he and his former wife had lived in the house only a year. "We sold it because my wife refused to stay in it alone," he said. "She thought we had a ghost, and I couldn't convince her it wasn't possible."

December 20. Clairvoyant Jacqueline Eastlund visited the house in my absence and reported to the A.S.P.R. that she saw a man of between 40 and 60 years of age who had died by strangulation. Looking at the bed in the upstairs bedroom, she said she heard the words, "He's dead!"

"Someone was murdered in the house," she said, "probably by strangulation. Nothing can get me to remain in this house. I'm afraid."

By now Elke was truly frightened, and to put her mind at rest, I did agree to have the ghost exorcised. I was told that the usual procedure is to have a Catholic priest perform the exorcism rites, but when that proved unfeasible, the A.S.P.R. suggested we call on Mrs. von Strahl, who has conducted several reportedly successful exorcisms.

Shortly afterward Mrs. von Strahl came to the house with Mrs. Kern. Although I expected in-

Photographs by Allan Grant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joe and Elke take a walk up the road from their house with their dog, Hasi, who also apparently has "seen" the ghost.

cense and mumbo jumbo, Mrs. von Strahl was brief and businesslike. She went into the dining room with Elke and seated herself at the head of the table where the ghost had been seen. "That horrible, brutal monster is standing next to me," she told Elke.

Mrs. von Strahl asked Elke to accompany her for a few minutes of silent prayer. Then, staring ahead intently, she intoned, "In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to leave this house at once. Leave these good people here alone and stop disturbing their house. If you have anything unfulfilled, any questions you want answered, come to me, but leave these good people alone."

"He's leaving," Mrs. von Strahl announced triumphantly after a minute of silence.

The weird ceremony did relieve some of Elke's anxieties, and I was able to resist pointing out that since every medium seemed to see different spirits in our house, and Mrs. von Strahl could only exorcise the one she saw, presumably several ghosts still remained.

At this point it had been nearly two years since we first heard the sound of furniture moving at night and since the first "sighting" of a ghost in our house. Thirty-six sensitives, mediums and investigators have come through our home, and all of them have agreed on at least one conclusion: the house seems to be haunted. More important we have the independent, detailed and, I am convinced, completely honest reports of our friends to back up that conclusion.

The termite inspectors, private detectives and electronics experts say that no human being could have secret access to the house, and a thorough search of the premises proved that we don't have squirrels in the eaves, branches rubbing across windows, or reflecting areas that produce ghostly images. A geologist reported that the land is not shifting, and a construction man stated that the house is completely solid.

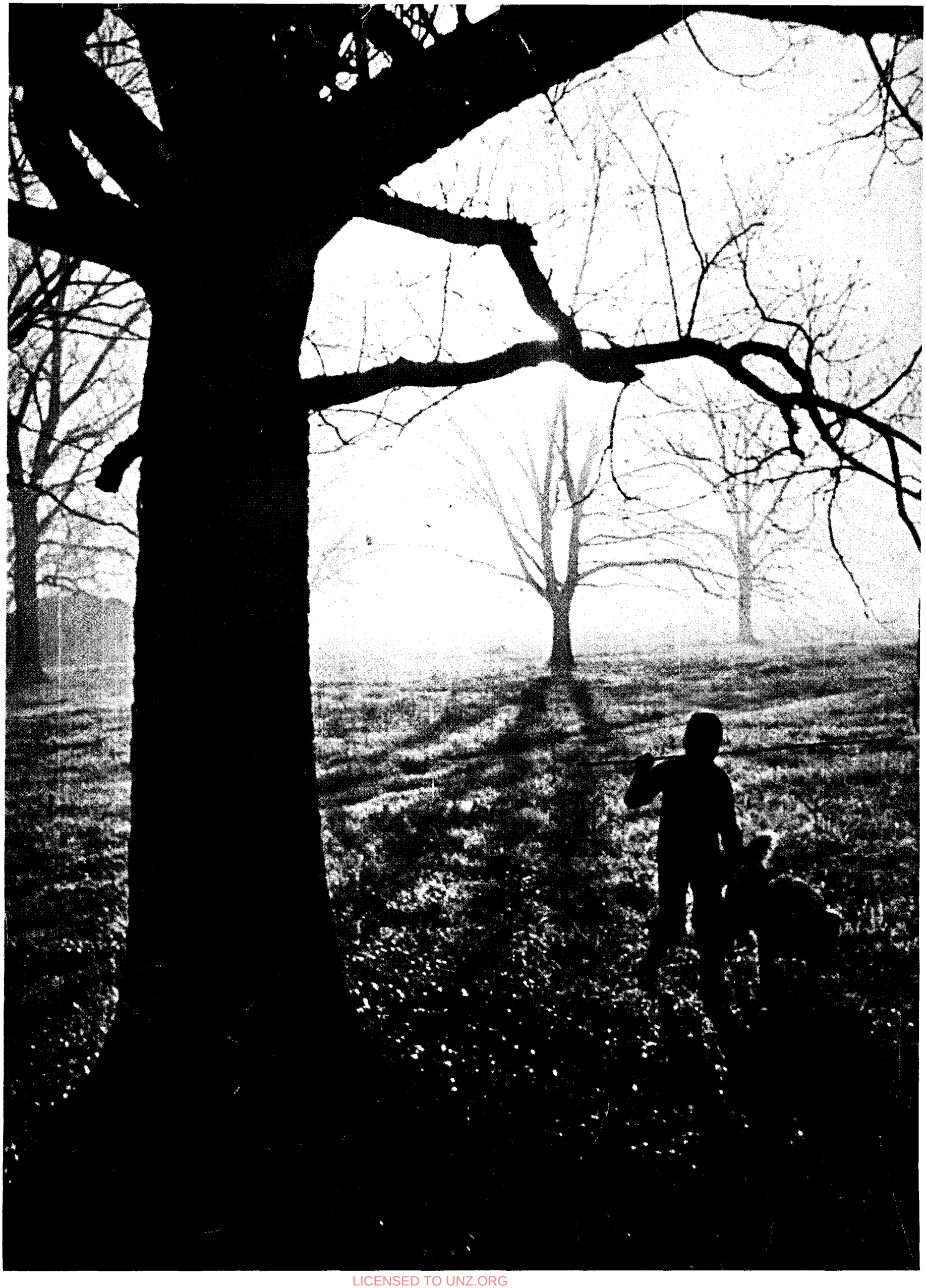
And if we *are* haunted, who are the ghosts? Elke and I spent hours trying to link the reported phenomena with someone associated with us, our families, the house or its various owners. Our extensive inquiries along this line came to a dead end. Such clues as the doctor with the unfinished business were too vague to be really conclusive; no one described by any of the mediums fits anyone in our families precisely enough to rule out coincidence; and as far as we could find out, none of the persons described were earlier associated with the house or the site.

Obviously we seem to have something in the house, but none of the investigators can definitely say who or what it is or why it is there. Dr. Gardner Murphy, president of the A.S.P.R. and former director of research of the Menninger Foundation, said it is not the job of psychical researchers to classify phenomena as proved or unproved, but rather to hold them in some sort of tentative conceptual restraint.

So how do we stand today? Even I am reluctantly convinced that we have at least one ghost in the house, but we don't intend to move out. Elke feels that the ghost is most probably her father, and she knows he would not harm her. I would not let a living man frighten me out of my house, and I certainly don't intend to let a dead one do it.

The night after the exorcism, I locked the downstairs doors, checked all the windows carefully, and went to bed anticipating a quiet night. Just as I was falling asleep, Elke nudged me and said, "Listen." I sat up in bed and listened. The dining-room chairs were moving again. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS

By John Steinbeck

With warmth and humor, some wrath and boundless love, a prize-winning author writes about his people—a race unique in history for its vigor, its paradoxes and its dreams.

In 1939 The Grapes of Wrath *roused a storm of controversy because of its strongly proletarian sympathies. But the novel won John Steinbeck both a Pulitzer Prize and a firm place among America's leading writers. At 64 he can look back on more than 30 years of literary success, including a Nobel Prize awarded him in 1962 for the same qualities of tough-minded realism and robust idealism that animate this salute to his nation.*

It is customary (indeed, at high-school graduations it is a requirement) for speakers to refer to America as a "precious inheritance"—our heritage, a gift proffered like a sandwich wrapped in plastic on a plastic tray. Our ancestors, so it is implied, gathered to the invitation of a golden land and accepted the sacrament of milk and honey.

This is not so. In the beginning we crept, scuttled, escaped, were driven out of the safe and settled corners of the earth, to the fringes of a strange and hostile wilderness, a nameless and hostile continent. Far from welcoming us, it resisted us. This land was no gift. The firstlings worked for it, fought for it, and died for it. They stole and cheated and double-crossed for it, and when they had taken a little piece, the way a fierce-hearted man ropes a wild mustang, they had then to gentle it and smooth it to make it habitable at all.

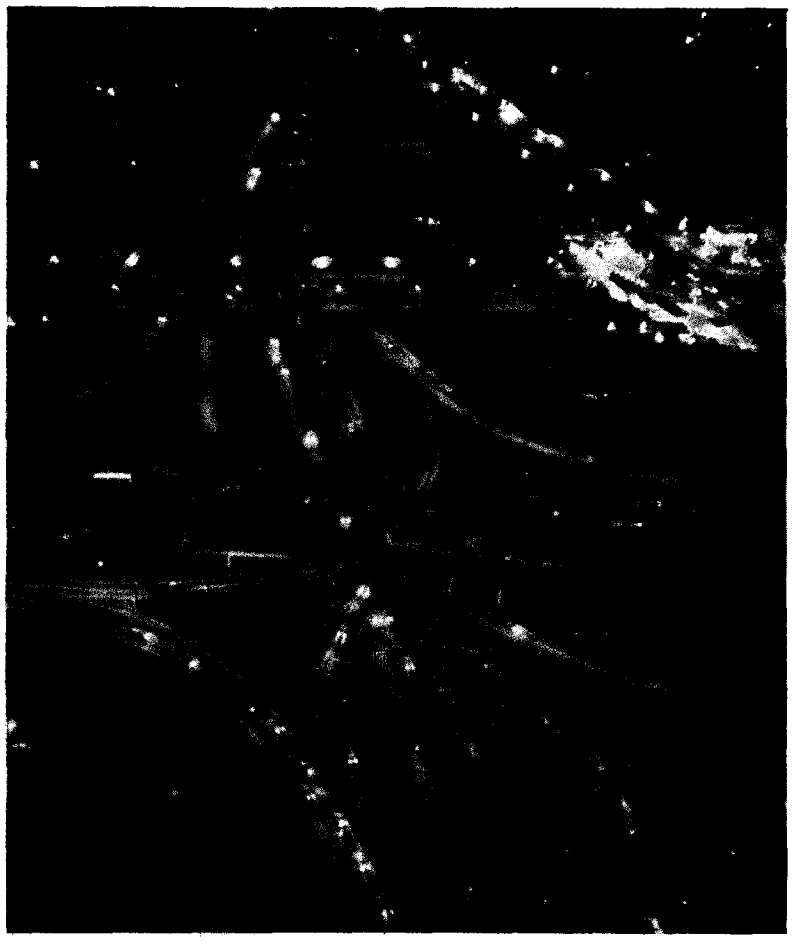
We built America, and the process made us Americans—a new breed, rooted in all races, stained and tinted with all colors, a seeming ethnic anarchy. Then in a little, little time, we became more alike than we were different—a new society; not great, but fitted by our very faults for greatness: *E Pluribus Unum.*

The whole thing is crazy. Every single man in our emerging country was out for himself against all others—for his safety, his profit, his future. When his family grew up about him, he set it against all other families. When communities arose, each one defended itself against other communities. The surges of the new restless, needy, and strong—grudgingly brought in for purposes of hard labor and cheap wages—were resisted, resented, and only accepted when a new and different wave came in.

All that was required to release the mechanism of oppression and sadism was that the newcomers be meek, poor, weak in numbers, and unprotected—although it helped if their skin, hair, eyes were different, and if they spoke some language other than English, or worshiped in some church other than Protestant. The Pilgrim Fathers took out after the Catholics, and both clobbered the Jews; the Germans clotted for self-defense until the Irish took the resented place; the Irish became "Americans" against the Poles; the Slavs against the Italians. On the West Coast the Chinese ceased to be enemies only when the Japanese arrived; and they, in the face of the invasions of Hindus, Filipinos and Mexicans.

It occurs to me that this very cruelty toward newcomers might go far toward explaining the speed with which the ethnic and national strangers merged with the "Americans." In spite of all the pressure the old people could bring to bear, the children of each ethnic group denied their background and their ancestral language. Despite the anger, the contempt, the jealousy, the self-imposed ghettos and segregation, something was loose in this land called America. The new generations wanted to be Americans more than they wanted to be Poles, or Germans, or Hungarians, or Italians, or British. And in one or two, certainly not more than three generations, each ethnic group has clicked into place in the union without losing the *pluribus.* When we read the lineup of a University of Notre Dame football team, called "The Fighting Irish," we do not find it ridiculous that the names are Polish, Slovak, Italian—or Fiji, for that matter. They *are* The Fighting Irish.

Ours is a land of contrasts: the misty hush of early morning in the country; the frantic glare and blare of car traffic on the Los Angeles freeways after dark.



There is no question in my mind that places in America mark their natives, not only in their speech patterns, but physically—in build, in stance, in conformation. Climate may have something to do with this as well as food supply and techniques of living; in any case, each of us can detect a stranger.

Some years ago when I was living in the field with the migrant people from the Southwest, it was my pride that I could tell an Oklahoman from a man from Arkansas, and either from one from another area. The Oklahoman spoke a regional dialect, it is true; but there were other signs, such as posture, facial structure, way of walking. Once when I was smugly indulging my ability, a tall, rangy Okie boy said to me, "You're a Californian."

"How do you know that?" I asked with some surprise.

"You look like a Californian," he said; and I had not been aware until then that Californians had any special look.

©1966 by John Steinbeck

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peter Klinkhammer, here chopping firewood, lives in the open, unspoiled country along Idaho's Salmon River.

I have lived and traveled in foreign countries where my blood lines of Scotch-Irish, English, and German are common. My face has the features, good or bad, of my ancestry. My eyes are northern blue, my hair before it whitened was that no-color which is described as brown. My cheeks are florid, with the tiny vesicles showing through, so characteristic of the Scotch and the North Irish. But in spite of all this, I have never been taken for a European. Any sensitive European knows instantly that I am an American. The Okie boy I mentioned did not remotely resemble me; his dark eyes, shining black hair, high cheekbones, and dark skin all spoke of his Cherokee blood. But if this boy should walk through any city in Europe, he too would instantly be picked out as an American. Somewhere there is an American look. I don't know what it is, and foreigners cannot describe it; but it is there.

One of the generalities most often noted about Americans is that we are a restless, a dissatisfied, a searching people. We spend our time searching for security, and hate it when we get it. For the most part we are an intemperate people: We eat too much when we can, drink too much, indulge our senses too much. Even in our so-called virtues we are intemperate: A teetotaler is not content not to drink—he must stop all the drinking in the world; a vegetarian among us would outlaw the eating of meat. We work too hard, and many die under the strain; and then to make up for that we play with a violence just as suicidal. The result is that we seem to be in a state of turmoil all the time, both physically and mentally. We are able to believe that our Government is weak, stupid, overbearing, dishonest, and inefficient, and at the same time we are deeply convinced that it is the best Government in the world, and we would like to impose it upon everyone else.

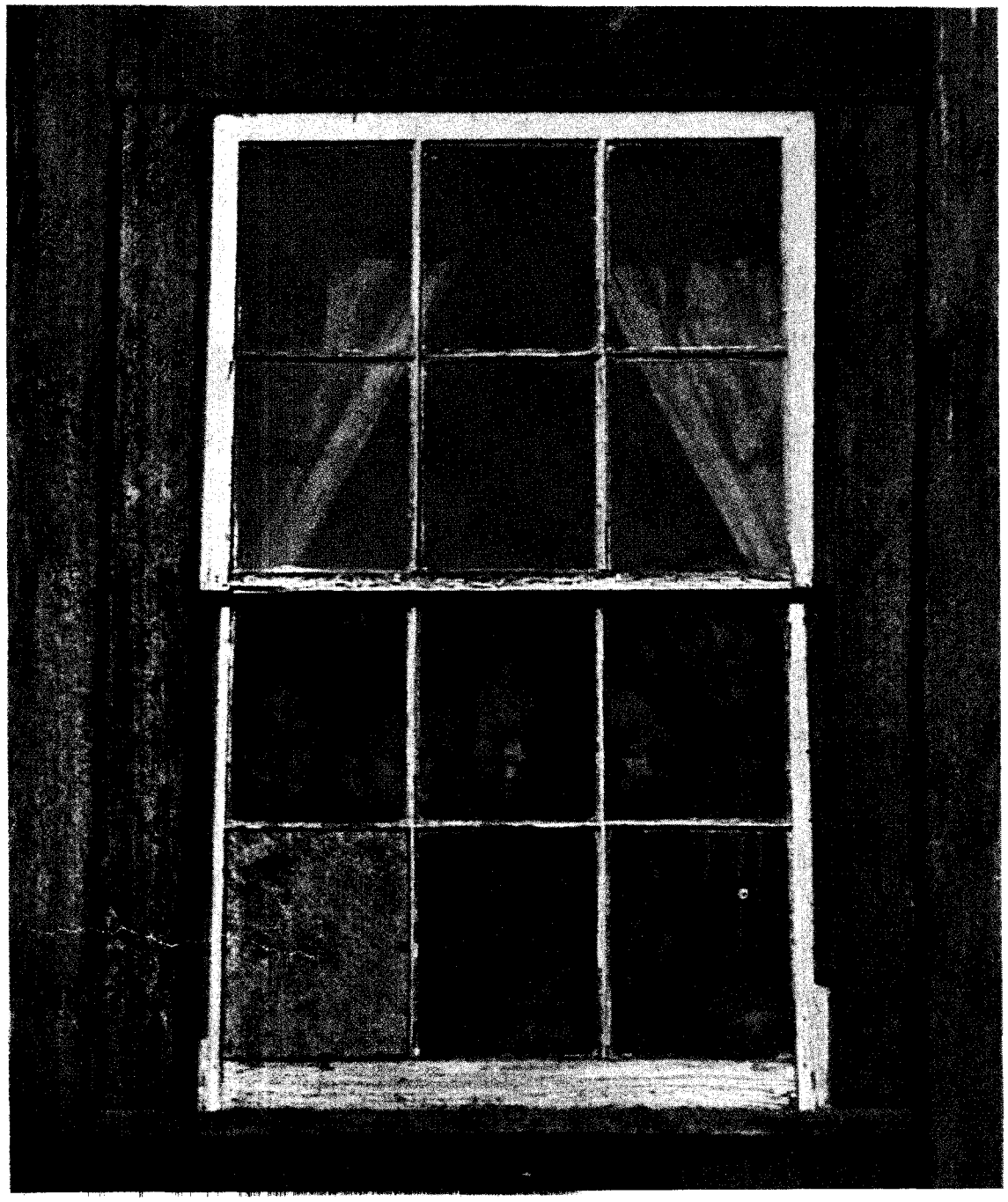
Americans overindulge their children and do not like them; the children in turn are overly dependent and full of hate for their parents. Americans are remarkably kind and hospitable and open with both guests and strangers; and yet they will make a wide circle around a man dying on the pavement rather than become involved. Fortunes are spent getting cats out of trees and dogs out of sewer pipes; but a girl screaming for help in the street draws only slammed doors, closed windows and silence.

Americans seem to live and breathe and function by paradox; but in nothing are we so paradoxical as in our passionate belief in our own myths. We truly believe ourselves to be natural-born mechanics and do-it-yourselfers. We spend our lives in motorcars, yet most of us—a great many of us at least—do not know enough about a car to check the gas tank when the motor fails. Our believed myths are everywhere: We shout that we are a nation of laws, not men—and then proceed to break every law we can if we can get away with it. From puberty we are preoccupied with sex; but our courts, our counselors, and our psychiatrists are dealing constantly with cases of sexual failure or charges of frigidity or impotence, which amounts to the same thing.

Home, as Americans dream of it, 'has little to do with reality.'

One of the characteristics most puzzling to a foreign observer is the strong and imperishable dream the American carries. On inspection, it is found that the dream has little to do with reality in American life. Consider the dream and the hunger for home. The very word can reduce nearly all of my compatriots to tears. Builders and developers never build houses—they build homes. The dream home is either in a small town or in a suburban area where grass and trees simulate the country. This dream home is a permanent seat, not rented but owned. It is a center where a man and his wife grow graciously old, warmed by the radiance of well-washed children and grandchildren. Many thousands of these homes are built every year; built, planted, advertised, and sold—and yet the American family rarely stays in one place for more than five years.

Either the earning power of the father is overextended, so that after a few years he is not able to keep up the payments on his loans. Or he is successful and his income increases—right away the house is not big enough, or in the proper neighborhood. In either case, the family moves. Or perhaps



For the people of Appalachia, like this West Virginia family, the American dream is a long way from reality.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

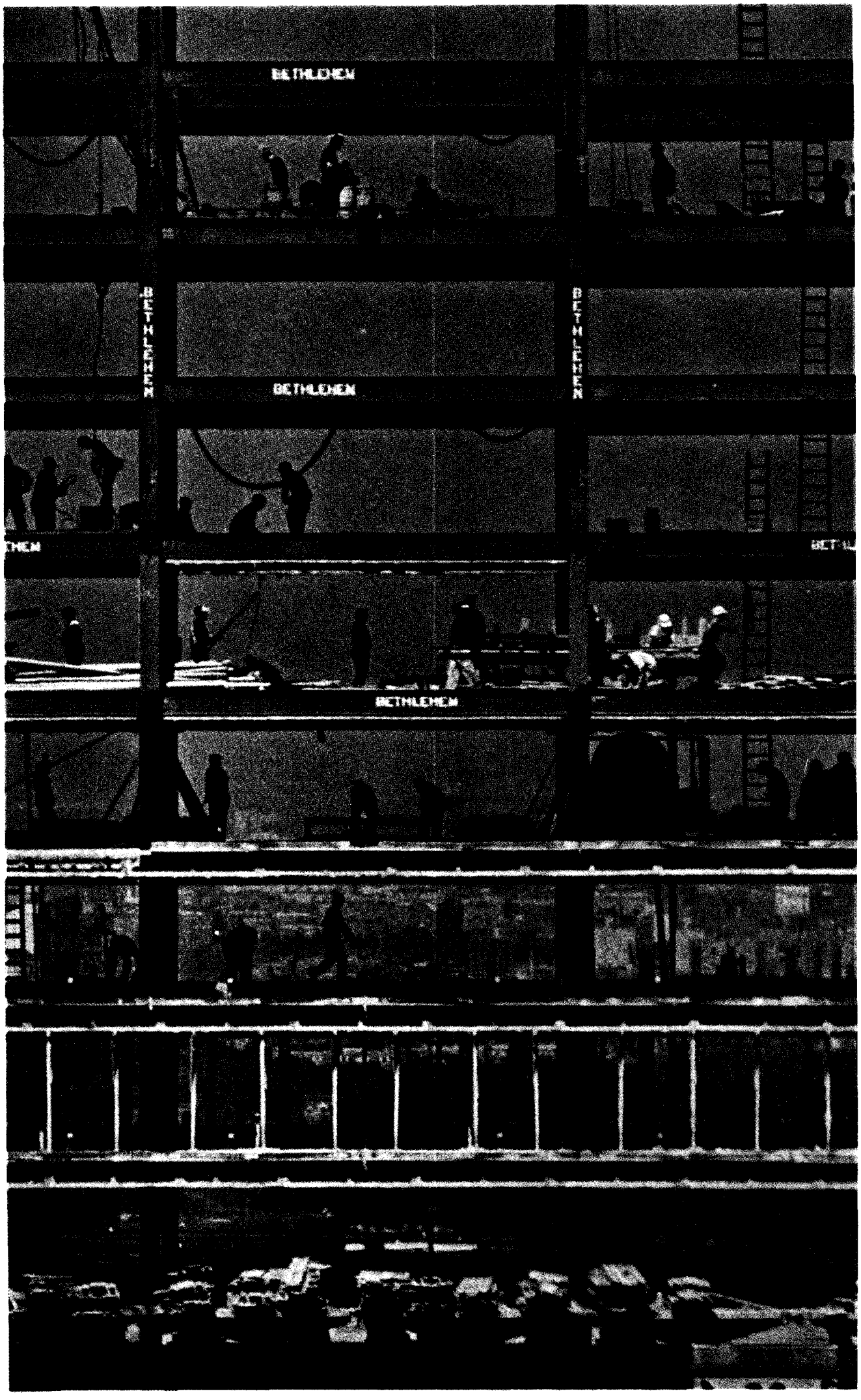
suburban life palls, and the family moves to an apartment in the city, where excitement and convenience beckon. Every year there occur great migrations from the city to the country, balanced by countermigrations back to the city. Some of these movements back and forth seem to me a result of just pure restlessness, pure nervousness.

However, the dream does not die—it just takes another form. Today, with the ancient American tendency to look for greener pastures still very much alive, the mobile home has become the new dream. It is not a trailer; it is a house, long and narrow in shape, and equipped with wheels so that it can, if necessary, be transported over the highway to a new area. The mobile way of life is not a new thing in the world, of course. It is more than probable that humans lived this way for hundreds of thousands of years before they ever conceived of settling down—the herdsmen followed the herds, the hunters followed the game, and everybody ran from the weather. People go back to mobility with enthusiasm, and if they can double the dream—have a symbol home and mobility at the same time—they have it made. There are huge settlements of these metal houses clustered on the edges of our cities. Plots of grass and shrubs are planted, awnings are stretched out, and garden chairs appear. A community life soon springs up—a life having all the signs of status, the standards of success or failure that exist elsewhere in America.

Of course the home dream can be acted out almost anywhere. A number of years ago, when I lived on East 51st Street in New York, I saw an instance of it every day on my morning walk. Near Third Avenue there are great numbers of old red-brick buildings full of the small, walk-up cold-water flats in which so many New Yorkers live. Every summer morning about nine o'clock a stout and benign-looking lady came down the stairs from her flat to the pavement, carrying the great outdoors in her arms. She set out a canvas deck chair, and over it mounted a beach umbrella—one of the kind which has a little cocktail table around it—and then, smiling happily, this robust and good-natured woman rolled out a little lawn made of green raffia in front of her chair, set out two pots of red geraniums and an artificial palm, brought a little icebox with cold soft drinks; she laid her folded copy of the *Daily News* on the table, arranged her equipment, and sank back into the chair—and she was in the country.

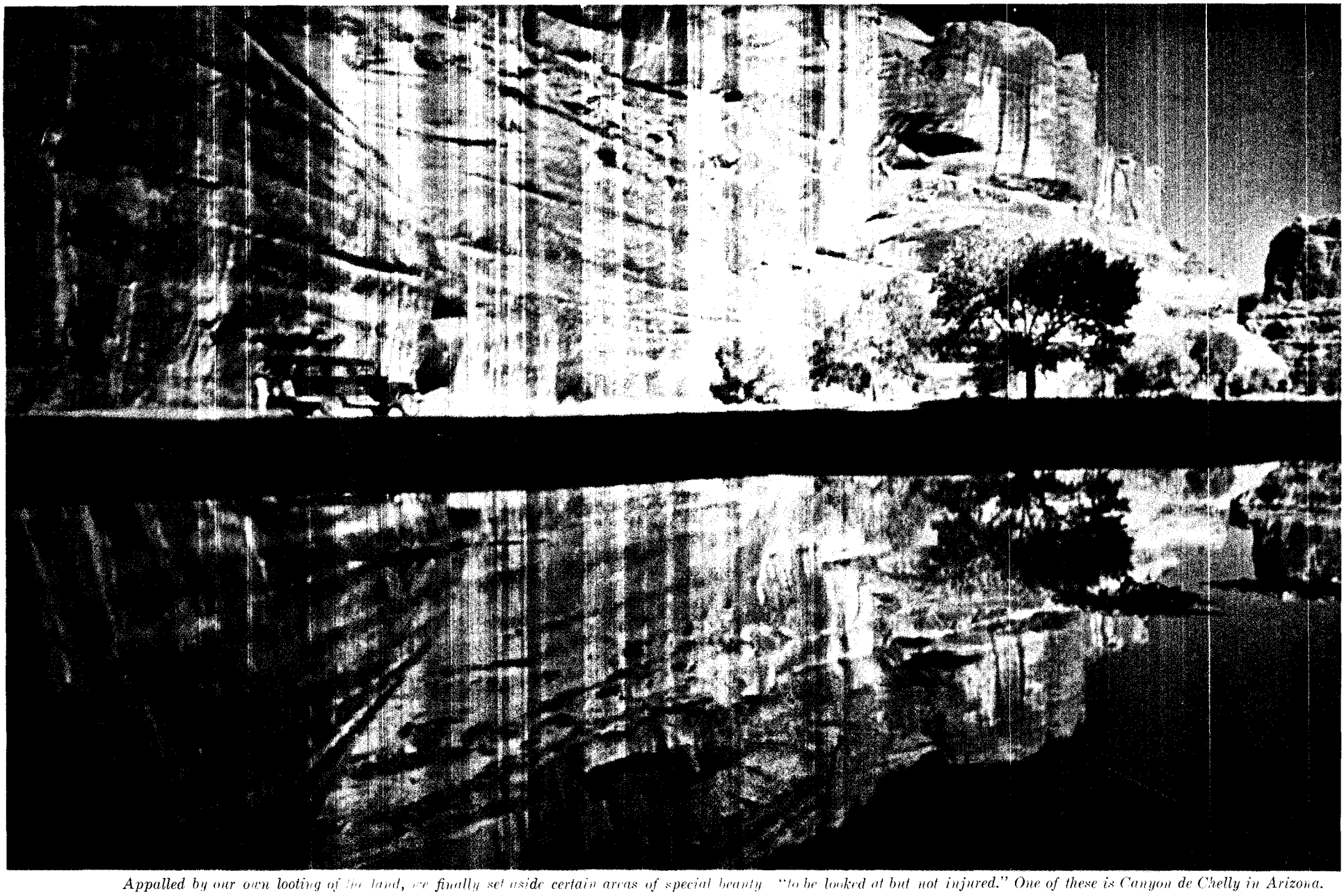
She nodded and smiled to everyone who went by, and somehow she conveyed her dream to everyone who saw her, and everyone who saw her was delighted with her. For some reason I was overwhelmed with a desire to contribute to this sylvan retreat, and so one day when she had stepped inside for a moment, I deposited on her table a potted fern and a little bowl with two goldfish, which I had bought around the corner; and the next morning when I passed, I was pleased to see that these had been added to the permanent equipment. Every day through that summer the fern and the goldfish were part of the scene.

The dreams of a people either create folk literature or find their way into it; and folk literature, again, is always based on something that happened. Our most persistent folktales—constantly retold in books, movies, and television shows—concern cowboys, gun-slinging sheriffs and Indian fighters. These folk figures existed—perhaps not quite as they are recalled nor in the numbers indicated, but they did exist; and this dream persists. Even businessmen in Texas wear the high-heeled boots and big hats, though they ride in air-conditioned cars and have forgotten the reason



Like a complicated stage set, a new building rises in New York, to stack still more people atop one another.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Appalled by our own looting of the land, we finally set aside certain areas of special beauty "to be looked at but not injured." One of these is Canyon de Chelly in Arizona.

for the high heel. All of our children play cowboy and Indian. The brave and honest sheriff who with courage and a six-gun brings law and order and civic virtue to a Western community is perhaps our most familiar hero, no doubt descended from the brave, mailed knight of chivalry who battled and overcame evil with lance and sword. Even the recognition signals are the same: white hat, white armor—black hat, black shield. And in these moral tales, so deep-set in us, virtue does not arise out of reason or orderly process of law—it is imposed by violence and maintained by the threat of violence. I wonder whether this folk wisdom is the story of our capability. Are these stories permanent because we know within ourselves that only the threat of violence makes it possible for us to live together in peace?

A national dream need not, indeed may not, be clear-cut and exact. For Americans it is called "The American Way of Life." No one can define it or point to any one person or group who lives it, but it is very real nevertheless.

I have often wondered at the savagery and thoughtlessness with which our early settlers approached this rich continent. They came at it as though it were an enemy, which of course it was. They burned the forests, they swept the buffalo from the plains, blasted the streams, and ran a reckless scythe through the virgin and noble timber. Perhaps they felt that the land could never be exhausted, that a man could move on to new wonders endlessly. They pillaged the country as though they hated it, as though they held it temporarily and might be driven off at any time.

This tendency toward irresponsibility persists in very many of us today—our rivers are poisoned by reckless dumping of sewage and toxic industrial wastes, the air of our cities is filthy and dangerous to breathe from the belching of uncontrolled products from combustion of coal, coke, oil and gasoline. Our towns are girdled with wreckage and the debris of our toys—our automobiles and our packaged pleasures.

Through our uninhibited spraying against one enemy we have destroyed the natural balances our survival requires. All of these evils can and must be overcome if America and the Americans are to survive; but a great many of us still conduct ourselves as our ancestors did, stealing from the future for our clear and present profit.

Since the river-polluters, the air-poisoners are not criminal or even bad people, we must presume that they are heirs to the early conviction that sky and water are unowned and that they are limitless. In the light of our practices here at home it is interesting to read of the care taken with the carriers of our probes into space, to make utterly sure that they are free of pollution of any kind. We would not think of doing to the moon what we do every day to our own country.

When the first settlers came to America and dug in on the coast, they huddled in defending villages hemmed in by the sea on one side and by endless forests on the other, by Red Indians and, most frightening, the mystery of an unknown land extending nobody knew how far. And for a time very few cared or dared to find out.

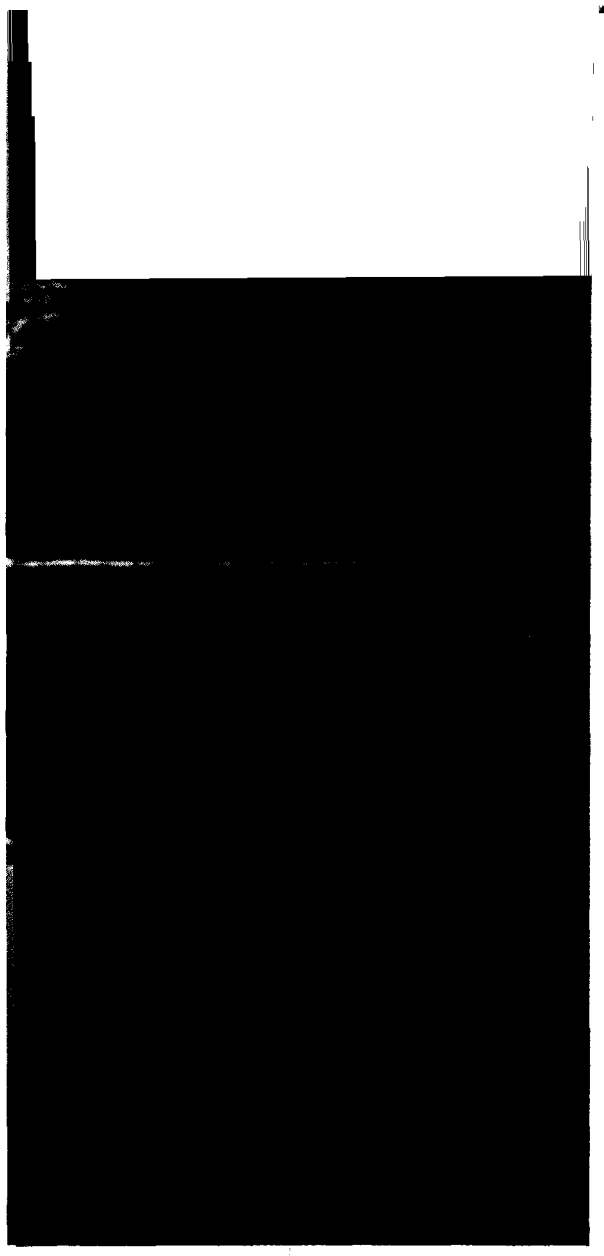
Later, however, brave and forest-wise men drifted westward to hunt, to trap, and eventually to bargain for the furs which were the first negotiable wealth America produced for trade and export. Then trading posts were set up as centers of collection, and the exploring men moved up and down the rivers and crossed the mountains, made friends for mutual profit with the Indians, learned the wilderness techniques, so that these explorer-traders soon dressed, ate, and generally acted like the indigenous people around them.

'The evil that threatens us came quietly.'

For a goodly time the Americans were travelers moving about the country collecting its valuables, but with little idea of permanence; their roots and their hearts were in the towns and the growing cities along the eastern edge. Then the population began to move westward. The newcomers were of peasant stock, and they had their roots in a Europe where they had been landless, for the possession of land was the requirement for and the proof of a higher social class than they had known. In America they found beautiful and boundless land for the taking—and they took it. They cut and burned the forests to make room for crops, and when they had cropped out a piece they moved on, raping the country like invaders. The topsoil, held by roots and freshened by leaf-fall, was left helpless to the spring freshets, stripped and eroded with the naked bones of clay and rock exposed.

The merciless 19th century was like a hostile expedition for loot that seemed limitless. Buffalo by the thousands were killed, stripped of their hides, and left to rot, a reservoir of permanent food supply eliminated. More than that, the land of the Great Plains was robbed forever of the manure of the herds. Then the settlers' plows went in and ripped off the protection of the buffalo grass and opened the helpless soil to quick water and slow drought and the mischievous winds that roamed through the Great Central Plains. There has always been more than enough desert in America;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the swarms of new settlers, like overindulged children, created even more desert. They moved like locusts across the continent until the western sea put a boundary to their movements.

An aroused and fearful Government made laws for the distribution of public lands—a quarter section, 160 acres, per person—and a claim had to be proved and improved; but there were ways of getting around this, and legally. My own grandfather proved out a quarter section for himself, one for his wife, one for each of his children and, I suspect, acreage for children he hoped and expected to have.

And one joker with a name still remembered in the West worked out a scheme copied many times in later years. Proving a quarter section required a year of residence and some kind of improvement—a fence, a shack—but once the land was proved, the owner was free to sell it. This particular princely character went to the skid rows of the towns and found a small army of hopeless alcoholics who lived for whiskey and nothing else. He put these men on land he wanted to own, grubstaked them and kept them in cheap liquor until the acreage was proved, then went through the motions of buying it from his protégés and moved them and their one-room shacks on sled runners on to new quarter sections. Bums of strong constitution might prove out five or six homesteads for this acquisitive hero before they died of drunkenness.

It was full late when we began to realize that the continent did not stretch out to infinity; that there were limits to the indignities to which we could subject it. Conservation came to us slowly, and much of it hasn't arrived yet. We are slow to learn, but we do learn. From early times we were impressed and awed by the fantastic accidents of nature, like the Grand Canyon and Yosemite and Yellowstone Park. The Indians had revered them as holy places, visited by the gods, and all of us came to have somewhat the same feeling about them. Thus, as the feeling of preciousness of the things we had been destroying grew in Americans, we set aside more and more areas as national and state parks—to be looked at but not injured. And we no longer believe that a man, by owning a piece of America, is free to outrage it.

Our means of governing ourselves, while it doubtless derives from European and Asiatic sources, nevertheless is unique. It is a matter of wonder not only to non-Americans but to Americans themselves. That it works at all is astonishing, and that it works well is a matter for complete amazement. In our thinking about conferring the blessings of our system on other people we forget that ours is the product of our own history, which has not been duplicated anywhere else in the world. We have amassed a set of prejudices and feelings which doubtless grew out of our background, but which are just as strongly held when we do not know that background.

For example, Americans almost without exception have a fear and a hatred of any perpetuation of power—political, religious, or bureaucratic. Whether this anxiety stems from what amounts to a folk memory of our own revolution against the England of George III, or whether in the family background of all Americans from all parts of the world there is an alert memory of the foreign tyrannies which were the cause of their coming here in the first place, it is hard to say. Whatever its source, it is a very real thing.

Motorcycle clubs provide family fun in Los Angeles.

Any obvious concentration of power, or an official with a power potential, causes in Americans first a restiveness, then suspicion, and finally—if the official remains in office too long—a downright general animosity. Many a public servant has been voted out of office for no other reason than that he has been in too long.

The relationship of Americans to their President is a matter of amazement to foreigners. Of course we respect the office and admire the man who can fill it. We are proud of the President, and we blame him for things he did not do. We are related to the President in a close and almost family sense; we inspect his every move and mood with suspicion. We insist that the President be cautious in speech, guarded in action, immaculate in his public and private life; and in spite of these imposed pressures we are avidly curious about the man hidden behind the formal public image we have created. We have made a tough but unwritten code of conduct for him, and the slightest deviation brings forth a torrent of accusation and abuse. The President must be greater than anyone else, but not better than anyone else.

We give the President more work than a man can do, more responsibility than a man should take, more pressure than a man can bear. We abuse him often and rarely praise him. We wear him out, use him up, eat him up. And with all of this, Americans have a love for the President that goes beyond loyalty or party nationality; he is ours. In our lifetime two events, on being mentioned, will bring out the vivid memory of what

"Our rivers are poisoned; the air of our cities is dangerous to breathe; our towns are girdled with the debris of our toys."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blast of water hits Negroes marching in Birmingham, Ala. Civil-rights progress is major achievement of the 1960's.

everyone present was doing when he or she heard the news: Those two events are Pearl Harbor and the death of John F. Kennedy.

Americans are quite conscious that there are jagged holes in our system. Wishing to move, to meet new conditions and attitudes, we are nevertheless reluctant to change existing and traditional law. One major source of confusion springs from the matter of states' rights as opposed to federal rights. When the Constitution was written, there were 13 separate commonwealths, each with its own economic, social, religious, and geographic identity. Because of distances, lack of communication, roads, and so forth, they necessarily maintained their separate polities. The original states could not have conceived of appealing for federal aid in education, health, harbor control, or disaster, or in road, rail and communications control.

But conditions have changed, and the greatest change came when, during the deep depression, the Federal Government assumed responsibility for the health and well-being of all citizens. This was a true second revolution. Today, states' rights are, to a large extent, an anachronism. Yet those groups and individuals, official and private, whose purpose it is to reject the civil-rights laws and by appeal to states' rights to nullify federal law cry out like banshees against the injustice of federal regulation. The changes of the last 20 years have been enormous, but we have come finally to the entrenched core of rebellion, which must be removed before we can travel on into a livable future.

In the constant pressure of the Negro causes, some thoughtless people ask, "What are they after? What do they want?" It's very simple. They want exactly the same things other Americans want—peace, comfort, security and love. There is no question that Negroes will get their equality—at law—but legal equality is only the smallest part of being equal. It is one of the less attractive of human traits that everyone wants to look down on someone. The hurt in the Negro and his deep-seated suspicion of the white are matched only by the white's fear and suspicion of the Negro; and while there remains any vestige of such feeling, true equality cannot be achieved.

Some years ago a very intelligent Negro man worked for me in New York. One afternoon through the window I saw this man coming home from the store. As he rounded the corner, a very drunk, fat white woman came barreling out of a saloon, slipped on the icy pavement, and fell. Instantly the man turned at right angles and crossed the street, keeping as far away from the shouting woman as he could. When he came into the house I said, "I saw that. Why did you do it?"

"Oh, that. Well, I guess I thought if I went to help her she was so drunk and mad she might start yelling 'rape.'"

"That was a pretty quick reaction," I said. "Maybe," he answered, "but I've been practicing to be a Negro for a long time."

Maryknoll nuns were among volunteers who gave time and love to help ghetto children in New York last summer.

One thing Americans did discover earlier than most of the world was that ability had nothing to do with birth. Of course we have to some extent overdone this, as we do most things. For a long period we felt that a man of birth and background was automatically bad. But here again our paradoxical tendency took charge: we had learned to distrust inherited position, property and money;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They always eat better when you remember the soup

Wholesome snack whenever they're hungry: Campbell's Tomato Soup

Youngsters go at a fast pace. So it's natural for them to eat between meals. Tomato Soup's a fine snack. It's a healthy break that picks them up for play.

Campbell's Tomato Soup is always welcome. They love its delicious flavor. It's nourishing, too. (Even more so, made with milk.) And it's ready in 4 minutes.

Reach for the *Campbell's* it's right on your shelf

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Some of our screwballs are charming, a few downright dangerous.'

THE AMERICANS

but we proceeded to admire the same things if self-acquired. When we revolted against the old country and set up our own stalls, we were careful to eliminate the hated symbols of aristocracy—titles, honors, inherited perquisites. But since every man wants admiration and some even want envy, we had only money and possessions to admire and envy. The rich in America of the middle period may have been cursed and disparaged, but they had chosen the one way to be noticed.

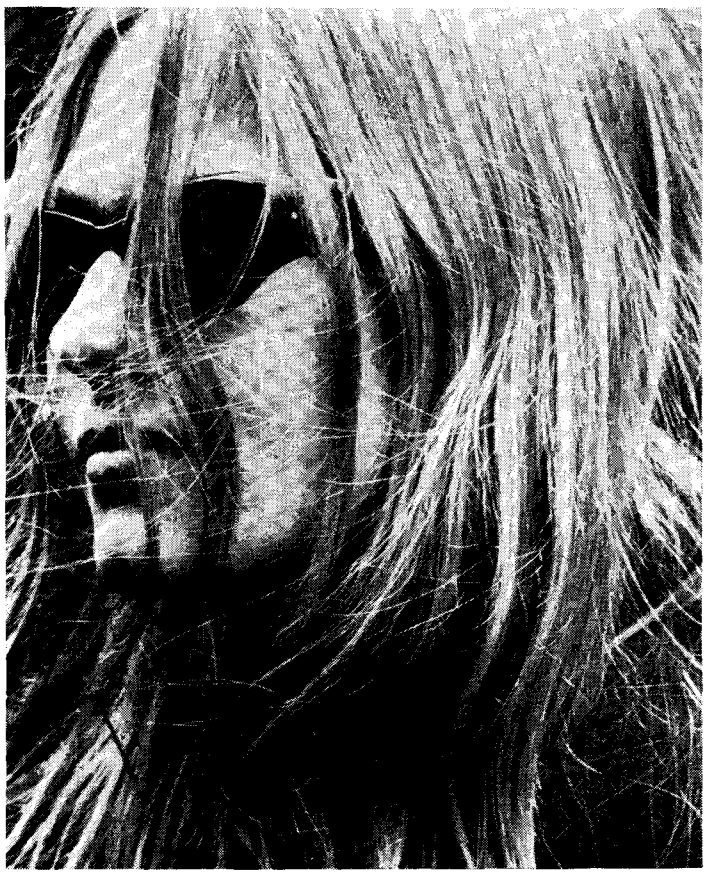
Nevertheless, in the 19th century, while our rich men were growing richer and we were all living high on the hog—all equal, all common, democratic, mostly Protestant, materialistic and down-to-earth—there must have been a profound yearning for the flamboyance, the trappings, the ritual, the fancy titles and postures and litanies we had denied and cast out. We created unofficial orders, kingdoms, robes and regalia and complicated forms of procedure and secret recognitions among the elect. The meeting hall over the firehouse in the grubby little town would be transformed—one night into Solomon's temple, the next to a select and benign witches' coven, the next to the chapel of an order of knighthood complete with regalia, shining swords and ostrich feathers. For one night a week we became noble.

I remember well seeing Louis Schneider, the good butcher of Salinas—a round and red-faced man, in a bloody apron most of the time—wearing a golden crown, an imitation ermine robe, holding the symbols of power in his hands and speaking ritual phrases that I am sure he didn't understand and would have laughed at if he had.

The World Almanac lists hundreds of societies and associations, orders, lodges and encampments, military and religious, philosophic, scholarly, charitable, mystic, political—and just plain nuts. All were and perhaps still are aristocratic and mostly secret and therefore exclusive. They seemed to fulfill a need for grandeur against a background of commonness, for aristocracy in the midst of democracy. And perhaps, too, the ritual satisfied the nostalgia of the Protestant for the fulsome litany and ritual of the denounced Catholic Church. A great many orders had rules against any Catholic belonging. Then the Catholics formed their own orders, their own knighthoods and their own clubs, and that kind of ruined the whole thing.

I remember something that happened in Salinas at a time when the Hearst papers were whipping up anger against the Japanese, and when, in our schools—I guess I was about 12 years old—at least 30 percent of the pupils were Japanese. Some of them were my good friends, but, stimulated by the ferocity of the Hearst campaign, we formed a little club for espionage against them. We had secret signs and secret message places and codes. We prowled about Japanese gardeners' farms, peered in their windows, and found that they went to bed very early—and got up very early too. But we were content to snoop and we were happy. Then a terrible thing happened. Takashi Yakumi, who was one of our dearest friends, asked to join. We were horrified; it tore the whole structure of racial dislike down to the roots. We explained to Takashi that his action was not cricket; that he was the enemy; that he couldn't join an anti-Japanese organization. He thought about it a while and said that if we would let him in, he would help us to spy on his mother and father. And because he was our friend we had to take him in, but it ruined the fine, ferocious quality of our club.

"Young Americans are rebellious, angry, searching like terriers."



America has its fair share of screwballs—we took the term from the kind of pitch in baseball which twists and turns in the air so that the batter can't figure how it will come over the plate, and it is a very apt description. While some of our screwballs are charming, original, and theatrical, others are malign and vicious, and a few are downright dangerous.

Of our people, the most timid and subject to passion are those—some old, some idle through retirement—who live on fixed incomes from investments. Southern California and Florida attract these people in great numbers. They gather in tightly knit groups and share their fears with one another. Any fluctuation in the cost of living or change in the tax laws or international situation which causes variations in stock prices or in the real-estate market affects their immediate income, with the result that these unhappy people live in a state of persistent apprehension.

This constant state of alarm makes them fair game for the man or group with dictatorial desires and impulses. Such leaders are surely screwballs, too, but they are wise in the uses of timidity. They have only to bring charges, no matter how ridiculous or improbable, of plots to disturb the delicate balance of the fixed income in order to arouse fear, which is the mother of ferocity. The leaders who feed and abet their anxieties are able to hit these poor idle folk with dues and contributions. The stalking horror is "Communism" with its threat of confiscation of private wealth, and "socialism," which implies that they might be forced to share their wealth with less-fortunate citizens. Once they have been frightened into organization for self-defense, the Messiah who has planted the fear is able to use it for his own ends.

Even more cynical are the screwball organizations which teach hatred and revenge to ignorant and fearful people, using race or religion as the enemy. One of the oldest and most primitive of human groupings, after the family, is the totem; and the rules of the totem have never changed, from the beginning when the animal totems branded and scarred their initiates, to the most recent activities of the Ku Klux Klan. The initiate must take a new name, thereby magically becoming a new, brave, shining person as opposed to the frightened, confused thing he knows himself to be. Spectacular, half-understood symbols must be used; and invariably torture and human sacrifice are appealed to, to release fear into ferocity. The steps never change. In the effect on the ignorant, there is very little difference between the Aztec priest cutting out the heart of a victim and the Klan lynching a Negro.

We also have pleasant, benign and interesting screwballs, who contribute to our gaiety. We have poets in flowing robes, inventors of new religions, people who spend their lives warning us and painting on fences that the end of the world is at hand. Such screwballs are very valuable to us, for we would be a duller nation without them, as our economy and our means of production gently shove us nearer and nearer to a dull and single norm.

One kind of eccentric is the show-off. By outlandish costume or unusual gesture or speech, these eccentrics spend their time drawing attention to themselves—some foolishly and some with a terrible, mock dignity. But one must be sure, in observing such people, whether it is a true eccentricity or simply a matter of advertising. A number of years ago, when I was working on a New York newspaper, the police picked up a pretty young girl walking naked on Park Avenue, leading a fawn with a collar and leash. She was brought into the precinct station, booked, and then brought before a magistrate, who said that he found it eccentric, but he wondered if she might not be opening in some show someplace; and it turned out that she was.

In addition to the show-offs there are the hiders—those who secrete themselves away from society, fancying that they are in danger or are being persecuted. I was 12 or 13 years old when I became deeply involved with such a man, my first real eccentric. There are verities beyond question when one is 13, and one of these is that there are misers, and misers hoard gold. We had a miser; I shall call him Mr. Kirk. He lived in a little, old, dark house in a five-acre orchard not far from the center of Salinas. It had once been in the country, until the town crept out and surrounded it. The Kirks had been a decent, well-to-do farm family for generations, and it only occurred to me much later why Mr. Kirk was known as a miser. He couldn't be tempted, or bribed, or threatened into selling his valuable acres.

Having a genuine miser of our own had a great impact on me and on the three other little boys I ran with. The dark and gloomy orchard and the little unpainted house, mossy with dampness, drew us. I remember being out at night a good deal, and I can't for the life of me remember how I got out of my house or back in again. The four of us chicken-necked kids hid in the black shadow of the cypress hedge and looked at the lighted window glowing among the trees, and eventually, by boasting and daring one another, we overcame our cowardice and moved quietly into the orchard and crept with held breaths toward the uncurtained window. Mr. Kirk's face and his right hand and forearm seemed to hang in the air, yellow-lighted by the butterfly flame of a kerosene barn lantern. He was writing feverishly in a big old ledger with red-leather corners, his face twisted and contorted with concentration. Now and then his upper teeth clamped on his lower lip. Suddenly he glanced up, in thought I presume, but in our timid state we were sure he was looking right at our peering faces. All of us jumped back, but one boy's foot slipped and fetched a heavy kick on the wall of the wooden house.

Mr. Kirk leaped to his feet, and we froze in the darkness. He did not look at the window; he addressed a presence to his left so that his profile stood against the lantern. Through the closed window we could hear his voice. He cried out on Satan, on the Devil, on Beelzebub. He argued, pleaded, threatened, and after a few moments he collapsed into his chair by the table and put his head down on his arms while we trembled in fear and ecstasy.

Nothing in nature is as thoughtlessly cruel as a small boy, unless it be a small girl. Hiding in the deep shadows, our

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terror abated, and we felt that our entertainer had let us down. Then one of us, and I don't know which of us it was, crept back to the house and struck the wall three great, portentous raps. Instantly Mr. Kirk was on his feet again, fighting his brave and hopeless combat against Satan, while we glowed with excitement and a sense of power. Again he collapsed, and again we roused him, until finally he fell to the floor and did not get up again. Now I am horrified at our wantonness, but I cannot remember that we then felt any pity whatever.

In the ensuing weeks we ranged the darkness of the orchard every night. Since Mr. Kirk was a known miser, we began to dig about the roots of the fruit trees, searching for his golden hoard. To keep him busy, one of us would crouch under his window and with measured knockings employ him at his job against Satan until he fell down helplessly and stayed down. We found no gold, but we were making a horrid mask of paper mounted on a stick to stimulate our victim to new heights of despair, when Mr. Kirk disappeared. No light glowed in his window, and a strange, sweet sickliness hung over the night orchard. Two weeks later we heard that Mr. Kirk had not gone away. He had died in his house, probably helped on by us, and he was in very bad shape when the sheriff and the coroner took him out.

In nothing are the Americans so strange and set apart from the rest of the world as in their attitudes toward the treatment of their children. Americans did not always fear, hate, and adore their children; in our early days a child spent its helpless and pre-procreative days as a child, and then moved naturally into adulthood. This was true across the world. I have studied the children in many countries, and I find nothing to approximate the American sickness. Where could it have started, and is it a disease of the children or of the parents? One thing we know: children seem to be able to get over it; parents rarely.

Maybe it happened this way: For the X millions of years of our existence as a species, the odds against a child's surviving to adulthood were very great. Germs, malnutrition, accidents, infections made the bringing up of a child to manhood or womanhood a kind of triumph in itself. My own grandparents thought themselves lucky to save half the children they bore. It is possible but not provable that this screening for manhood and womanhood weeded out the weaklings, the whiners, the chronic failures, the neurotic, the violent and the accident-prone; but we know from history that it did not eliminate all of the stupid. Anyway, before this American child-sickness appeared, parents were delighted to have children at all and content that they might grow up to be exactly like themselves. The children also seem to have had no quarrel with this. Soldier begat soldier's son, farm boys grew up farmers, housewives trained their daughters to be housewives. Population explosions were taken care of by wars, plagues and starvation.

Our child-sickness has developed very rapidly in the last 60 years, and it runs parallel, it would seem, with increasing material plenty and the medical conquest of child-killing diseases. Suddenly it was no longer acceptable that the child should be like his parents and live as they did; he must be better, live better, know more, dress more richly, and if possible change from his father's trade to a profession. This dream became touchingly national. Since it was demanded of the child that he be better than his parents, he must be gaited, guided, pushed, admired, disciplined, flattered and forced. But since the parents were and are no better than they are, the rules they propounded were not based on their experience but on their wishes and hopes.

If the hope was not fulfilled—and it rarely was—the parents went into a tailspin of guilt, blaming themselves for having done something wrong or at least something not right. This feeling of self-recrimination on the part of the parents was happily seized upon by the children, for it allowed them to be failures through no fault of their own. Laziness, sloppiness, indiscipline, selfishness and general piggery, which are the natural talents of children and were once slapped out of them, if they lived, now became either crimes of the parents or sickness in the children, who would far rather be sick than be disciplined.

Into this confusion the experts entered, and American parents put their troubles, and their children, in the hands of the professionals—doctors, educators, psychologists, neurologists, even psychoanalysts. The only trouble was and is that few of the professionals agreed with one another except in one thing: It was the consensus that the child should always be the center of

EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
EARLY TIMES
get ready to swing
THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY © ETDC 1966

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

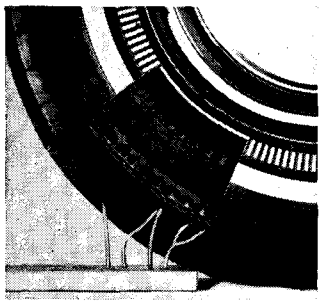
When there's no Goodyear

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man around, should be.

The loneliest place in the world is anyplace a lady has a flat. It could be in the middle of a crowded intersection, in a supermarket parking lot, or way out on a back road. The fact is, a woman wasn't meant to change a flat tire.

That's why Goodyear makes the Double Eagle tire with the optional LifeGuard Safety Spare inside. To keep her going. To get her safely to help. No matter where she is.



The LifeGuard Safety Spare takes over if for any reason the outer tire is punctured or goes flat. Because it's actually a tire in a tire, with its own air. It keeps the steering wheel from wrenching out of her hands, and the car from swerving off the road.

The Double Eagle, the outer tire, is the finest tire Goodyear makes. It's made with Goodyear's new Vytacord, a polyester that combines the smooth ride of rayon with the toughness of nylon. No other tire body is as durable.

The thick, wide, wrap around tread is made with Tufsyn rubber for thousands of extra miles.

If safety is as important to you as mileage, you should know the Double Eagle with LifeGuard Safety Spare is the safest tire package on the road. A tire to make your wife's worst fears about tire trouble disappear.

And yours, too.

You may pay a little more for this tire... but isn't this kind of safety worth it?

See your Goodyear man for a demonstration.

GOODYEAR

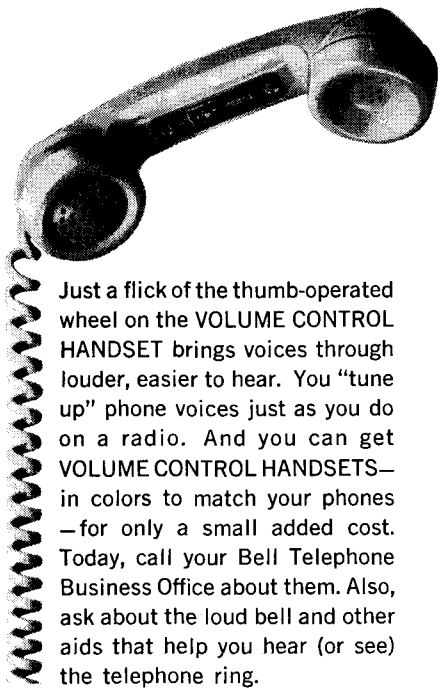
The safety-minded company

Double Eagle, LifeGuard, Tufsyn, Vytacord—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TROUBLE HEARING?

Amplify phone voices with new Volume Control Handset



Just a flick of the thumb-operated wheel on the VOLUME CONTROL HANDSET brings voices through louder, easier to hear. You "tune up" phone voices just as you do on a radio. And you can get VOLUME CONTROL HANDSETS—in colors to match your phones—for only a small added cost. Today, call your Bell Telephone Business Office about them. Also, ask about the loud bell and other aids that help you hear (or see) the telephone ring.

AT&T Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies

Painful hemorrhoids?

All too often, humans who sit and stand pay the price of vertical posture. Sitting and standing combine with the force of gravity to produce extra pressure on veins and tissues in and around the rectal area. The result may be painful, itching or burning hemorrhoids.

The first thought of hemorrhoid sufferers is to relieve their pain and discomfort. However, of the products most often used for hemorrhoids, some contain no pain-killing agent at all... others have one too weak to provide necessary relief... and still others provide only lubrication.

Now at last there is a formulation which *concentrates on pain*. It actually has over 8 times more pain-killing power than the topical anesthetic most commonly used in hemorrhoid remedies. 8 times the power to ease the itching, pain, and burning of hemorrhoids.

The name of this product is Nupercainal. Nupercainal starts to work *on contact*. Provides *prolonged* relief from pain. Soothes and lubricates.

When you suspect you have hemorrhoids, check with your doctor. If hemorrhoids are the cause of your discomfort, chances are he'll recommend Nupercainal. Almost two-thirds of the people who now use Nupercainal first heard about it from physicians.

Nupercainal is available without prescription at professional pharmacies everywhere. Ask for ointment or new suppositories with free pocket-pack. (Say New-per-cane-all.)

Nupercainal®
over 8 times more pain-killing power

'Kicks increasingly take the place of satisfaction.'

attention—an attitude which had the full support of the children.

The open warfare between adults and teen-agers becomes constantly more bitter. It doesn't occur to the adult that he has allowed the rules of warfare to be rigged against him; that he has permitted himself to be bound, defanged and emasculated. I do not blame the youth; no one has ever told him that his tricks are obvious, his thoughts puerile, his goals selfish, his art ridiculous. Psychoanalysts constantly remind their little patients that they must find the real "me." The real "me" invariably turns out to be a savage, self-seeking little beast.

Once the main body of humans consisted of effective adults—say from 20 to 50. At one end there were enough children for replacements and at the other a few old people as ornaments. But at present, children and old people outnumber the more effective middle group, and we have not yet found use for either. We keep the children young and retire the old to make room for the replacements. It is true that we give such retired humans honorable titles such as "senior citizens" and "oldsters," but we have yet to find a place for them. Quite often we retire a man at 65, when his mental powers are at their peak, and replace him with an inferior who happens to be younger. As a result we have a great burden of unhappy, unused, unfulfilled people; far from looking forward to age, the American dreads it—and his children dread his aging even more.

When America was being settled, the burdens of work, exposure, and infection were much greater on women than on men. Many of the old graveyards carry a record on one tombstone of a husband surrounded by several wives who predeceased him. Present-day American life has reversed this process. Once a man married a woman younger than himself because her term of life, due to work and childbearing, was shorter than his. But the pressures of present-day American life, particularly on men in the business world, make it almost the rule that the husband dies first, usually of those difficulties which are the result of strain, pressure and perhaps indulgence in fats, alcohol, and so forth.

The result is a great oversupply of widows, mostly reluctant or too old to remarry. In many cases they are able to live minimal lives on the insurance or investments which were a part of the pressures which killed their husbands, for it is the American man's duty to live and act in the almost certain knowledge that his wife will survive him. And perhaps this very expectation has something to do with his demise. Of course I know that there are great numbers of useful and fulfilled women without men. Many apply themselves to social, political or charitable duties, self-imposed; but by far the greater part find only a low-keyed social life without much pleasure or satisfaction, spent in company with other women exactly like themselves. I see them in New York, in the delicatessens, buying a quarter of a pound of sausage, a small dab of cheese, a minuscule plate of potato salad for their suppers. Luncheon seems to be the widows' meal, and they congregate in restaurants—the rich ones in the fine restaurants, and the poor ones in the little places, where they talk together and look around brightly for acquaintances and for something to do.

I find I have been putting off writing about the most serious problem Americans are faced with, both as a people and as individuals. We discuss it constantly, and yet there is not even a name for it. Immorality does not describe it, nor does lack of integrity, nor does dishonesty. Many people, not able to face the universal spread and danger of the cancerous growth, split off a fragment of the whole to worry about or to try to cure. But I begin to think that the evil is one thing, not many, that racial unrest, the emotional crazy quilt that drives our people in panic to the couches of the psychoanalysts, the fallout, dropout, copout insurgency of our children and young people, the rush to stimulant as well as hypnotic drugs, the rise of narrow, ugly and vengeful cults of all kinds, the distrust and revolt against all authority, political, religious or military, the awful and universal sense of apprehension and even terror—and this in a time of plenty such as has never been known—I think all of these are manifestations of one single cause.

Perhaps we will have to inspect mankind as a species, not with our usual awe at how wonderful we are but with the cool and neutral attitude we reserve for all things save ourselves. Man is indeed wonderful, and it may be that his gaudiest achievement has been to survive his paradoxes. But what has happened to us now? Something deep and controlling and necessary.

I'm not going to preach about any good old days. By our standards of comfort they were pretty awful. What did they have then that we are losing or have lost? Well, for one thing they had rules—rules concerning life, limb, and property, rules governing deportment, manners, conduct, and finally rules defining dishonesty, dishonor, misconduct and crime. The rules were not always obeyed, but they were believed in, and a breaking of the rules was savagely punished.

When two humans get together, rules are required to keep them from stripping or killing each other. These rules are simply pragmatic brakes on our less than fraternal instincts. Early on, to make the rules effective, they were put out as the commands of a god and therefore not open to question. By this means it was simple for obedience to the rules to be equated with virtue or good, and disobedience with bad or evil. Since so many of our instincts lead to rape, mayhem and plunder, it was necessary not only to punish the bad, or natural, but to reward the good people who lived by the rules. And since it was impractical to make these rewards in physical form, more and more of the payments were put over into a future life.

Over the millennia most of us have learned to obey the rules or suffer punishment for breaking them. But most important, even the rule-breaker knew he was wrong and the other right; the rules were understood and accepted by everyone. At intervals in our history, through unperceived changes, usually economic, the rules and the enforcing agents have ceased to work. Inevitably the result has been a wild and terrible self-destructive binge, a drunken horror of the spirit giving rise to the unspeakable antics of crazy children. This dark mania has continued until rules were reapplied, rewritten or reenforced.

Adlai Stevenson, speaking of a politician of particularly rancid practices, once said, "If he were a bad man, I wouldn't be so afraid of him. But this man has no principles. He doesn't know the difference." Could this be our difficulty, that gradually we are losing our ability to tell the difference? The rules fall away in chunks, and in the vacant place we have a generality: "It's all right because everybody does it." This is balanced with another cry of cowardice. In the face of inequity, dishonesty in government, or downright plundering, the word is "Go fight City Hall!" The implication, of course, is that you can't win. And yet in other times we did fight City Hall, and often we won.

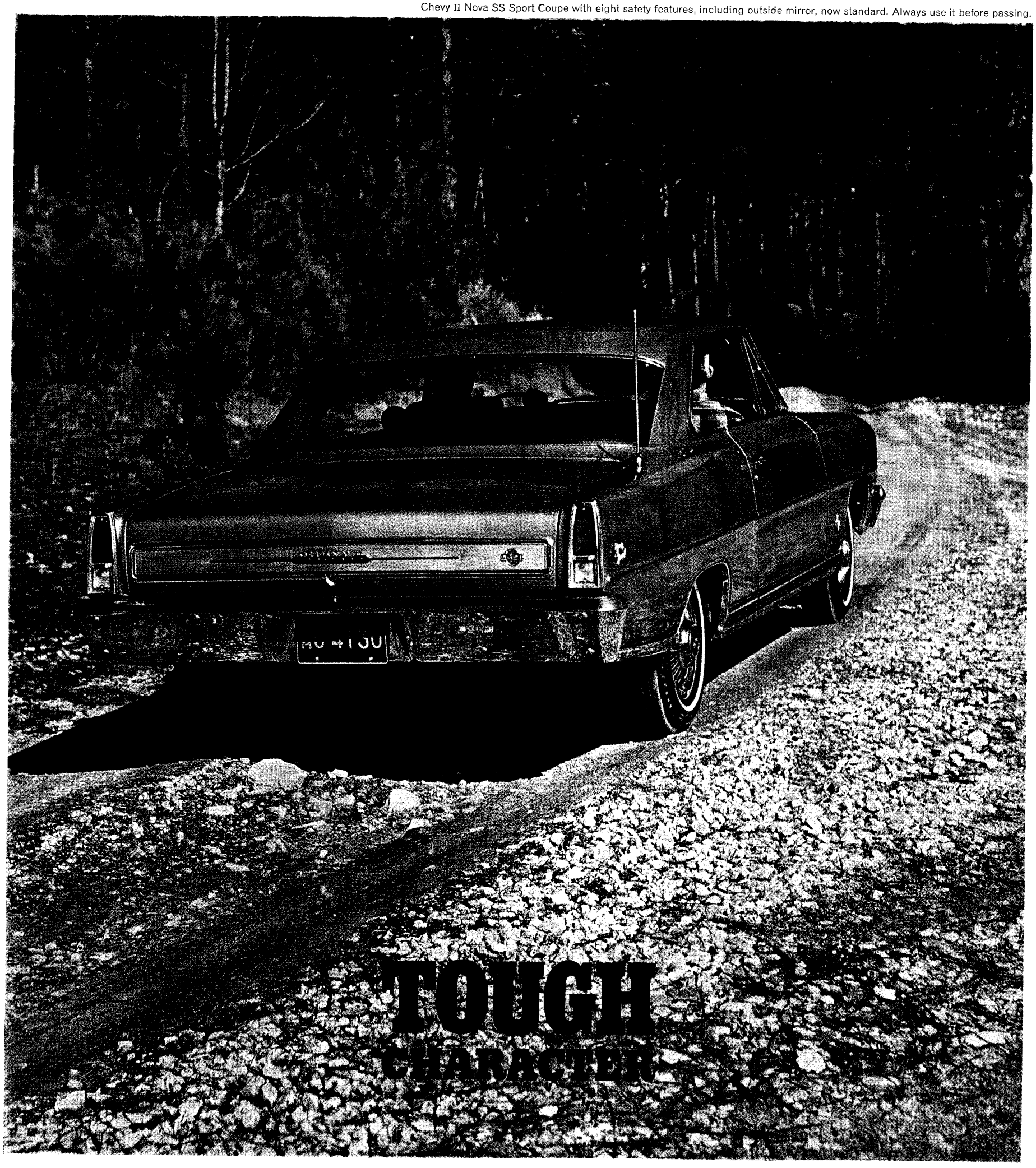
The American has never been a perfect instrument, but at one time he had a reputation for gallantry, which to my mind is a sweet and priceless quality. It must still exist, but it is blotted out by the dust cloud of self-pity. The last clear statement of gallantry in my experience was one I heard in a recidivist state prison, a place of two-time losers, all lifers. In the yard an old and hopeless convict spoke as follows: "The kids come up, and they bawl how they wasn't guilty, or how they was framed, or how it was their mother's fault, or their father was a drunk. Us old boys try to tell 'em—'Kid, for Christ's sake do your *own* time and let us do ours.'" In the present climate of whining self-pity, of practiced sickness, of professional goldbricking, of screaming charges about whose fault it is, one hears of very few who do their own time, who take their rap and don't spread it around. It is as though the quality of responsibility had atrophied.

Americans, very many of them, are obsessed with tensions. Nerves are drawn tense and twanging. Emotions boil up and spill over into violence largely in meaningless or unnatural directions. In the cities people scream with rage at one another, taking out their unease on the first observable target. The huge reservoir of the anger of frustration is full to bursting. The legal and criminal distribution of sleeping pills and pep pills is astronomical, the first kind offering escape into sleep and the second, access to a false personality, a biochemical costume in which to strut. Kicks increasingly take the place of satisfaction. Of love, only the word, bent and bastardized, remains.

A simile occurs to me again and again. Have you ever seen a kennel of beautiful, highly bred and trained and specialized bird dogs? And have you seen those same dogs when they are no longer used? In a short time their skills and certainties and usefulness are gone. They become quarrelsome, fat, lazy, cowardly, dirty, and utterly disreputable and worthless, and all because their purpose is gone and with it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chevy II Nova SS Sport Coupe with eight safety features, including outside mirror, now standard. Always use it before passing.



If you want something to work hard and last long, you should make it as simple as possible. That's the secret of the Chevy II.

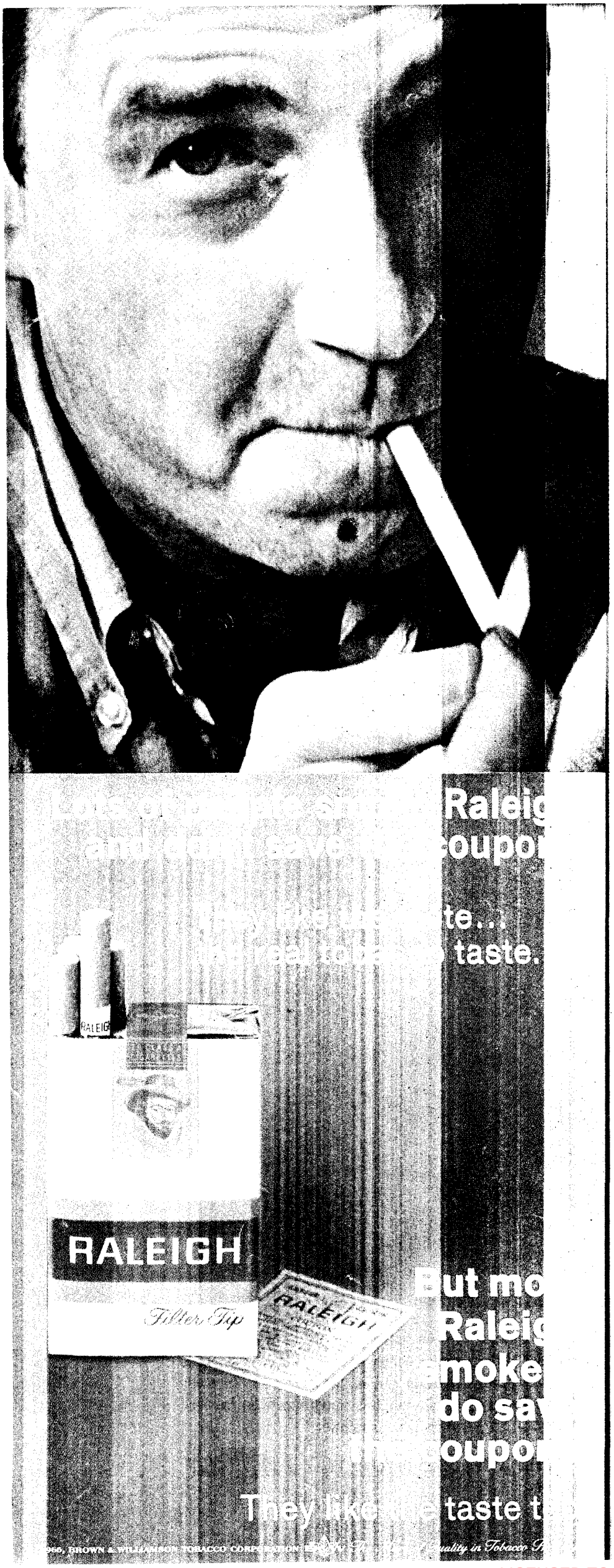
The whole car is an exercise in straightforward design. There's a tough body with rubber-mounted suspension—coil springs at the front and Mono-plate springs at the rear. A choice of seven proved engines, 4-cylinder, 6-cylinder or V8. And every part is designed for rugged duty.

The result of all this is a car that takes back country roads and long city miles right in stride. So how come so many people buy this tough character because of its looks and price?

GM CHEVROLET DIVISION

CHEVY II . . . BUILT THE CHEVROLET WAY CHEVROLET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the rules and discipline that made them beautiful and good.

Is that what we are becoming, a national kennel of animals with no purpose and no direction? For a million years we had a purpose—simple survival—the finding, planting, gathering, or killing of food to keep us alive, the building or discovery of shelter to prevent our freezing. This was a strong incentive. Add to it defense against all kinds of enemies and you have our species' history.

But now we have food and shelter and transportation and the more terrible hazard of leisure. I strongly suspect that our moral and spiritual disintegration grows out of our lack of experience with plenty. Once, in a novel, I wrote about a woman who said she didn't want a lot of money. She wanted just enough. To which her husband replied that "just enough" doesn't exist. There is no money or not enough money. Even a billionaire hasn't enough money.

But we are also poisoned with things. Having many things seems to create a desire for more things, more clothes, houses, automobiles. Think of the pure horror of Christmases when children tear open package after package and then, when the floor is heaped with wrappings and presents, say—"Is that all?" And two days later the smashed and abandoned "things" are added to our national trash pile, and perhaps the child, having got in trouble, explains, "I didn't have anything to do." And he means exactly that—nothing to do, nowhere to go, no direction, no purpose, and worst of all, no needs. Wants he has, yes, but for more bright and breakable "things." We are trapped and entangled in things.

In my great-grandmother's time things were important. I know, because I have read her will, and the things she found important enough to bequeath by legal instrument we would have thrown away—such things as four pewter spoons, one broken in the handle, the square of black cotton lace. I had from Grandmama the little box of leaves from the Mount of Olives, a small bowl carved from one piece of onyx and beautiful to see, 12 books and eight sheets of music. These were valuable things.

It is probable that the want of things and the need of things have been the two greatest stimulants toward the change and complication we call progress. And surely we Americans, most of us starting with nothing, have contributed our share of wanting. Wanting is probably a valuable human trait. It is the means of getting that can be dangerous.

When students cheat in examinations, it may be bad for them as individuals, but for the community it means that the graduate is traveling with false papers and very shortly the papers—in this case the college degree—lose their value. When military cadets cheat it is a kind of treason, for it means they have not learned to do the things they will be assigned to do. John Kennedy said his famous lines, "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country," and the listening nation nodded and smiled in agreement. But he did not say it because it might happen, but because it *is* happening, and in increasing volume. And it is historically true that a nation whose people take out more than they put in will collapse and disappear.

The evil that threatens us came quickly and quietly, came from many directions and was the more dangerous because it wore the face of good. Almost unlimited new power took the place of straining muscles and bent backs. Machinery took the heavy burden from our shoulders. Medicine and hygiene cut down infant mortality almost to the vanishing point, and at the same time extended our life span. Automation began to replace our workers. Whereas the majority of our people used to work the land, new developments in machines and chemistry enabled a precious few to produce more food than we needed or could possibly use. Leisure, which again had been the property of heaven, came to us before we knew what to do with it, and all of these good things falling on us unprepared constitute calamity.

We have the things and we have not had time to develop a way of thinking about them. We struggle with our lives in the present and our practices in the long and well-learned past. We had a million years to get used to the idea of fire and only 20 to prepare ourselves for the productive-destructive tidal wave of atomic fission. We have more food than we can use and no way to distribute it. Our babies live, and we have no work for their hands. We retire men and women at the age of their best service for no other reason than that we need their jobs for younger people. To allow ourselves the illusion of usefulness we have standby crews for functions which no longer exist.

And finally we can come back to the subject of morals.

Ethics, morals, codes of conduct, are the stern rules which in the past we needed in order to survive—as individuals, as groups, as nations. Now, although we give lip service to survival, we are embarrassed and beginning to be smothered by our own numbers. Americans, who are makers and lovers of statistics, are usually puzzled and irritated when it is suggested that we are a statistic. But neither the sleeping pill, the Church, nor the psychiatrist can long hide from us the fact that economic laws apply to ourselves, that increased supply causes a drop in value; that we already have too many people and are in process of producing *far* too many.

Remember when we gave our occidental sniff and observed that in China life was cheap? It never occurred to us that it could become cheap to us. Those codes of conduct we call morals were evolved for this thinly inhabited continent when a man's life was important because he was rare and he was needed. Women were protected to the point of worship, because only they could assure us of continuation.

Perhaps one can judge the health of a society by the nature as well as the incidence of crimes committed against it. Consider us today not only in the cities but in small towns and country as well. There are, of course, the many crimes against property, but increasingly they are destructive rather than gainful. The greatest increase, however, is in crimes against people, against the physical bodies of people. The rapes have little to do with sexuality and much to do with destructive murder. The mugging

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the streets, the violence which has turned our parks into jungles, has little to do with robbery; its purpose and its drive seem to be destructive—the desire to hurt, to maim, to kill. And even when need for money is the motive of the violence, the reason is again sad and sick and destructive, this time self-destructive—the need for drugs to abolish consciousness or for stimulants to give shape and substance to a schizoid twin, hallucinatory aids in the creation of another world to take the place of this hated one. This too is a kind of murder—the surrender to what is known as kicks, the whipping of reluctant nerves, the raising of savage specters that even the witchcraft of the Middle Ages could not evoke. It is a murder of the self that might be called upon for responsibility.

These things are true of the actual aggressors, but how about the bystanders? Remember the windows slammed against a girl's cry for help in the night? How often have you seen a man collapse in the street, and the passersby hurry on lest they be involved? People seeing or hearing a violence look away, walk away, refuse to talk to the police. Life is indeed cheap, and moreover it is becoming hateful. We act as though we truly hated one another and silently approved the removal of one among us.

Could it be that below the level of thought, our people sense the danger of the swarming, crowding, invasion of America by Americans? Starvation, pestilence, plague, which once cut us down, are no longer possible. And war? Well, during the *last* war with all its slaughter, the world's population increased. Are people genuinely afraid of the bomb, or do they look to it to do the job we have eliminated from nature?

It is probable that here is where morals—integrity, ethics, even charity—have gone. The rules allowed us to survive, to live together and to increase. In our written, remembered, and sensed history, there has always been more work than we could ever do. Our needs were greater than their possible fulfillment. But if our will to survive is weakened; if our love of life, our memories of a gallant past and faith in a shining future are removed—what need is there for morals or rules?

Why are we on this verge of moral and hence nervous collapse? I believe it is because we have reached the end of a road and have discovered no new path to take, no duty to carry out and no purpose to fulfill. I think we will find a path to the future, but its direction may be unthinkable to us now. When it does appear, however, and we move on, the path must have direction, it must have purpose—and the journey must be filled with a joy of anticipation, for the boy today, hating the world, creates a hateful world and then tries to destroy it and sometimes himself as well.

Something happened in America to create the Americans. Now we face the danger which in the past has been most destructive to the human: success; plenty, comfort, and ever-increasing leisure. No dynamic people has ever survived these dangers. If the anesthetic of self-satisfaction were added to our hazards, we would not have a chance of survival—as Americans.

If I inspect my people and study them and criticize them, I must love them if I have any self-love, since I can never be separate from them and no more objective about them than I am about myself. I am not young, and yet I wonder about my tomorrow. How much more, then, must my wonder be about the tomorrow of my people, which is a young people. My questioning is compounded of some fear, more hope, and great confidence.

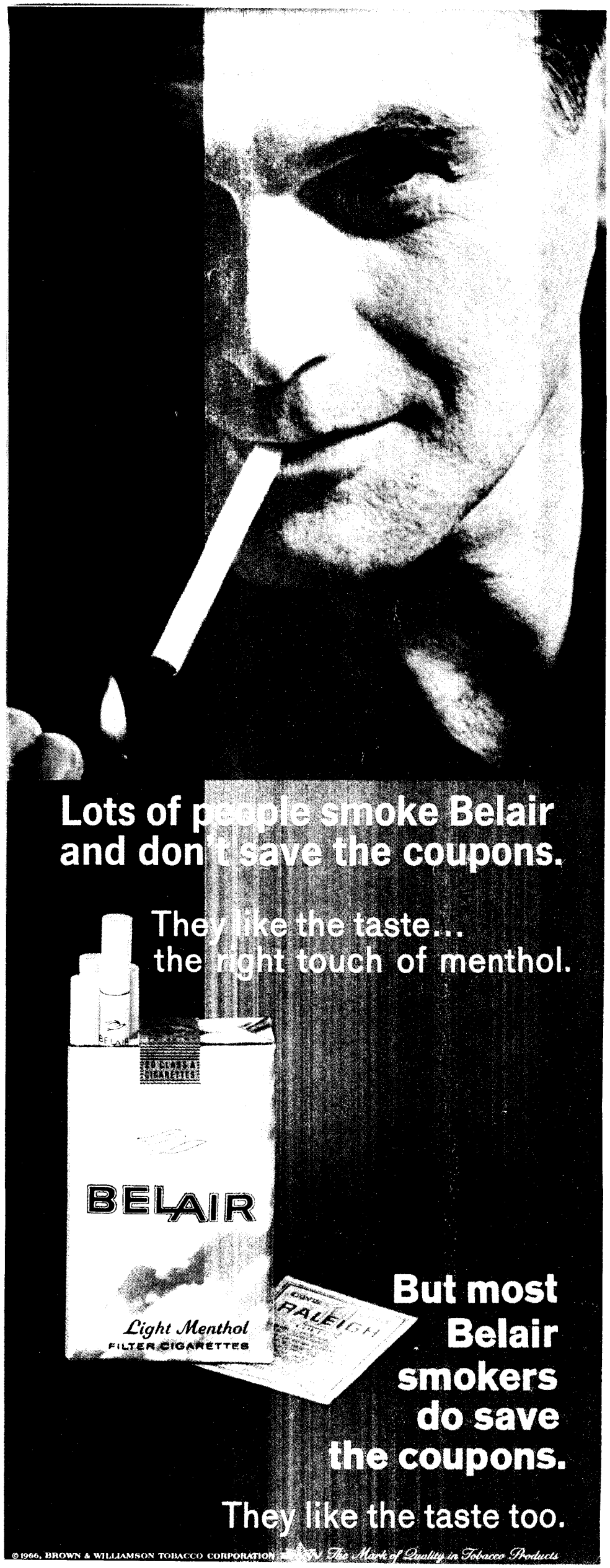
I have named the destroyers of nations: comfort, plenty, and security—out of which grow a bored and slothful cynicism, in which rebellion against the world as it is, and myself as I am, is submerged in listless self-satisfaction. A dying people tolerates the present, rejects the future, and finds its satisfactions in past greatness and half-remembered glory. A dying people arms itself with defensive weapons and with mercenaries against change. When greatness recedes, so does belief in greatness. A dying poet invariably concedes that poetry has gone, that beauty has withered away. Then mountains do not rise up as they once did against the sky, and girls are not as pretty. Ecstasy fades to toleration, and agony subsides to a dull aching. Vision dims like the house lights in a theater—and the world is finished. As it is with a poet, so it is with a people.

It is in the American negation of these symptoms of extinction that my hope and confidence lie. We are not satisfied. Our restlessness, perhaps inherited from the hungry immigrants of our ancestry, is still with us. Young Americans are rebellious, angry, searching like terriers near a rat's nest. The energy pours out in rumbles, in strikes and causes, even in crime; but it is energy. Wasted energy is only a little problem, compared with the lack of it.

The world is open as it has never been before, and for the first time in human experience we have the tools to work with. Three fifths of the world and perhaps four fifths of the world's wealth lie under the sea, and we can get to it. The sky is open at last, and we have the means to rise into it. Revolt is in the air—in the violence of the long, hot summer; in the resentment against injustice and inequality, and against cynical cruelty. There is blind anger against delay, against the long preparation for the long journey—perhaps the longest, darkest journey of all, with the greatest light at the end of it.

We are in the perplexing period of change. We seem to be running in all directions at once—but we are running. And I believe that our history, our experience in America, has endowed us for the change that is coming. We have never sat still for long; we have never been content with a place, a building—or with ourselves. Americans do not lack places to go and new things to find. We have cut ourselves off from the self-abuse of war by raising it from a sin to an extinction. Far larger experiences are open to our restlessness—the fascinating unknown is everywhere.

How will the Americans act and react to a new set of circumstances for which new rules must be made? We know from our past some of the things we will do. We will make mistakes; we always have. But from our beginning, in hindsight at least, our social direction is clear. We have moved to become one people out of many. We have failed sometimes, taken wrong paths, paused for renewal, filled our bellies and licked our wounds; but we have never slipped back—never. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Sanford Kossin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Concluding the comic odyssey of Norwood Pratt, in which our hero joins forces with the World's Smallest Perfect Man, kidnaps a performing chicken, and undertakes the courtship of Miss Rita Lee Chipman of Swainsboro, Georgia.

Traveling light

By CHARLES PORTIS

When Norwood Pratt left the Marine Corps and came home to Ralph, Texas, he had two things on his mind. He wanted the seventy dollars owed him by his buddy Joe William Reese, but Joe William had moved from Old Carthage, Arkansas, to New York and wasn't answering his mail. And he wanted success as a singer on *The Louisiana Hayride*, Shreveport's celebrated country-and-western radio show.

Then came an offer from wheeler-dealer Grady Fring, the Texarkana Kre[illegible] King. Would Norwood, with a Miss Phillips to keep him co[illegible]ny, deliver two used cars—driving one, the other in tow—to New York for resale there? Norwood said yes; he would collect his seventy dollars from Joe William in New York, then go on to Shreveport and fame.

By the time the tandem cars reached Indiana, Norwood knew they were stolen property, and that Miss Phillips was also likely to attract attention from the police—probably the vice squad. Abandoning her and the cars, he hopped a freight and rode the rails to New York, only to learn that Joe William had returned to Arkansas.

Still determined to collect from Joe William and to pursue a musical career in Shreveport, Norwood boarded a bus and headed south again.

Conclusion

Norwood had two seats to himself at the back, and he dozed all the way to Washington, where there was a change of buses. The new driver was a cheerful fatso with his hat tipped back, and although a sign said DO NOT TALK TO OPERATOR, he started right in cracking jokes with the passengers. Norwood, wide awake now and wanting to get in on it, went up front to scout for a seat, but they were all taken. He returned to the rear, unslung his guitar, and sat crossways, his feet up.

Darkness fell, and a low, white moon ran along with the bus just behind the tops of the scraggly Virginia pines. Norwood watched the moon and made it go up and down by closing one eye and then the other. *Moonlight in the pines . . . and you were so fine. . . .* How did people write songs anyway? *Moonlight in the pines . . . and in this heart of mine . . . you were so fine . . . your lips were sweet as wine . . . moonlight on the road . . . moonlight on the bus . . . moonlight on the trail. . . . A Republic Picture. . . . Hey, Gabby, the widder was looking for you. Aw, tarnation, Roy. Roy and Dale and the Sons of the Pioneers having a good laugh on Gabby. Roy's real name was Leonard Slye. . . .*

The bus slowed and pulled over and stopped. A girl with a flashlight and a shopping bag full of clothes and a blue-and-white overnight case got on, talking away and stumbling on a cord hanging from the shopping bag. She would have fallen if

© 1966 by Charles Portis. To be published by Simon & Schuster, under the title "Norwood."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America, America

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Has it occurred to you that you may be in the wrong line if you think God is dead?"

the driver had not jumped from his seat to catch her.

"You didn't have to run so hard, little lady," he said. "I saw you coming."

She was out of breath. "I thought I had plenty of time. I got to talking there on the porch, and then I saw your yellow lights come over the hill, and I just took off aflying. They were all laughing and hollering at me, 'Run, Rita Lee, run,' and then that cord from my hair drier came aloose. . . ."

She was a pretty little girl with short brown hair and bangs and bejeweled harlequin glasses. A little thin in the leg, but not too thin. She was wearing a bright yellow dress with a white daisy on the skirt.

Norwood stood up in a kind of crouch and tried to indicate that he was friendly, and that he had a good place to sit back there. When she came down the aisle and stopped, he stowed her gear in the overhead rack, but she took the seat in front of him, next to a woman with blue hair.

The woman and the girl, Rita Lee, hit it off fine and began at once to exchange confidences. The woman was a dental assistant from Richmond who had been to Washington to see how laws are made. It was her first visit to Congress. "People who live right around something don't care anything about it," she said. "I bet if I lived at the Grand Canyon I wouldn't go out and look at it much. And other people would be driving thousands of miles to see it." Her husband had disappeared two years before and was subsequently found working as an able seaman on a sulphur boat, as a result of a rude postcard he had foolishly sent her from Algiers, Louisiana. He was now back home, but living in the garage and drinking.

The girl, Rita Lee, was from near Swainsboro, Georgia. She had been visiting her grandmother in Virginia and was now on her way to Jacksonville, North Carolina, for a showdown with someone named Wayne at Camp Lejeune. Although she did not have a ring—she had not pressed Wayne on that—they had had an understanding for more than a year now, and she wanted to know what was up. There had been no letter for almost two months.

"What is he, a officer?" said the woman.

"Boy, that's a good one," said Rita Lee. "Lord no, he's a Pfc. down there in the Second Marines."

Norwood stuck his head up in the notch between the two seats. "Do you mean the Second *Marines* or Second Marine *Division?*" he said.

They looked at him.

"When you say *Marines* that means regiment. If you mean *division* you have to say *division*. Now, he could be in the Second Marines, Second Marine Division. But he might be in the Sixth or Eighth Marines too and still be in the Second Division. That's all I'm saying."

"I don't know what it is right off hand," said Rita Lee. "All I know is he drives a tank down there in the Second Marine something."

"There's nothing wrong with tanks," said Norwood. "Gunny Crankshaw used to be in tanks. That dude had a Silver Star. He shot down the gates of Seoul University. He had all his khakis cut real tight, and he would just strut around like a little banty rooster. Ever once in a while he would stop and take his handkerchief out and knock the dust off his shoes."

There was a heavy silence. The bus bumped across a big tire fragment in the road.

"That's where somebody throwed a recap," said Norwood. "They get hot enough and they'll just peel right off. But if I'm driving on gravel a lot I'd rather have one. They'll hold up better. It's harder rubber."

"I think we've had about enough out of you," said the dental assistant. "You're butting into a private conversation."

"I was just trying to be friendly."

"Well, you'll have to get back in your own seat. We can't talk with your head there like that."

At the bus station in Richmond, Rita Lee had a soda pop and a sack of peanuts. Norwood took the stool beside her and ordered coffee.

"Whuddaya say?"

"Oh, you. Hi. Say, I like your hat." She poured peanuts into the bottle and shook it and fizzed a little into her mouth from an inch or two away. The goobers boiled up in carbonated turmoil. "My hair is just a mess."

"It don't look like a mess to me."

"I washed it and rolled it up and had it looking so nice, and now look at it. It was running for that bus. What are you doing with that cowboy hat on?"

"I thought you liked it."

"I'll say this, it's a tall one."

Norwood stirred his coffee and talked to her with his head turned slightly away; he knew he wouldn't be able to talk straight if he looked directly into her face. *What a honey!* "This ain't a bad-looking bus station for Richmond," he said. "You'd be surprised how little that one is in New York."

"I know a girl that went to New York and got a secretarial job right off making ninety-five dollars a week. She was the Home Ec Charm Queen two years running. And *smart?* She didn't know what a B was."

"They put butter on ham sandwiches up there," he said. He put a dime in the counter jukebox unit and played a Webb Pierce selection.

"I know why you're wearing that hat. You're a singer yourself."

"How did you know?"

"I saw your guitar on the bus."

"I fool around with it some." He fumbled in all his pockets and then forgot what he was looking for.

"Have you made any records?"

"Well, I'm just getting started. I may cut some platters when I get to Shreveport." *Cut some platters?*

"I bet you'll be a big star one of these days, and your folks will be so proud of you."

He wound his watch.

"Is that your home, Shreveport?"

"Naw, my home is Ralph, Texas, down there the other side of Texarkana. It ain't too far from Shreveport."

"Have you got a wife anywhere?"

"Naw."

"I was supposed to been married last March. It was all my fault. I said no, we better wait. Wayne, he wants to do everything right now, and after he thinks about it he don't want to do it anymore."

"That's a mighty nice dress you got on."

"Thank you. I made it myself. He may have him some old girl down there. That handsome devil, all the girls wanted him back home, but they couldn't get him from me. He would favor Rory Calhoun a lot if his neck was filled out more."

Norwood was doing a pushup from his stool.

"What's wrong with you?" she said.

"Nothing."

"You keep doing things."

Nothing was said about it, but there was a tacit understanding that they would sit together when they got back on the bus. Norwood did not try anything right away, although much of his discomfort had passed. In the half-light of the bus he could not see her face clearly. Her presence and voice alone did not confound his brain.

They talked. He edged closer to her by a series of leg-crossings and body adjustments. Soon he had his arm over her shoulder. No resistance. He let it slide down a little and began squeezing the soft flesh of her upper arm. It was wonderful. The way he was doing it, with just a thumb and finger, giving a thick pinch here and there, was like a witch testing a captured child for plumpness. Rita Lee couldn't decide whether she liked it or not. She had been grabbed and wrenched in many different ways, but this was a new one. She stiffened.

"I was afraid of this," she said. "I was afraid the minute I sat down here you would think I was looking for love on a bus."

Norwood didn't stop, nor did he answer. He nuzzled her. "I mean it, now," she said, but not with any firmness, and he cleared his throat and kissed her, and she relaxed.

After a time she said, "Norwood?"

"What?"

"Tell me something."

"What?"

"What is your all-time Kitty Wells favorite?"

"I'd have to think about it."

"Mine is *Makin' Believe.*"

"Yeah, that's mine too."

"I'd like to hear you sing sometime."

"Okay."

"Why don't you sing something now. I'd like to hear something now."

"Not on the bus."

"You could do it soft."

"Naw, not on the bus."

"What is your singing style like?"

"I don't know."

"Yes you do. Who do you sing like?"

"Have you ever heard Lefty Frizzell sing *I Love You a Thousand Ways?*"

"No, I never even heard of Lefty Frizzell."

"I don't guess I can explain it, then."

"You got a scar back here on your neck. It looks awful. There's not any hair growing on it."

"I fell off a water truck in Korea."

"Did you do any fighting over there?"

"I got in on the tail end of it."

"Did you kill anybody?"

"Just two that I know of."

"How did you do it?"

"I shot 'em."

"I mean but how?"

"Well, with a light machine gun. They were out there in front of the bob wire, and one of 'em hit a trip flare. They just froze. My gun was already laid on 'em, (*continued on page 63*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rexall's summer savings SPECTACULAR!

3 DAZZLING ATTRACTIONS 3

Rexall

WHITE and SALE

JUNE 21st THROUGH JULY 2nd

SPECIAL ONE TIME OFFER

BIG NEWS ABOUT SUPER PLENAMINS
America's largest selling vitamin-mineral product

NOW THE OFFICIAL VITAMIN

BASEBALL TEAM

FABULOUS
SUPER PLENAMINS
SWEEPSTAKES
YOU MAY BE A WINNER

Rexall

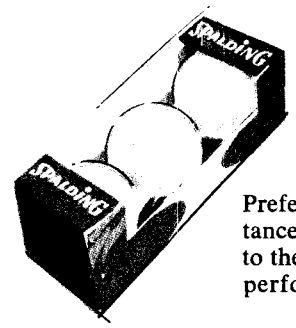
CHECK THE AMAZING VALUES ON THE NEXT 11 PAGES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPECIAL! 2 PAIR SEAMLESS NYLONS

2 pair pack 77¢

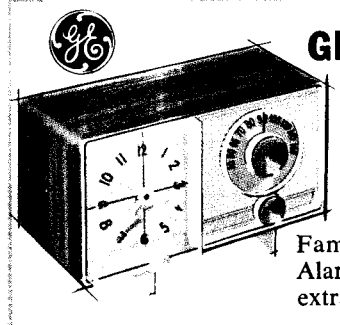
Flattering leg fashions in popular color tones. Keep a spare pair on hand. Sheer or mesh knit in popular sizes. Great value, and only at Rexall.



SPALDING GOLF BALLS

3 for $1.33

Preferred by champions for long distance, accurate flight. Manufactured to the highest standards for uniform performance, durability. Stock up.



GENERAL ELECTRIC CLOCK RADIO

Wood-grain Finish

$13.33

Famed G.E. features with Snooz-Alarm . . . lets you catch 10 minutes extra sleep then wakes you again.

THIRSTY CANNON BEACH TOWELS

89¢

Wrap yourself in soft, absorbent cotton terry after a dip at the beach or pool. Big 26″ x 50″ size in striking multistripes. Check your needs.

For beautiful, manageable hair...

REXALL BRITE SET HAIR SPRAY

14-oz.

59¢

Special value on our most popular hair spray. Keeps hair bright without dulling film, stickiness or stiffness. Choose Regular, Hard-to-Hold, Casual spray.

STRAW HATS FOR MEN, WOMEN 99¢

Deft Italian stylings in imported straw for the ladies; men's straws sport jaunty novelty trim. Great for pool, beach. Ladies' high-fashion straw hats **$1.99**

GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES Adults' and Infants'. Jar of 36, regularly $1.19 now... **89¢**

KLENZO MOUTHWASH Ruby red, cinnamon flavor antiseptic. ½-pint, regularly 47¢, now **29¢**

Mi-31 MOUTHWASH Rexall's amber color antiseptic, mouthwash, gargle. ½-pint, reg. 54¢ **33¢**

MONACET APC By Rexall. Fast relief from headache, minor aches and pains. 200's, reg. $1.89 **$1.19**

MILK OF MAGNESIA Rexall's mild antacid-laxative in plain or mint flavor. 4-oz., regularly 39¢ **29¢**

ZORIES FOR ALL THE FAMILY 29¢

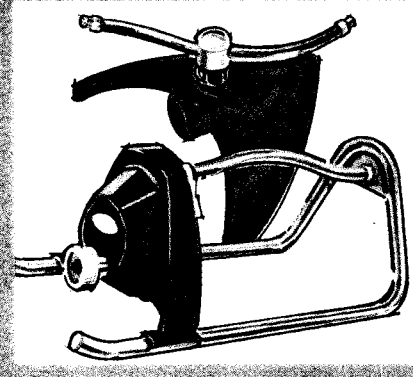
Popular rubber thong-type for beach or home wear. Children's, ladies' and men's sizes S-M-L in assorted colors. Criss-cross zories, assorted colors **39¢**

SAVE 50%

REXALL FAST HOME PERMANENT

With improved pink waving lotion and ready-to-use neutralizer-shampoo-conditioner. Needs no pre-shampoo; leaves no after-odor. Leaves hair thoroughly clean, conditioned. Regular, Gentle, Super, Little Girls', or Silver.

reg. $2.00 **$1.00**



EVERAIN LAWN SPRINKLER VALUES

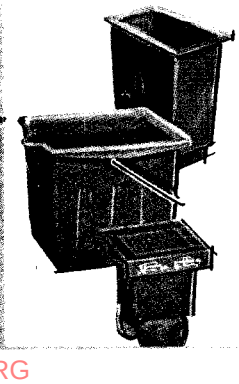
2-Arm revolving sprinkler waters up to 30-ft. diameter. **69¢**

Rainwave oscillating sprinkler. Guaranteed 1-year. **$2.99**

Dial-control oscillating sprinkler **$5.99**

Automatic shut-off water timer . **$3.88**

Everain pistol hose nozzle . . . . . **89¢**



BIG VALUES IN PLASTIC HOUSEWARES your choice 99¢

Utility pail for big scrub jobs, car washing, carrying. Waste basket for any room. Colorful and lightweight.

Stacking vegetable bin for potatoes, onions, fruit. Divided basin—use as dishpan or laundry tub.

Handi-Man car caddy holds litter, bottles, travel needs. Fits over front or rear hump. **$1.44**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Put a new outlook on summer fun

FOSTER GRANT SUNGLASSES OF THE STARS

$1.00 to $5.00

For men, women and children. Guaranteed the finest by consistent, painstaking workmanship.

MEDICINE CHEST BUYS

All Rexall brand guaranteed-quality products.

RUBBING ALCOHOL Rexall's high quality body rub with special skin softener added to protect against drying; pleasantly scented, too. Ideal for soothing rub-downs, sponge baths to relieve tired muscles. Unbreakable bottle. ½-pint, reg. 45¢, **29¢**

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS, easy to carry antacid, laxative. 250's, regularly $1.29 . . **$1.09**

REXALL ASPIRIN, 5-gr. adult strength. 300's, reg. $1.69, now **99¢;** 200's, reg. $1.19, now, **69¢**

REXALL CHILDREN'S ASPIRIN. Fast-disintegrating 1¼-gr. strength. 100's, reg. 59¢, **39¢**

LIQUID ANTACID GEL. Aluminum and magnesium hydroxide formula for fast relief of stomach hyperacidity. 14-oz., reg. $1.19, **88¢;** chewable tablets: 120's, regularly $1.83, **$1.49**

CAFFEINE TABLETS. Like coffee. Stay awake safely. Non-habit forming. 40's, reg. 79¢. . . **49¢**

EYELO LOTION, soothes eye irritation, refreshes. With eye cup. 4-oz., regularly 59¢, now . . . **33¢**

REXALL SACCHARIN COMBO. 500 tablets free with bottle of 1000. ¼-gr., $1.88 value . . . **99¢**

REXALL TABLE SWEET, no-calorie liquid sweetener. Pint, regularly $2.23, now only . . . **$1.59**

REXALL FUNGI-REX COMBO. Helps relieve itch, combat fungus infection, prevent recurrence of athlete's foot. Two 4-oz. cans, $1.38 value. **89¢**

REXALL SLEEP TABLETS, non-habit forming aid to promote sleep. 60's, reg. $2.59, now . . **$1.79**

HYGIENIC SUPPOSITORIES, 12's, reg. $1.29, **99¢**

CALAMINE LOTION. Relieves non-poisonous insect bites, poison ivy itch. 4-oz., Plain or Phenol, regularly 37¢, now . . . . . **26¢**

NEW! POISON IVY SPRAY. Protects against infection, relieves itch and irritation of poison ivy, oak, or sumac. 6-oz., reg. $1.69 . . . . . **$1.19**

DUAL THERMOMETER PACK. Keep a spare always handy. Guaranteed accurate. Choice of oral, rectal, stub. Dual Pak of two just. . . **$2.00**

SANITARY NAPKINS, bag of 30. . . . . **88¢**

REXALL ASMA-KETS A.H. TABLETS with antihistamine to help relieve hay fever symptoms. 24's, regularly $1.19, now priced at just **98¢**

REXALL PETROLEUM JELLY, white lubricant for first-aid. 8-oz., regularly 49¢, now just. . . . **39¢**

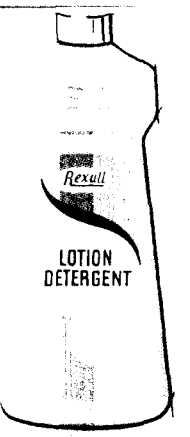
REXALL TOURISTA. Kaolin and Pectin mixture to help relieve simple diarrhea. 12-oz., regularly $1.13, now **98¢;** 8-oz., regularly 81¢, now **75¢**

HISTACALMA LOTION. Calamine with benzocaine, antihistamine. Relieves itching and burning due to poison ivy or oak. Non-poisonous insect bites, minor sunburn and other minor skin irritations. In plastic squeeze bottle for travel, ease of application. 2½-oz. reg. 89¢, **85¢**

QUIK-BANDS, sterile adhesive bandages. 1" x 3" King size, 28's, reg. 55¢, **43¢;** Mercurochrome pad: 45's, reg. 65¢, now **47¢;** 31's, reg. 45¢, **33¢**

ADHESIVE TAPE, waterproof, 1" x 2½-yd. or ½" x 5-yd., reg. 25¢, now you get. . . . **2** for **29¢**

DENTAL PLATE BRUSH, regularly 69¢, now **34¢**



LIQUID DETERGENT PINK OR CLEAR

22-oz. **47¢**

Rexall's exclusive lotion formula is gentle to the hands, ideal for dainty, delicate fabrics. Quickly removes grease to leave dishes sparkling, too.

REXALL AEROSOL SPRAY STARCH

24-oz. **49¢**

No mixing or measuring. Ready for use. Takes the drag out of ironing . . . won't stick to the iron. A finger's touch sprays starch evenly without fuss.

STOCK UP ON FACIAL TISSUE

Rexall deluxe facial tissue in orchid, white, pink or yellow. Soft, absorbent. 400's—200 2-ply tissues.

5 boxes 99¢

Rexall deluxe 2-ply printed facial tissue in pink, blue or yellow. 400's.

3 boxes 88¢

REXALL QUALITY BATHROOM TISSUE

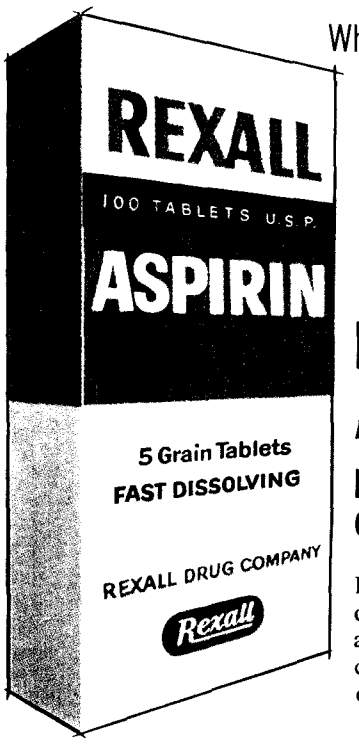
Rexall deluxe bathroom tissue in orchid, white, pink or yellow. Facial quality. 425 sheets each roll.

4 rolls 44¢

Rexall deluxe 2-ply printed floral bathroom tissue in pink, blue, yellow. 500 2-ply Guest-quality tissues.

2 rolls 26¢

APER TOWELS, 3 ply, 100's . . . . **4 rolls for 88¢**



Why suffer headache pain?

REXALL ASPIRIN

BOTTLE OF 100 **49¢**

Fast dissolving to speed relief of simple headache, muscular aches and pains, neuralgia and cold discomforts. No finer quality. 5-gr. adult strength.

MINUTEMAN CHEWABLE MULTI-VITAMINS

365's, reg. $6.95 **$4.95**

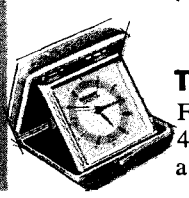
One a day supplies all the vitamins child or adult normally needs... Vitamins A, C, D, plus 4 B-complex vitamins. Children love 'em. Save.

SMARTLY STYLED SPORT WATCHES FOR MEN, LADIES

WATCHES BY SAXONY

Active man's watch has Swiss movement, sweep second hand, luminous dial, calendar. Water proof, shock-resistant. **$13.00**

Woman's sport watch has Swiss movement, sweep second hand, luminous dial, calendar. Water proof, shock-resistant. **$14.95**



TRAVEL ALARM

Folds away to travel lightly. 40-hour movement with bell alarm. Assorted colors. **$4.99**

UNITED STATES FLAG KIT

$3.79

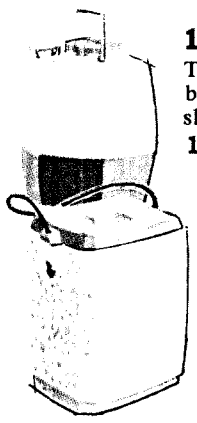
Display our country's flag proudly on Independence Day and national holidays. 3' x 5' 50-star flag, 6' jointed metal pole, gold-tone ornament, halyard and wall bracket, storage carton.

IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING

TURN THE PAGE FOR MORE EXCITING SALE VALUES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEVERAGE JUGS AND ICE CHESTS FOR PICNIC FUN



1/2-GALLON JUG
Thermal insulated to keep beverages hot or cold. Has shoulder pouring spout. **69¢**
1-gallon picnic jug....**$1.19**

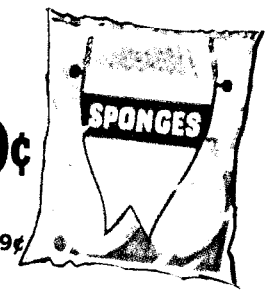
14-QT. COOLER
Holds 6 king-size bottles or 2 six-packs. Great for backyard, picnic, beach or travel. **79¢**

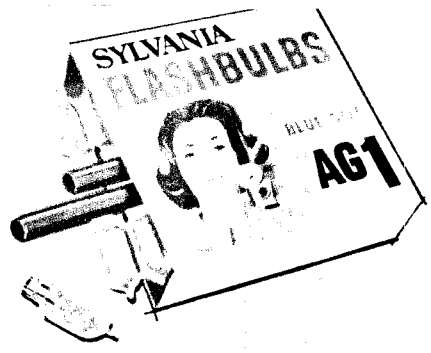
30-qt. foam ice chest...**99¢**

BARGAIN PACK OF SPONGES

So handy for many clean-ups around the house, garage. Long-lasting cellulose. **59¢**

Amsco Super Sponge.....**59¢**





STOCK UP ON FAMOUS
SYLVANIA FLASHBULBS

Check Our Low Prices

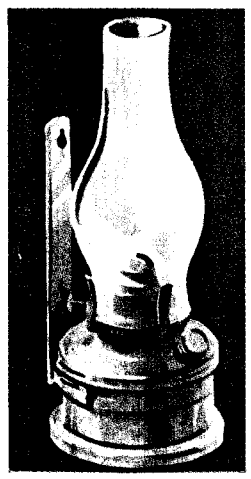
Capture all the family's summer fun in bright, clear photos. Sylvania's "Blue Dot" saves you from flash failure. In all sizes. Stock up now for those vacation snapshots.

Want all-day protection?

REXALL REDI-SPRAY DEODORANT

5-oz. **57¢**

Favorite aerosol deodorant of every member of the family. Instantly dries on contact to protect against perspiration odor for up to 24 hours.



12" HURRICANE KEROSENE LAMP $1.49

Brightens patio or porch. Copper finish. Use on table or mount on wall.

HOUSEHOLD VALUES

HOUSE AND GARDEN SPRAY. Multi-purpose insect killer safe for use on roses, African violets, azaleas and other flowers and plants. Kills aphids, spiders, wasps, beetles, flies, mosquitoes, ants and other house and garden pests. Easy-to-use 14-oz. aerosol spray can, now only **83**

FLYING INSECT SPRAY. Kills flies, mosquitoes, wasps, gnats and moths. 14-oz. aerosol ...**83**

MOTH CRYSTALS. Kills moths, moth eggs and larvae, used as directed. 3-lbs., **$1.19.** Moth balls, 1-lb., regularly 49¢, now **33¢;** moth cake hanger for closet use, 6-oz., regularly 39¢..**25**

REXALL FLY KILLER BLOCK. Use wherever flies are a problem. Clean, odorless and easy to use. Kills flies fast. With plastic dish. 2-oz. ...**49**

REXALL ROACH KILLER BLOCK. Kills roaches, waterbugs in seconds. Long-lasting, too...**49**

REXALL ANT AND ROACH SPRAY. Kills ants, roaches, crickets, centipedes, many other crawling insect pests. 14-oz. aerosol spray can, **57**

REXALL AEROSOL FURNITURE POLISH. One spray dusts, cleans, waxes and protects all wood surfaces. Silicone formula, 14-oz. can **79**

AEROSOL WINDOW SPRAY. Cleans, polishes glass, chrome, enamel, porcelain and many other surfaces. Just spray on, wipe clean, you're done. No foam, no film. 15-oz.....**39**

REXALL FLOOR WAX LIQUID, keeps floors gleaming bright. Applies evenly for smooth, long-lasting finish. Self-polishing; buff for an even higher gloss. 32-oz., now just **83**

MULTI-PURPOSE CLEANER with ammonia. Maximum cleaning, minimum effort. Ideal for floors, painted walls, and woodwork. 28-oz., **49**

REXALL REFRESH AIR SPRAY. Kills offensive odors fast, sanitizes the air. Choose from pleasant fragrances. 7-oz. aerosol.....**43**

REXALL WATER REPELLENT SPRAY. Spray-on weather-proof protection for clothing, rugs, furniture, sports equipment, car seat fabric, convertible tops. Won't stiffen or stain fabric. Easy-to-use 14-oz. aerosol.....**79**

RUBBER GOODS

ROXBURY RUBBER GOODS. Red, white, blue, green or yellow. Combination Syringe, reg. $3.39, now **$2.79;** Hot Water Bottle, reg. $2.59, now **$1.98;** Fountain Syringe, reg. $2.89, **$2.39.** Pink or red: Feminine Bulb Syringe, reg. $1.98, **$1.59;** Folding Syringe, reg. $2.98, now, **$2.1**

FEMININE BULB SYRINGE. White, 8-oz., **$1.3**

FOLDING SYRINGE in poly bag. White...**$1.1**

HOT WATER BOTTLE, red, now only **$1.1**

FOUNTAIN SYRINGE, red, priced at.....**$1.3**

COMBINATION SYRINGE, red, now just **$1.4**

CLOTH ICE CAP, 9", reg. $1.98, now only **$1.4**

HOUSEHOLD RUBBER GLOVES, protect hands during chores. Get two pair for.....**77**

SWIM CAPS. Assorted styles for children and adults. Decorated and plain. ....**59¢** to **$1.4**

50-ft.
1/2" HEAVY DUTY GARDEN HOSE $1.67

Won't kink or crack. 2-Ply construction with brass couplings for long service.

50-ft. deluxe nylon/vinyl hose....**$3.88**
25-ft. tube sprinkler/soaker.....**$1.88**
All are unconditionally guaranteed.

Give the kids their own private pool...
INFLATABLE POOL FOR BACKYARD WATER FUN
$3.99

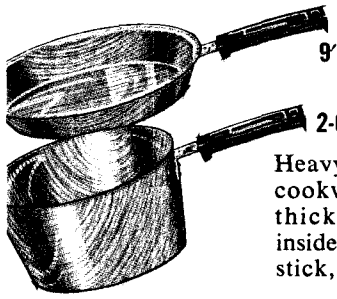
Giant 6-ft. diameter gives the kids plenty of splashin' room. Two inflatable rings with safe jumbo top ring; printed bottom. Heavy duty vinyl for long-lasting service. Really let the kids cool off with this summer-fun buy from Rexall.

For pool, beach or patio lazing...
LEOPARD PRINT AIR MATTRESS
$2.99

You'll "roar" at this heavy-duty vinyl mattress that looks like a leopard's pelt. Over 6-ft. long with pillow built-in. Air and water tested. Air mattress with foot pump, **$2.99**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

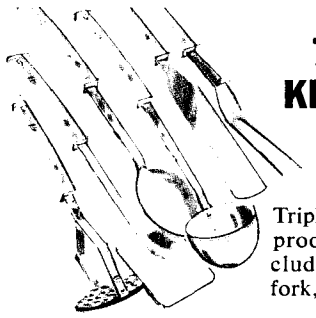
TEFLON® COOKWARE



9″ Frypan **$1.19**

2-Qt. Saucepan **$1.49**

Heavy-gauge aluminum cookware with double-thick DuPont Teflon® inside and out. No-fat, no-stick, no-scour cooking.



7-PC. SET OF KITCHEN TOOLS

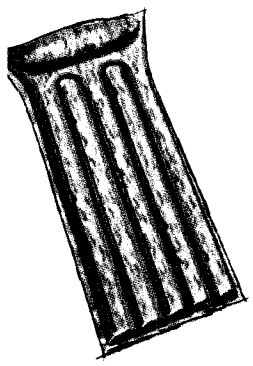
$1.99

Triple-clad chrome and heat-proof Melamine handles. Includes ladle, spoon, spatula, fork, turner, masher, wall rack.

50-FT. VINYL GARDEN HOSE

89¢

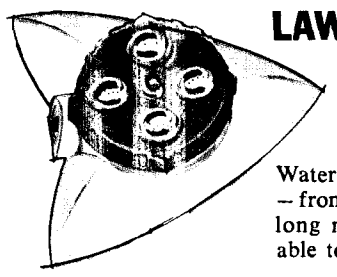
Get rid of those old, leaky hoses. ⅜″ inside diameter green opaque plastic won't crack, kink or chip. It's unconditionally guaranteed.



HEAVY VINYL AIR MATTRESS

99¢

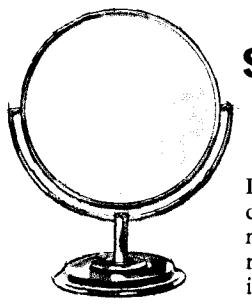
Use as patio mattress or beach and pool float. 68″ x 27″ with built-in pillow for extra comfort. 2-tone; air, water-tested.



EVERAIN TURRET LAWN SPRINKLER

$1.99

Waters 4 different lawn shapes — from large square areas to long narrow shapes. Adjustable to prevent run-off, waste.

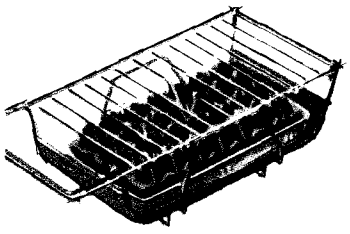


8″ MAKE-UP OR SHAVING MIRROR

87¢

Indispensable in bathroom or dressing area. One side has magnifying mirror, the other, regular mirror. Swivels on polished frame for best viewing.

GET READY FOR BBQ FUN



PIK-NIK GRILL **$1.88**

Swing-along table-top barbeque including self-starting charcoal.

BRIX CHARCOAL **29¢**

Lights with just a match — no fire-starters needed. Clean, safe, easy.

MINERAL OIL By Rexall. Clear, heavy-quality lubricant, safe and effective. Quart, reg. $1.19, now just **83¢**

THERMOMETERS Easy to read; choice of oral or stub thermometer. Always keep one on hand. **88¢**

100% PLASTIC PLAYING CARDS Single deck; for bridge, assorted **79¢**

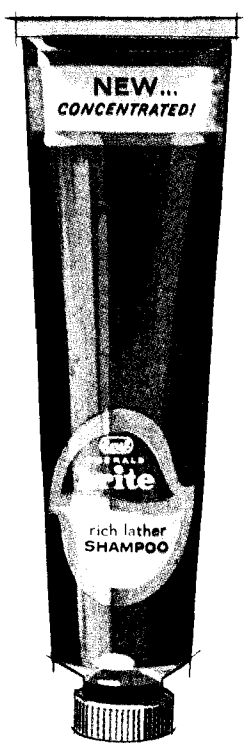
BUFFERED ASPIRIN Fast pain relief without over-acidity. 200's, reg. $1.98, **$1.39**; 60's, reg. 79¢ **63¢**

BABY PANTS Quality vinyl in bloomer style, assorted colors. Available in all sizes. 4-pair in each pack. **49¢**

SWIM GEAR FOR WATER SPORTS FUN

88¢ each

Great fun at the beach or pool. A selection of our most popular swim masks, goggles and fins including Lido goggles, triangle masks, Miami masks, pro-masks. The kids love them, so at this price buy several. Only **88¢** each!

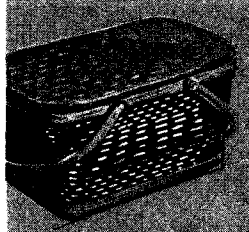


No mess,
no spilling...

REXALL CONCENTRATED SHAMPOOS

4½-oz. 59¢ each

Rexall's famous hair-care formulas that the whole family can use. Choice of rich-lather Emerald Brite — leaves hair clean, lustrous — or Brite Conditioning shampoo — leaves hair full of body, easy-to-manage. One tube gives oceans of lather; won't spill or break if accidentally dropped — ideal for use in the shower; tucks easily into your vacation luggage for travel.



PICNIC BASKET

$3.99

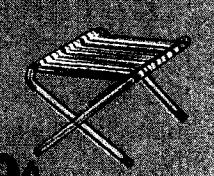
…rries all the needs for family outings. Large …x12x10″ size with washable steel fiber lin… g. Weather-proof finish; Masonite top. …tted picnic basket with plates, cups, **$6.99**

…R YOUR COMFORT …IDOORS AND OUT

…AMP STOOL

…ids for easy carrying and …ring. Tuck into car trunk. …can seat; 1″ tubular legs.

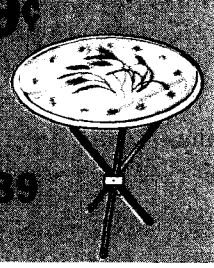
99¢

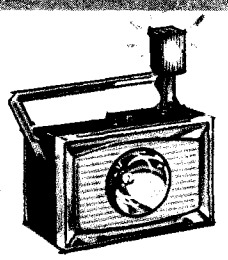


…ATIO TABLE

…undy TV or snack table. …. All-metal with 18″ top. …t doubles as serving tray.

$1.39





FLASHING BLINKER LANTERN

$1.33

Brilliant front beam; red warning blinker. Compact; for car, boat.

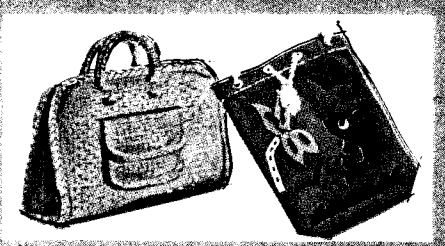
Floating blinker lantern **$1.99**

CITRONELLA CANDLE

79¢

Prettily decorated jumbo flower pot is reusable. When lit, scented candle keeps insects away. For patio, yard.

FAMILY BARGAINS ADD TO SUMMER FUN



SHOPPING TOTES, BEACH BAGS. Handy carry-all straw tote for summer shopping or travel. Has roomy side pocket for small items. **$1.88** Rubberized cotton beach bag for wet suits or beach towels, sunsuit designs. Assorted . . . **66¢**

ELECTREX BATTERIES. Stock up for camera, radio, flashlight needs. American made "D," "C," "AA" leakproof batteries, 4 for **50¢**; long-life 9-volt transistor radio battery, reg. 39¢, **29¢**

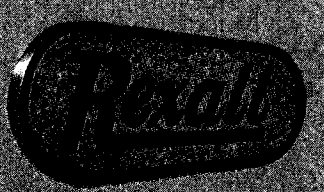
REX ALARM CLOCKS. Aqua, ivory, or pink. Luminous dial, **$2.69**; plain, **$1.99**; ivory Jr. Alarm. Luminous, **$2.99**; plain dial **$2.39**

REX DROWSE ELECTRIC ALARM CLOCKS. Wakes you, lets you sleep 5 to 10 minutes longer, then wakes you again. Night table size. Luminous dial, **$4.99**; plain dial alarm, **$3.99**

BATH SCALE. Accurate weight every time. Great for weight-watchers and dieters. White finish is ideal for any bathroom or bedroom . . . **$2.99**

STILL MORE OUTSTANDING VALUES TO COME

TURN THE PAGE AND SEE!



NOW . . . AS FOR 43 YEARS . . . THE REXALL BRAND IS GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1-QT. REXALL THERMOS BOTTLE

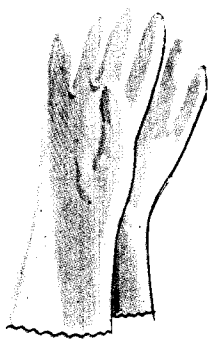
$1.49

Rexall's own high quality standard neck thermos to carry hot or cold beverages and foods anywhere . . . picnic, beach, travel. Steel jacket.

GIANT 260 PACK OF COTTON BALLS

39¢

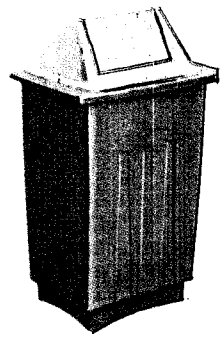
Handy for hundreds of uses in the nursery, for cosmetic and home use. Easy-to-store poly bag of 260 at great savings.



FLOCK-LINED RUBBER GLOVES

49¢ pair

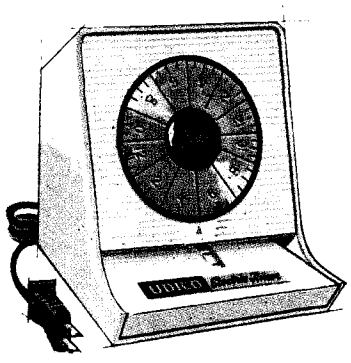
Protect hands while doing household chores. Curved-finger gloves with non-slip hand surface, velvety flock lining. All sizes in red or yellow.



30-QT. SWING-TOP DISPOSE-ALL

$2.66

Cut down on kitchen clutter. Rugged, leak-proof waste container will not rust or chip. Sanitary, easy to keep clean. Holds lots of trash, cans.



UDICO AUTOMATIC APPLIANCE TIMER

$10.99

Turns lights on and off while you're on vacation, just as if you were home. Ideal for coffee makers, fans, coolers, too. Simple dial; 24-hour repeat action; easy-to-set and read.

REXALL AEROSOL SHAVE CREAM

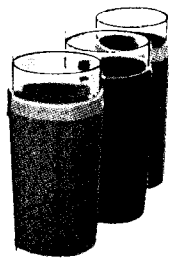
14-oz., reg. $1.29 **64¢**

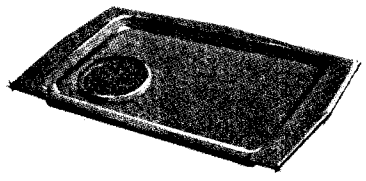
Save 50% on Rexall's popular Lavender push-button shave cream. Choose Regular or refreshing Menthol. Stock up now for long months of close, smooth shaving... and save.

DAVID DOUGLAS SNACK SERVERS

14-OZ. TUMBLER, glass-lined, insulated to keep beverages hot or cold. Dishwasher-safe, too.

3 for 99¢





SNACK TRAY with cork insert. Wipe-clean, stain-resistant finish.

77¢

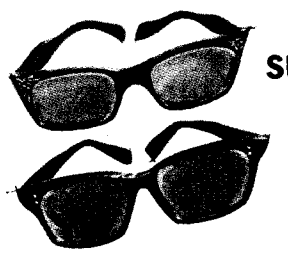
8-Cup Glass Thermal hot-n-cold server **$2.99**

REXALL SHAMPOOS

Choose rich lather Emerald Brite, Fast Dandruff Treatment, or Brite Conditioning shampoos in 16-oz. sizes; Silque Cream Shampoo, 10-oz. Buy now and save.

reg. $1.89

94¢ each



SPECIAL! SUNGLASSES

for men and women

$1.69

Loads of styles—get several and change when the mood suits you. For beach, resort, travel. Buy now for summer fun.

SAVE ON BABY NEEDS

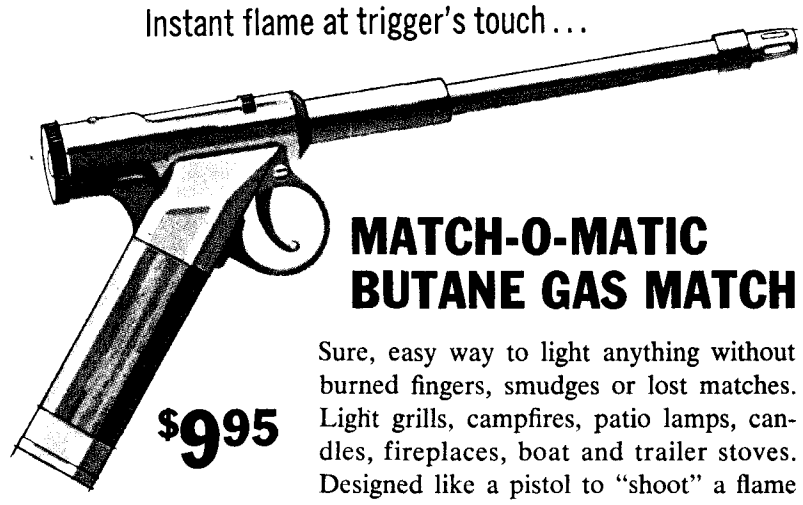
BIRDSEYE DIAPERS, 100% soft and absorbent cotton. Poly-pack of 10 diapers **$1.77**

GIANT PACK COTTON SQUARES, 160 soft-quilt squares for baby care, beauty use. . . . . **44¢**

STERILE COTTON BALLS, soft and absorbent for baby or first-aid needs. In package of 65. Rexall's own. Reg. 39¢ each, now . . . **3 for 88¢**

REXALL QUIK SWABS, double-tip cotton swabs for baby, first-aid and cosmetic use. Sticks are made of sturdy plastic. Package of 180 swabs (360 tips) . . . . . Reg. 98¢, **66¢**

Instant flame at trigger's touch . . .



MATCH-O-MATIC BUTANE GAS MATCH

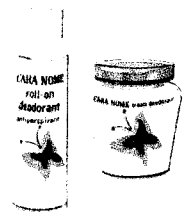
$9.95

Sure, easy way to light anything without burned fingers, smudges or lost matches. Light grills, campfires, patio lamps, candles, fireplaces, boat and trailer stoves. Designed like a pistol to "shoot" a flame right where you need it. You'll find this invaluable at every barbecue, camp trip.

Handsomely styled walnut stand designed to hold Match-O-Matic for use as an unusual desk or table cigarette lighter **$3.95**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOILETRY VALUES



REXALL CARA NOME DEODORANT. Helps check perspiration odor up to 24 hours so you get all-day protection. Feel fresh and cool. Save 50% on your choice of 2-oz. Cream or 1¾-oz. Roll-On. Regularly $1.00 each, now only.....**50¢**

EXALL HAIR SETTING GEL, gives hair additional body. No more bother with nightly pins because the set lasts for days. Ideal for travel hen you're so busy. 9-oz., regularly $1.50, **98¢**

EXALL HAIR SETTING LOTION, in handy spray pplicator bottle. Dries so fast, saves precious me. Set lasts for up to seven days. 8-oz., regularly priced at $1.50, now pay only .....**98¢**

RITE CONDITIONING RINSE, use after your hampoo to leave your hair tangle-free, mangeable and full of body. 16-oz., reg. $1.89, **94¢**

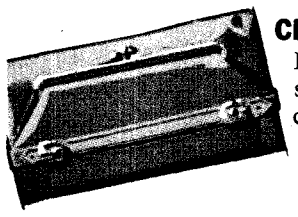
EXALL CREME PEROXIDE DEVELOPER, 20- olume hydrogen peroxide for use with color roducts. Creme lotion leaves hair lustrous, ew color is brighter. 4-oz., reg. 59¢, get **2** for **59¢**

EXALL LAVENDER SHAVE LOTIONS. Popular ragrance appeals to almost every man. Save 0% on your choice. Pre-Shave sets beard up or a cleaner, closer shave; 10-oz., reg. $1.89, ow **94¢.** After-Shave leaves the skin feeling ooler, fresher; 10-oz., regularly 98¢, now very pecially priced during this sale.....**49¢**

$1.99 each

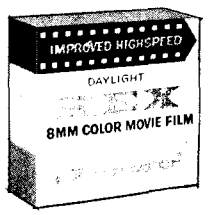
SMARTLY STYLED MEN'S AND LADIES' BILLFOLDS

Handsomely fashioned of new Savonette—vinyl bonded to cowhide for scuff, stain and crack resistance. Assorted colors; pick one for yourself; buy several for gifts.



CLUTCH PURSES
High-fashion goatskin in assorted colors. New styles.

$2.99



Capture summer fun

REX COLOR FILM
prices include processing by **Technicolor**

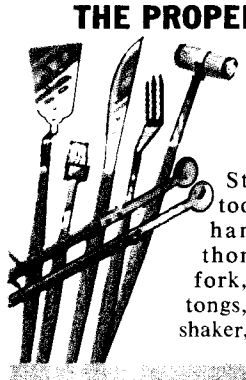
Reversal type color movie film, indoor or outdoor, 25-ft.....**$1.99**
35mm color, hi-spd., 20-exp., **$1.77**
#620, #127, #120 B&W, 3-pk., **75¢**
#126 B&W cartridge film, now, **44¢**

REX SUPER STAINLESS BLADES

6-MONTH SUPPLY
99¢

Package of 15 double-edge stainless steel blades gives you 6 months of close, smooth shaves. Stock up now!

BACKYARD BBQ's NEED THE PROPER TOOLS



99¢ each

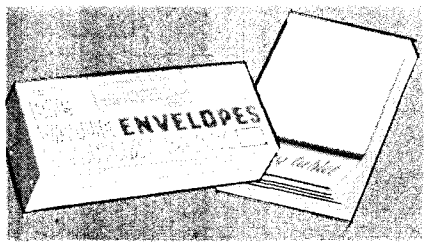
Stainless steel tools with wood handles, leather thong. Choice of fork, knife, turner, tongs, salt & pepper shaker, basting brush.

NATURAL BRISTLE HAIR BRUSHES

$1.66

Recommended for professional-type hair care. Assorted styles, in dark walnut wood grained finish.

SAVE ON STATIONERY IN REXALL'S SALE



IG VALUE WRITING TABLETS, ENVELOPES 's a big value in Rexall's Red, White and Blue ale! Stock up on tablets and envelopes for all our writing needs: home, school, office, business. Ruled or unruled tablets, now only, **27¢** lain white envelopes: #6¾ social size 100's or 10 business size 45's, now only.....**27¢**

egal-size envelopes, 100's, special .....**59¢** eturn address or check mailer envelopes; 60's, ow each pack specially priced at just....**27¢**

OLY PACK ENVELOPES, #6¾ social size for ome or business use. 150's, only .....**49¢**

ISH LINEN WRITING TABLET, ruled or unruled k tablet. Regularly 25¢ each, get **2** for **33¢**

OXED WRITING PAPER, special savings on rilliant white paper, reg. $1.00.....**2** for **88¢**

AG O' SCRATCH PADS, novel poly bag with rrying handle contains 15 white scratch pads. or home, office, school or business use...**69¢**

ENJOY OUTDOOR FUN BY TIKI TORCH LIGHT

$3.49 pair

Great for patio or backyard use. Provides light for patio, buffet table, pool. Beautiful anodized finish. Price includes poles. Priced low for summer living.

REXALL PEROXIDE 3%, 10-vol. medicinal strength. 8-oz. reg. 32¢, now **22¢**; 4-oz., reg 20¢... **13¢**

ONE TABLET DAILY VITAMINS Multiple Vitamins for adults. 365's.. **$3.65**

JASMINE TOILETRIES 5-oz. Dusting powder; 2-oz. Aerosol cologne. Each.... **$1.00**

FIRST-AID SPRAY Fights infection, relieves pain, helps heal. 3-oz. aerosol, reg. $1.19, now **77¢**

DELUXE TOOTH BRUSHES Rexall natural bristle tooth brush, **89¢**; nylon bristle **69¢**

BOUDOIR BONNET

99¢

Feminine cover-up for curlers, hair nets or damp hair. Super-bouffant styling to cover the largest hairdo. Nylon tulle; assorted.

BUSY-DAY AND PICNIC SERVING AIDS

PAPER CUPS

50 Cups with 9-oz. capacity for hot or cold beverages. Sanitary; no dishes to wash. **69¢**

PAPER PLATES

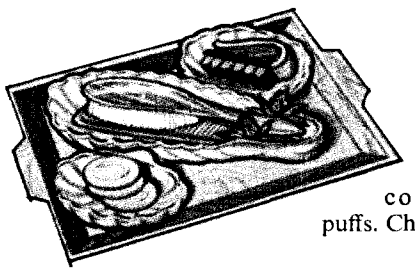
120 Plates, 9" size with fluted edge. Grease-resistant, sturdy, and odorless. **79¢**

PAPER NAPKINS

Embossed, 200's....**27¢**

VANITY TRAYS WITH BATH ACCESSORIES

$1.66



Pretty addition to bathroom or dressing table. Large dresser tray holds seashell tray, 2 soap dishes, ladies' hairbrush, comb, nail brush, powder puffs. Choice of pink, blue or white.

REXALL'S OWN QUALITY TOILETRIES—Not sale priced, but too good to pass up.

© 1966 Hanna-Barbera Prod., Inc.

For little girls...
ALICE TOILETRIES

Wonderfully fragrant and delightfully packaged.

BUBBLE BATH, 20 packets.
HAND LOTION, 2-oz.
AFTER-BATH POWDER, 2½ oz.
BATH POWDER MITT, 2-oz.
TOILET WATER, 2-oz.
BATH SOAP, two figurines

$1.25 EA.

For big girls... spray on summer freshness...
REXALL MIST COLOGNES

RAIN GODDESS, typically tropical, memorable, magical; 3-oz. ...**$3.00**
FLOWER DRUM, matchless modern floral blend; 3-oz. size **$3.00**
SHARI, the fragrance of subtle persuasion, mystery; 3-oz. size...**$3.00**
ESPECIALLY NOTABLE, fresh, feminine and young at heart; 2-oz., **$2.50**

For men who want the very finest...

ROYAL STAG

The ultimate in masculine luxury.

Royal Stag Cologne, 5-oz. ...**$2.50**
Royal Stag After-Shave, 5-oz., **$2.00**
Royal Stag Pre-Shave, 5-oz. ..**$2.00**

STAG

A brisk scent fresh as all outdoors

Stag After-Shave, 5-ounces...**$1.25**
Stag Pre-Shave, 3 ounces....**$1.25**
Stag Cologne, 3-ounces **$1.50**

GOLDEN SOVEREIGN

Brings out the Buccaneer in every man.

Spray Cologne, 3-oz.....**$3.00**
Cologne, 5-ounces **$2.50**
Bath Soap, box of 3 ....**$3.00**
After Shave Lotion, 5-oz., **$2.00**
Pre-Shave Lotion, 5-oz., **$2.00**

THE EXCITEMENT STILL TO COME TURN THE PAGE AND SEE

Rexall

This advertisement is presented on behalf of more than 10,000 independent pharmacists who recommend and feature products bearing the brand of the Rexall Drug Company. Suggested retail prices for Rexall Red, White and Blue sale effective June 21 through July 2, 1966, are subject to local or applicable state laws and valid only in the U.S.A. Rights reserved to limit quantities. Subject to correction of typographical error. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles, Calif. 90054

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOTH
FOR ONLY
89¢

FREE 69¢ REXALL DELUXE TOOTH BRUSH
when you buy the family size
REXALL TOOTH PASTE

Deluxe nylon bristle tooth brush – a regular 69¢ value, choice of Soft, Medium or Hard firmness – at no extra cost with the purchase of Rexall tooth paste in the economical 6¾-oz. family size. Rexall's famous Regular and Fluoride formulas are unsurpassed for cleaning and polishing. Refreshing flavorful taste, too.

CHOOSE FLUORIDE OR REGULAR
6¾-oz.

Warning:
before summer steals your hair's beauty...call

REXALL NEW AWAKENINGS TO THE RESCUE!

Sun, wind and salt water... all part of the fun of summer... all partners in robbing your hair of its natural oils and lustre. So before summer's burglars get to work, foil their plot with one of your own: Rexall's New Awakening Plan! This simple, basic-grooming plan requires no time-consuming operations. Yet it helps protect normal hair and correct problem hair... because New Awakening products are scientifically formulated with beauty-building ingredients. For instance, both Sheen 'n Shield Rinse and Moisture-Guard Conditioner are fortified with Protein... the substance most vital to strong, healthy hair. So, give your hair a head start on beauty... with Rexall's New Awakening Plan.

CONTROLLED ACTION SHAMPOO. Fragrant, creamy pink liquid with controlled cleansing action... to automatically meet the needs of every type hair. Natural oils stay in, dirt comes out. One sudsing does as much as two with ordinary shampoos. 7-oz., **$1.75**

SHEEN 'N SHIELD RINSE. Foamy cream rinse with Protein, for hair body and beauty: Lanolin Compound, similar to the natural oils in hair; and Panthenol, a vitamin found in healthy hair. Supplements the natural oils and nutrients that give hair body and lustre, makes it easier to comb and manage. Hair stays clean-looking longer. 7-oz. **$1.75**

MOISTURE-GUARD CONDITIONER. Rich flowing cream conditioner and dressing fortified with Protein, Lanolin Compound and Panthenol. Helps prevent dryness and brittleness... restores and sustains the natural moisture balance of the hair. 7-oz., **$1.75**

CRYSTAL CLEAR HAIR SPRAY. An invisible spray with no lacquer or "goo." Anti-static: will not attract dirt and dust, so hair stays clean-looking longer. Contains Lanolin Compound to help condition as it holds plus Panthenol Vitamin. 7-oz., **$1.75**; 15¼-oz., **$2.50**

STAR-SHINE HAIR GLOSS SPRAY. Formulated with delicate oils to add gleaming highlights to the hair. Not a holding spray, it just adds glow, while Lanolin Compound helps to condition hair. Ideal for tinted and bleached hair. 4-oz. **$1.75**

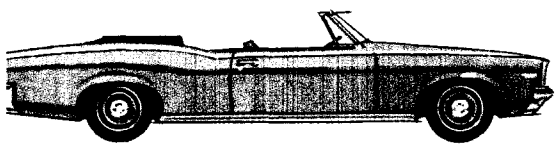
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTHING TO BUY, WRITE OR FIGURE OUT

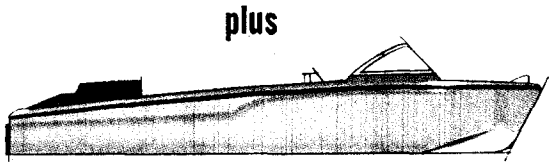
the winner receives all this!

1966 PONTIAC TEMPEST CONVERTIBLE

The all-new wide-track tiger with the unique overhead cam engine. A car that means excitement from the word "Go!"



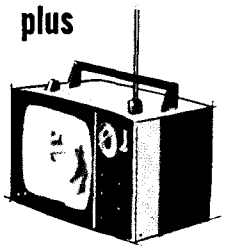
plus



16-FT. LONE STAR BOAT WITH 50-HP. MOTOR

You'll join America's fastest-growing weekend habit in this sleek and powerful beauty.

plus



TWO SONY PORTABLE TV'S

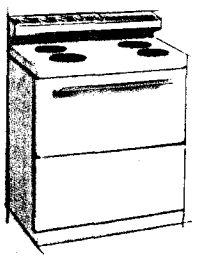
A fully transistorized Sony TV for *both* the Pontiac Tempest and the Lone Star boat! Clear, bright pictures everywhere you go.

10 lucky winners will receive

WESTINGHOUSE 13.5-CUBIC FOOT REFRIGERATOR

Dependable Westinghouse 2-door refrigerator-freezer with spacious fresh food storage, full-width top freezer. In color!

plus



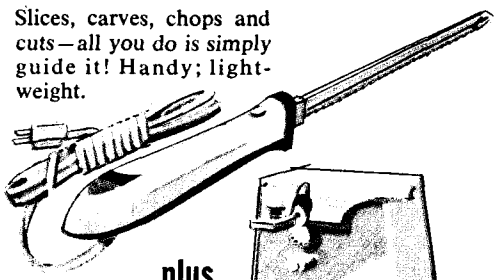
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC RANGE

The lucky winner will find cooking more fun—and so much easier with this beautiful, full-feature range. Beautiful colors!

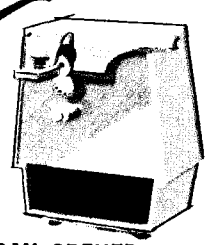
1000 lucky winners will receive

RIVAL ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE

Slices, carves, chops and *cuts—all you do is simply* guide it! Handy; lightweight.



plus



RIVAL ELECTRIC CAN OPENER

Whether you open one can or dozens a day, you'll appreciate Rival's easy operation. Leaves safe, smooth edge.

You may already be a winner in Rexall's Super Plenamins Match And Win Sweepstakes! And every winner wins not one but two exciting prizes! First Prize winner also receives 2 Sony portable TV's—one in the Pontiac Tempest Convertible, one included with the Lone Star Boat! Check your coupon!

SWEEPSTAKES RULES

1. Compare the symbols on your coupon with the NEW Super Plenamins carton on display in your Rexall Drug Store. Match all five symbols with the carton and you're the First Prize winner! Match any four symbols and you're a Second Prize winner! Match any three symbols and you're a Third Prize winner! The wording or appearance of the symbols as they appear on your coupon must be identical with those on the carton. You are not required to make any purchase to win a prize.*

2. If your coupon is a winner, send it together with your name and address clearly printed, and the name and address of your Rexall store by registered mail to Reiter-Ross Premium and Contest Division, Inc., Box SP-9, Collingswood, New Jersey 08108, an independent judging organization that will verify your winning symbols. Upon verification you will be notified of prize arrangements for delivery of your prize.

3. Winners must be postmarked no later than midnight September 30, 1966, and received by October 5, 1966. Only one winner per family (same name and address) will be allowed. Employees of the Rexall Drug Company, its subsidiaries, affiliates, franchised dealers and advertising agencies, Reiter-Ross Premium and Contest Division, Inc. and members of their families are not eligible to enter this sweepstakes.

4. Employees of their families of Rexall Drug Stores, the Rexall Drug & Chemical Company, its subsidiaries, affiliates, franchised dealers and advertising agencies, Reiter-Ross Premium and Contest Division, Inc. and members of their families are not eligible to enter this sweepstakes.

5. Sweepstakes open to all residents of the United States except where void or prohibited by local or state laws.

*For a sample of the winning symbols, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Rexall Drug Company, Box 3157 Terminal Annex Post Office, Los Angeles, Calif. 90054

SUPER PLENAMINS ARE SOLD ONLY IN THE STORE WITH THIS SIGN

Rexall

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS MATCH THIS COUPON WITH THE SYMBOLS ON THE NEW SUPER PLENAMINS CARTON

ARE YOU A WINNER?

Take this coupon to your Rexall Store when you shop. Match these symbols with the *New* Super Plenamins carton—to see if you've won.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
	The vitamin for competitive people		Take one Super Plenamins tablet each day.	Helps guard against vitamin-mineral insufficiencies.

IF ANY THREE SYMBOLS MATCH...you've won Third Prize!
IF ANY FOUR SYMBOLS MATCH...you've won Second Prize!
IF ALL FIVE SYMBOLS MATCH...you've won First Prize!

1011 PRIZES OFFERED IN ALL!

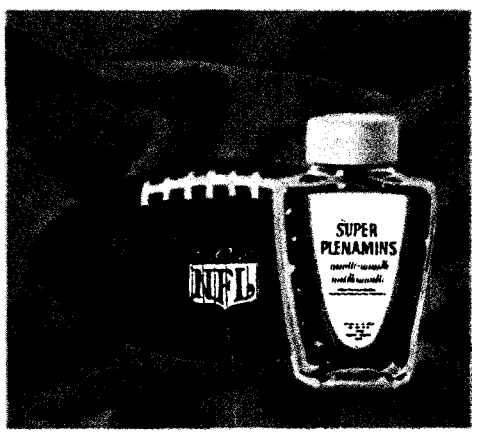
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now...
Rexall Super Plenamins is the official vitamin of all 20 teams* in the American and National Baseball Leagues

Rexall Super Plenamins continues its unparalleled winning streak! The vitamin selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team... and already on the training tables of the 15 National Football League Teams... Rexall Super Plenamins is now the choice of all 20 teams in the American and National Baseball Leagues. There's never been a winner like it – and small wonder. Just one daily Super Plenamins tablet supplies 11 vitamins and 8 minerals including iron, plus liver concentrate. The cost? Merely pennies per day. Give your family's diet the protection of champions. Put the leader—Rexall Super Plenamins—on your table.

Rexall Super Plenamins—the vitamin for competitive people

Selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team

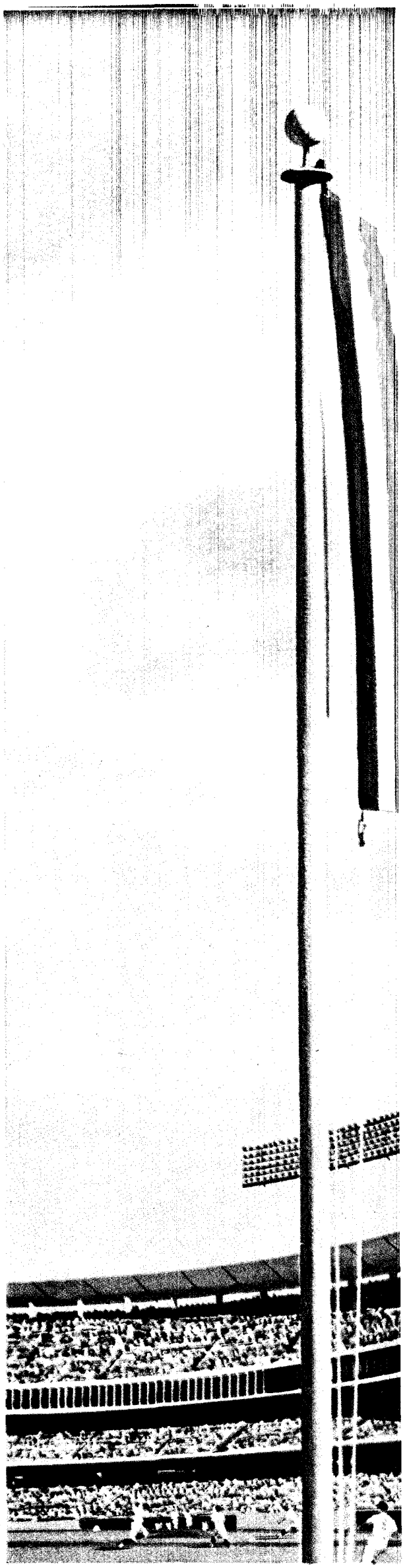


Training table vitamin of all 15 National Football League Teams

*American League: Baltimore Orioles, Boston Red Sox, Chicago White Sox, Cleveland Indians, Detroit Tigers, Kansas City Athletics, California Angels, Minnesota Twins, New York Yankees, Washington Senators. National League: Atlanta Braves, Chicago Cubs, Cincinnati Reds, Houston Astros, Los Angeles Dodgers, New York Mets, Philadelphia Phillies, Pittsburgh Pirates, St. Louis Cardinals, San Francisco Giants.

SUPER PLENAMINS ARE SOLD ONLY IN REXALL STORES. LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Rexall



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look for America's largest selling vitamin-mineral product in this proud new package

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

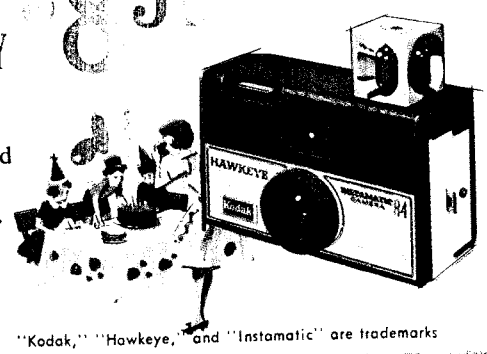
A REXALL ONE-TIME

You can get this Kodak Instamatic Camera or this Udico Broilmaster at these special prices when you buy any of the Rexall products below

A $15.00 VALUE

KODAK HAWKEYE INSTAMATIC CAMERA ONLY $5

The Hawkeye Instamatic R4 camera . . . pop on a flashcube and you're ready to take four flash pictures without changing bulbs. Drop in a Kodapak film cartridge, the R4 is loaded—no fussing, threading.

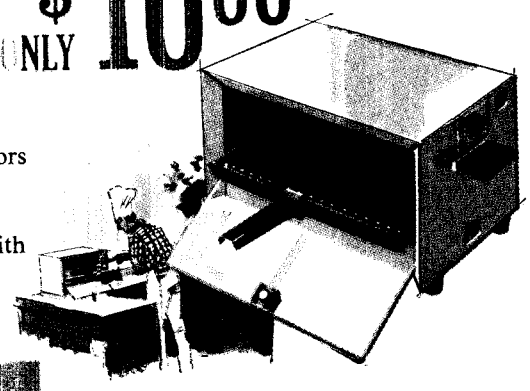


"Kodak," "Hawkeye," and "Instamatic" are trademarks

A $15.00 VALUE

UDICO BROILMASTER ONLY $10.00

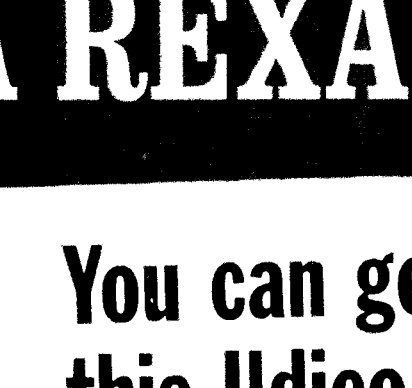
Electric table-top broiler that also grills, toasts, bakes, warms. Use indoors and keep kitchen cool; outdoors for patio cooking. 6-Position thermostat control; glass door; adjustable tray with removable handle.



HERE'S ALL YOU DO: Purchase any one of the 5 Rexall products shown below. Attach carton top or sales receipt to check or money order made out to "Camera Offer" or "Broilmaster Offer."

For camera, mail to: CAMERA OFFER, P.O. Box 11, Sierra Madre, California 91024

For Broilmaster, mail to: BROILMASTER OFFER, 1801 S. Olive Street, Los Angeles, California 90015



Fast, prolonged relief from acid-upset stomach

REXALL BISMA-REX 50 tablets or 5-oz. powder **98¢**

6 active ingredients work in relays to relieve heartburn, gas and acid-upset stomach. You feel better in seconds, yet relief lasts for hours.

So refreshing you'd never know it's also antiseptic

REXALL DENTAL-REX pint **98¢**

Use Dental Rex—the antibacterial mouthwash and gargle—for a clean mouth, a clean breath, a clean taste. Helps to relieve minor sore throat. A pleasant tasting mouthwash the whole family will enjoy using daily.

Even in summer you need vitamin protection

REXALL B & C CAPS

help prevent deficiency in B-complex, C vitamins 100's $5.95

Easy-to-take dietary supplement for treatment of deficiencies of the B-complex and C vitamins that aren't stored by the body and should be replenished. Daily dosage recommended.

7 Powerful ingredients including Vitamin C to help fight miseries of colds or hayfever allergies

REXALL SUPER ANAPAC

24's **98¢**

Super Anapac quiets headaches, dries up simple sinus area congestion, eases muscular aches, pains, reduces fever. Nothing finer for a cold. Super Anapac cough syrup, 3-oz. **$1.49**

Kill muscular pain where it hurts...

REXALL THRU

2-oz. **$1.49**

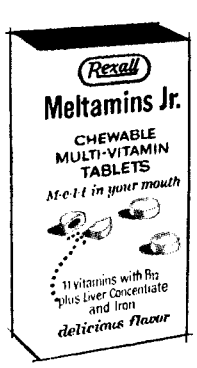
Actually goes through the skin into muscular tissue to nerve endings to stop pain at source.

The only children's chewable vitamin with liver concentrate

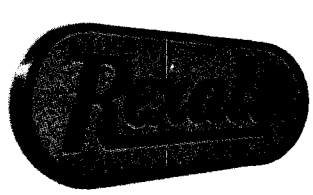
REXALL MELTAMINS JR.

60's **$3.29**

11 Vitamins plus valuable liver concentrate and iron—all the essential vitamins normally needed ages 1-12.



REXALL DRUG PRODUCTS ARE SOLD ONLY AT THE STORE WITH THIS SIGN



This advertisement is presented on behalf of more than 10,000 independent pharmacists who recommend and feature products bearing the brand of the Rexall Drug Company. These suggested retail prices are subject to taxes as applicable. Premium offer valid only in the U.S.A. Right reserved to limit quantities subject to compliance with applicable laws. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles, California 90054.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continued from page 50

except I had to traverse a little, and I cranked off about thirty rounds and dropped 'em right there."

"Did they scream?"

"If they did I didn't hear 'em."

"I bet you got a medal."

"For that? Naw. The skipper didn't even like it much. He wanted a prisoner. He thought I should of just run out there and said, 'You two gooks are under arrest.'"

"You should of got a medal."

"You don't get medals for things like that. Unless you're a officer. They give 'em to each other."

"If I had killed anybody I don't think I could sleep at night."

"That's what we was there for."

"I know that, but still."

"It didn't bother me none. It wasn't no more than shooting squirrels. Naw, it wasn't as much, because squirrels don't try to kill *you*."

"I never even seen anybody dead close up, and I don't want to either."

"If them two had dropped down flat when that flare went off, I couldn't of depressed my gun down far enough to hit 'em."

"Come on now, hon, and sit up a minute. I'm about to fall off this seat."

Norwood sat up and moved over to his side and lighted a cigarette. Rita Lee didn't exactly want this total disengagement. She snuggled up against him and put his arm, dead weight, across her shoulders.

"You're a lot heftier than Wayne is," she said. "He's tall and stringy. His best friend in the Marines is a nigger. Otis Webb. What it is, Wayne likes nigger music and nigger jokes. He can talk like one pretty good. After he got his car him and Otis robbed every soft-drink machine in the county. People commenced rolling 'em inside at night. Otis had to go to reform school because he was sixteen and a nigger, and the judge told Wayne he could either go to the pen or the Marines. Wayne took me out to eat at Otis's house one time, and their floor was as clean as any shirt you got in your drawer. . . . You're not even listening to me."

"Yes I am."

"Let me have a drag off that cigarette."

"This Wayne don't sound like much to me."

"Well, he's sorry in a lot of ways, I never said he wasn't, but he's got a kind heart. I'll say this—the world would be a better place to live in if everybody was as nice to niggers as Wayne."

"I guess you got your mind set on marrying him."

"I don't know if I do or not, and that's the gospel truth. I don't know if I'm coming or going, my heart is so mixed up."

"What do you aim to do if he don't want to get married?"

"Well, I thought some about staying with my sister in Augusta and getting in beautician school. She teaches at Mr. Lonnie's School of Hair Design. But she's so funny about people staying with her. She gets to where she won't talk and slams doors. It's pure meanness is what it is. She needs somebody to just slap the snot out of her."

"You could go with me."

"Go with you and do what?"

"Just go with me. Go to Shreveport with me."

"You mean get *married?*"

"You don't have to get married to go to Shreveport with somebody."

"Boy, that's a good one."

"Well, you don't."

"Rita Lee Chipman does, hon."

"Maybe we'll get married, then. When we get to Shreveport."

"You're just saying that."

"Naw I'm not."

"Yes you are."

"Naw I'm not. Really."

"I can't tell if you're serious or not, Norwood. I don't even know you. You meet somebody on a bus and ask them to marry you right off. You must think I'm just a plaything of love."

"Naw I don't."

"You don't even know me."

"I know you well enough."

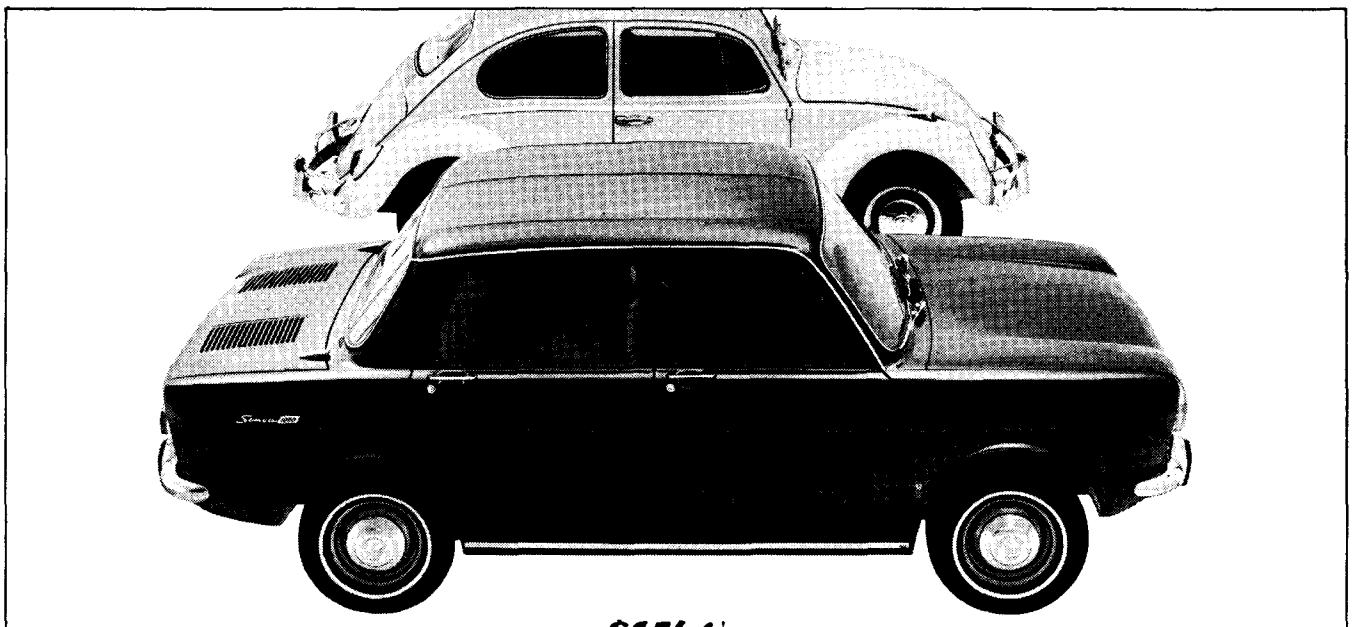
"What do you like about me?"

"Well. A lot of things. I like the way you look."

"I'll tell you this—I don't like to have tricks played on me. I read a true story the other day about a girl that fell in love with a good-looking novelties salesman and he took her to Lewisville, Kentucky, and then run off and left her there at a motel that had a little swimming pool out front. She didn't know a soul in Lewisville, Kentucky. She didn't hardly have a change of clothes. She was just walking around the streets there thinking every minute somebody was gonna jump out and get her."

"Did she go in that pool any?"

"Some woman from the courthouse come and got her and put her in a



$1564†

For the price of a VW you get:
2 extra doors.
More room inside.
A 5-year/50,000-mile warranty*
More horsepower.
And $21 in change.

We'll be the first to admit that a VW at $1585† is a whale of a buy. You just can't do much better.

Except to buy a Simca for $21 less.

Both cars give you a tough economy import with engine in the rear, 4-on-the-floor gear shift, and independent suspension.

After that, Simca parlays into the rather juicy advantages above.

And a few more below.

$21 less gets you Simca's squared-off look that pays off in extra space where it's nice to have. Inside the car. Inside the trunk.

$21 less gets you greater horsepower for friskier action through the gears. With Simca, you don't grow arm weary down-shifting in traffic.

Simca also begets a bit more economy in the mpg department. 33 per on the average, based on Chrysler proving ground tests.

It gets you a water-cooled engine, too. Instead of one that's air-cooled. So you pay for a little anti-freeze each fall. But you enjoy a hot-water heater all winter.

That's quite a lot for a $21 saving to deliver, wouldn't you say?

Go see your Simca dealer. And get it all going for you.

SIMCA DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

***SIMCA 1000's 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty coverage:** Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, against defects in material and workmanship and will replace or repair at an Authorized Simca Dealer's place of business the engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, Trans-Axle parts and rear wheel bearings of the Simca 1000, provided the owner changes engine oil and re-torques cylinder head at first 600 miles and thereafter changes engine oil every three months or every 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; cleans oil separator every six months (spring and fall); cleans carburetor air filter every 6 months and replaces it every 2 years; cleans the crankcase ventilator valve oil filler cap and changes Trans-Axle lubricant every 6 months or 8,000 miles, whichever comes first; and every 6 months furnishes evidence of this service to an Authorized Simca Dealer or other Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and asks him to certify receipt of such evidence and his car's mileage.

†Mfr's suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. Whitewalls extra. For special savings on overseas delivery, see your local Simca Dealer.

SIMCA

63

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home. That's where she wrote the story from, it said."

"Well. I told you what I would do."

"I'd have to tell Wayne."

"You could write him a card."

"That wouldn't be right. Either way I'll have to go down there and talk to him."

"You want me to go with you?"

"You better just do what you want to do."

"I'll go down there with you, then."

"I was wondering if you would say that."

"Right here is where your novelties salesman would back out."

"Norwood, I think I'm falling in love with you. If you were sick I would look after you and bathe you."

'Yeah, but don't talk so loud."

"I wonder if you really love me. Do you?"

"Yeah."

"Do you think you can say it?"

"I will sometime. Not on the bus."

"You don't mind saying it in a song, why can't you say it talking?"

"A song is different. You're just singing."

"It's not hard for people who really mean it to say it."

"It is if somebody's trying to make you say it. When somebody gets your arm around behind you and wants to make you say 'calf rope,' well, you don't want to say it then."

They reached Jacksonville, North Carolina, in the very early morning. The sun was not hot yet, but it was bright and painful to their grainy eyes. A dozen or so Marines in limp khaki were hanging about the station, waiting for the last liberty bus out to Camp Lejeune. Fatigue and unhappiness were in their faces, as of young men whose shorts are bunching up. A city cop and an MP sat slumped down in a squad car outside, too bored or tired even to go to the trouble of looking mean. On a bench inside the station some mail-order chicks were cheeping away in a perforated box. Norwood and Rita Lee passed on through to the café and had an unpleasant breakfast.

Rita Lee was out of sorts. Her cheeks were red from all the nuzzling, and she had rubbed them down with some powerful cream. Norwood commented on the smell of it.

"Maybe if you'd ever shave some time I wouldn't have to use it," she said.

"I don't have all that stiff a beard."

"What happened to my face, then?"

"I don't know. I can use a regular blade five times."

The waitress was at the end of the counter, filling sugar dispensers with a scoop. "Hey, Red," she called out, "is y'all's sugar thing full?"

"Yeah, it's all right," said Norwood. "We're too sweet as it is anyway." This brought a chuckle from the waitress.

"I guess you'd like to take *her* to Shreveport with you," said Rita Lee.

"She don't have enough meat on her bones," he said.

Norwood's idea was to go through channels, to call the reception center at the base and have this Wayne sent to the proper visiting place at the proper time. Rita Lee didn't like the idea because it alerted Wayne and gave him time to hide or flee. Her plan was simply to go out there, personally track him down, and suddenly appear at his side. Norwood could not convince her that this was unrealistic thinking. That was the way she wanted to do it. And furthermore, she didn't want him going out there with her now. Her mind was made up. He could wait on her here in town if he was of a mind to. She would be back whenever she got back.

"What time?" he said.

"How do I know? Why? You figuring on leaving?"

"Naw. I just wondered. So I could be here."

"I don't know how long I'll be."

"You ought to be back by dinnertime, don't you think?"

"I can't say, because I don't know."

"Well, I'll be here looking for you about one."

"I wonder if you will be."

"Yeah, well, I know I'll be here. You worry about your own self being here."

When the shuttle bus backed out of the dock, Norwood waved bye to her with one finger. She looked at him, but she didn't wave. He watched the bus until it was gone. She wouldn't be back, and he had lost a day and $4.65 getting his ticket changed. *Take care of him and bathe him!* He would wait until one o'clock but no longer.

He walked down the town's long main street, but nothing much seemed to be open. The penny arcade was buttoned up tight. A long-armed Negro boy was squeegeeing the windows at a ten-cent store, where they were having a Harvest of Values Sale. The bargains were spilling out of a big gold-foil cornucopia, artistically mixed in with one short ton of candy corn. Norwood's eye was attracted to the Xtra-Soft Finespun Cotton T-shirts with Reinforced Necks, three for $1.29.

"Will them T-shirts hold up?"

"What?" said the squeegee boy.

"Them T-shirts you got on a special there, will they draw up on you after you wash 'em?"

"They'll all draw up some."

"That ain't a bad price. I might be back and get me a half a dozen of them dudes. I'm always out of T-shirts."

"You know you right? Man can't have too many of 'em."

Down the street a way, Norwood stopped at a hardware store, thinking he would go in and run his hand through the turnip seed and look at the knives and see how much shotgun shells cost in North Carolina. He shook the door, but it was locked. So was the furniture store next door. There was a white card behind the door glass with a phone number on it, and it said to call R. T. Baker in case of emergency. *Hello, Baker? I hate to bother you at home, but I need a chair right now!* There was a tattoo parlor close by, and Norwood looked at the dusty samples in the window.

He had a $32.50 black panther rampant on his left shoulder, teeth bared and making little red claw marks on his arm. He had never been happy with it. Not because it was a tattoo and you couldn't get it off—so what?—but because it was not a good panther. Something about the eyes; they were not fully open, and the big jungle cat seemed to be yawning instead of snarling. Norwood had complained at the time, and the tattoo man in San Diego said it wouldn't look that way after it had scabbed over and healed. Once in Korea he had sat down with some matches and a pin and tried to fix the eyes, but it had only made them worse. Many times he wished he had gotten a globe-and-anchor with a serpentine banner under it saying "U.S. Marines . . . First to Fight." To have more than one tattoo was foolishness.

It got hotter, and white town soon ran into colored town. Norwood heard movement in one of the beer joints, and the door opened when he tried it. A Negro woman was standing on a chair, painting the wall dusty pink with a roller. "We closed, hat man," she said.

"Yeah?"

"It's off limits for you anyhow."

"It ain't nothing off limits for me. I ain't even in the service."

"Let in the civilian, Ernestine," said a funny quacking voice.

Norwood was already inside. A big window fan was blowing hot air across the room. The woman got down from the chair, grumbling, and made a fuss getting the door latched. "You the last one coming in till I get that wall painted, I don't care who it is. You better not be over the hill either."

The man with the funny voice was a midget of inestimable age. He was sitting on the end of the bowling-machine runway with his legs crossed, wearing a seersucker suit, an untied black bow tie, and black-and-white wing-tip shoes. On his face was a look of weary petulance. "Do go on with your work, Ernestine," he said. "I'll keep tabs on this young man." He seemed to be drunk, or at least tight.

Norwood got a can of beer from the cooler, which had a chunk of ice floating in rusty cold water that made his hand hurt. DO NOT SET ON DRINK BOX said a handwritten sign taped to the side. On the wall behind the counter another sign said IF YOU CAN GET CREDIT AT THE POST OFFICE YOU CAN GET CREDIT HERE. Norwood leaned on the box and drank his beer.

"Are you staring at me, you lout?" said the midget.

Norwood turned away from him and watched the paint being rolled on.

"It's very rude, you know. No, you probably don't know. Tell me, what is your I.Q.? It would interest me to know that figure. Do you know? No, that's a foolish question."

Norwood turned back. "My service G.C.T. was a hundred and twenty-five, shorty. All you got to have for O.C.S. is a hundred and twenty. I thought it was a right good score myself."

"Provoked you, eh? Now I demand to know your name."

"Yeah, well, I'd like to know yours first."

'I see. So that's the way it is. I don't suppose you've ever heard of Edmund B. Ratner, the world's smallest perfect man?"

"I can't say I have, naw."

"That's a pity." The midget held up a beer can. "Look here, this is quite empty. Be a sport and fetch me another. My foot is asleep."

Norwood looked at him for a moment, then got a beer out of the cooler and took it to him. "You're too kind," said the little man. "Sit down, sit down. Here's to your wonderful country."

Norwood sat at a table, and the little man took a long pull from the can, pooched his belly out and slapped it with both hands. It was a sizable paunch. "Disgusting, isn't it? I told you a lie a minute ago. I am not actually the world's smallest perfect man. Not any more. I *do* have reason to believe that I am the world's smallest perfect *fat* man."

"Well, my G.C.T. ain't a hundred and twenty-five either."

"Good for you. You're a better sort than I took you for."

"You not from around here, are you?"

"Good heavens, no. I'm in show biz."

"I figured you must be with some circus."

"Yes, funny little chaps cavorting under the big top. Do you think all midgets work for circuses?"

"I figured *you* did."

"It's true enough, I did. All the best ones too. The Cirque d'Hiver, the Moscow State Circus, Ringling Brothers. But the truth of the matter is, my friend, I am now on the way down."

"I'm trying to get in show business myself. Hillbilly music. You probably don't like it."

"On the contrary, I do. Some of it. Hank what's-his-name—?"

"Hank Williams?"

"No."

"Hank Thompson?"

"No."

"Hank Locklin?"

"No."

"Hank Snow?"

"That's it, Hank Snow. . . 'cause I

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It seems that everywhere we go the natives are gay and full of laughter."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIG HOTPOINT SUMMER SALE

NEW! LOW-PRICED!

"No-Frost 17"

$298*

No-Frost Freezer • No-Frost Refrigerator

New "No-Frost 17" refrigerator rolls out on wheels for easy cleaning

Big inside—16.6 cu. ft. N.E.M.A. capacity—yet only 32" wide and 65½" tall. Fits kitchens like older 12 footers. You get a 12.7 cu. ft. No-Frost refrigerator section and a 138 lb. No-Frost freezer section. There's a separate temperature-control for both refrigerator and freezer. Greatest refrigerator value ever! Model CTF117G

Low-priced **$298***

3 beautiful ways to save money!

Multi-cycle, 2 speed washer has 16 lb. capacity —all-porcelain finish

Low-priced **$189***

Washer handles 2 to 16 pound loads. Two speeds, multi-cycle, three wash temperatures and three water levels give you better results with all your laundry. Has all-porcelain finish, outside and in. Model LW670

New Total-Clean range has oven walls you slide out, sponge clean

Low-priced **$199***

Easy to clean all over! Removable Teflon-coated oven walls—plus oven door, storage drawer and drip pans that slip off for quick cleaning. Model RB540

*Prices and terms optional with your local Hotpoint dealer, except where fair traded. Prices higher in Hawaii.

Hotpoint

first with the features women want most

Hotpoint—General Electric Co., • Chicago, Illinois 60644

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

got a pretty mama in Tennessee and I'm movin' on, I'll soon be gone. . . .' I once lived in a trailer with a geek, a man of heroic depravity, who played that record over and over. He couldn't hear it enough. He was a nasty drunk, a hopeless sort of fellow, always falling asleep with a cigarette and burning his blankets. Well, they wanted burning, I dare say, but I couldn't put up with that. Live with a firebug? It was out of the question. An absolute human wreck."

"Hank Snow's from Canada. The Singing Ranger."

"Are you booked in some club here?"

"I never even been on a stage yet. I'm trying to get started."

"Oh, you'll make it. Stick with it. A matter of time, that's all."

"I hope so."

"No doubt about it. It's really quite funny in a way, our paths crossing like this. You're on the way up, and I'm on the way down. Two curves on a graph intersecting here. Well, that's a bit fanciful. I know I've had too much. But I'm not one of your garrulous, sentimental drunks, so you needn't worry on that score. Dramatizing themselves, as if anyone else cared. No, I've been on my own since I was a child. My father sold me when I was just a pup."

"Sold you?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe that."

"It's true, yes. He sold me to a man named Curly Hill. Those were *dreadful* times! My father, Solomon Ratner, was an educated man, but he was only a junior railway clerk, and there were so many mouths to feed. And imagine, a midget in the house! Well, Curly came to town with his animal show—he toured all the fairs. He saw me at the station and asked me how I would like to wear a cowboy suit and ride an Irish wolfhound. He had a chimp named Bob doing it at the time. I directed him to my father, and they came to terms. I never learned the price, though I expect it was around twenty pounds, perhaps more. Now, understand, I don't brood on it. Curly was like a second father to me, a very decent, humorous man. He came from good people. His mother was the oldest practical nurse in the United Kingdom. I saw her once; she looked like a mummy, poor thing. The pound was worth five dollars at that time."

"Are you with a circus here?"

"No, no! I told you, I left circus work. Now, that was a silly business. I let my appetite run away with me. Pizzas, pastramis, chili dogs—nothing was too gross, and I simply could *not* get enough. Some gland acting up. I grew four inches and gained almost two stone. Well, the upshot was, they took away my billing as World's Smallest Perfect Man and gave it to a little goon who calls himself Bumblebee Billy. I ask you! Bumblebee Billy! All his fingers are like toes. Needless to say, I was furious, and I said some regrettable things to the boss. The long and short is, I was sacked altogether."

"Them are regular little hands you got."

"Of course they are."

"If you was out somewhere without anything else around, like a desert, and I was to start walking toward you, I would walk right into you because I would think you was further off than what you were."

"I've never heard it put quite that way. Well, it's a matter of scale. I'm not a dwarf, you know."

"Maybe you don't like to talk about it."

"No, it's all right. I'm not the least bit sensitive. I do dislike the way newspapers throw the word around. 'Governor so-and-so is a moral midget.' That annoys me."

"What are you doing now?"

"What indeed? A good question. I would have to say 'nothing.' I've lived in New York for the past two years. Opening supermarkets, you know, with second-rate film cowboys. I was an Easter Bunny for Macy's and a leprechaun in the St. Patrick's Day parade. That sort of thing. *Terrible!* I thought I had touched bottom. Then last month my agent persuaded me to join a U.S.O. troupe as a stooge for this perfectly impossible comedian. You never heard such embarrassing blue jokes in your life! He has little pig eyes that glitter and burn with malice. Just an impossible man to work for! After last night's performance at the Marine post here we were driving back to town and whenever he said anything I would answer, 'Yes, Mr. Pig Eyes' or 'No, Mr. Pig Eyes' or 'Is that so, Mr. Pig Eyes?' He slapped my face—he didn't hit me with his fist—he slapped me, and I gave notice immediately and wired my agent for train fare to the Coast. I'm hopeful of getting some television work."

"You been here drinking all night?"

"Well, no, not here. In my room at the hotel. I was up there drinking gin and pacing about and trying to read a paperback book, but I was much too upset to keep my mind on it. When the gin was gone I came out for some air, and that colored lady there—God bless her!—was kind enough to let me in. I'm still waiting for the money order from my agent."

They drank some more beer and ate boiled eggs and pickles. Edmund showed Norwood some clippings, several in laminated plastic, and some photographs. There was a picture of him and the beloved Curly Hill surrounded by dogs, and one of him and a midget woman, both in fur hats, standing in front of the Kremlin. "I hated Russia," he said. "Such a dreary place! I'm bound to say, though, in all fairness, that midgets are exempt from taxes there. Don't ask me why. One of Stalin's whims, I suppose." He also had a deck of miniature cards, and he demonstrated a royal shuffle.

Norwood told Edmund about his trip and about waiting for Rita Lee. "I guess that sounds pretty dumb to you."

"Not at all," said Edmund. "It rather depends on the girl, doesn't it? Do you love her?"

"Well, yeah."

"Then there's nothing more to be said. I take the simple view. You must marry her. Everyone should be married, and particularly in a vast and lonely country like this. I say that because I was once married myself."

"If she shows up."

"We had three lovely years together. She was Lithuanian, a fair girl, a little Baltic pearl. She was mad for sour cream. It all fell apart, as things will, but still we had the three years. Such memories! She left me for my good friend Laszlo the Cyclist. At least I thought he was my friend. It was very shabby treatment they gave me. Laszlo pretended to an interest in dominoes—that's my game—and it gave him access to our quarters, and opportunities. The thin end of the wedge. Perhaps I was to blame, I don't know. I have my moods. Well, afterward he came to me and said, 'I hope you are not angry.' There's cheek for you! I said, 'No, Laszlo, I am not angry, but I *am* hurt. We can no longer be friends.' I was very sharp with him."

There was a barbecue shack across the street, and Norwood wanted to get some spareribs, but Edmund insisted on going back to the hotel because he was anxious to find out about the money order. Also, he said, his "seat" was in the hotel dining room. He retied his bow tie without a mirror and put on a tan porkpie straw hat with a colorful band, and they sauntered down the street in the noonday sun, Norwood throttling back on his normal pace.

The money order had arrived. The desk clerk gave it to Edmund and said he would have to pick up the money itself at the Western Union office.

"Very good," said Edmund. "But I think Norwood and I shall have our lunch first. Can you recommend anything?"

"The meatloaf is all right."

"Splendid."

Edmund had a low-calorie pear salad and onion soup with croutons and the meatloaf and fried eggplant and blackberry cobbler with whipped cream. He sat up high on his padded riser, the kind of seat used to elevate small boys in barber chairs, except that Edmund's was a customized, collapsible model. Norwood had a DeLuxe Cheeseburger. The food was good, and they ate without talking. There was laughter from an adjoining room where the local Lions were listening to a speech.

At last, out of a thoughtful silence, Norwood said, "What's the most you ever made as a midget?"

"Net or take-home?"

"That first."

"Two seventy-five a week."

"Damn!"

"I didn't save a dime."

"How was that meatloaf?"

"Very good. The cobbler was excellent. You're not taking the train, are you?"

"The bus."

"How far west?"

"Well, to Memphis first."

"See here, I don't know how to put this, exactly. I'm just a bit apprehensive about traveling cross-country in the States alone. It's silly, I know. Civilized country and all that. But you see, I once had a bad experience in Orange, New Jersey. I was all alone. It could have happened anywhere, of course. Mischievous boys, that's all. One of those things. What I'm driving at is this: Would you and your girl friend mind terribly if I sort of tagged along with you? That is, as far as Memphis?"

"Yeah, be glad to have you. The only thing is, I don't know when we'll be leaving. I might have to go out there to the base after her."

"It's an awful intrusion, I know. Still, I thought better for you to be inconvenienced than me in a state of terror. I won't get in the way. I realize three's a crowd."

"Well, not on a bus it ain't, so much."

"This is very good of you. I do carry a tear-gas fountain pen, but I can't say it gives me much confidence. I just know it will misfire when I need it. And that's the kind of thing that would make a bully even madder."

The man at the Western Union office gave Edmund some trouble because the name was spelled "Batner" on the money order. Edmund had asked for two hundred dollars, but the agent had sent only one hundred, along with a message saying, NO MORE ADVANCES FAT MIDGET. SEE FARBER COASTWARD. MILT. Edmund went into a theatrical fury and clapped various cards and credentials down on the counter—or rather, up on the counter. The suspicious clerk examined them one by one, affecting to read all the print on them. It was clear that he disapproved of people whose affairs were so mismanaged they had to have money wired to them.

"Look here, sir," said Edmund, "consider the probabilities. Do you think it very likely that there are *two* fat midgets in this wretched backwater, both expecting money orders from New York? One named Edmund B. *Rat*ner and the other Edmund B. *Bat*ner? *Really!*"

"We have to be careful, bud. You run into some mighty funny things in this business."

"Nothing quite that funny, surely."

"If I make a mistake it's my neck, not yours."

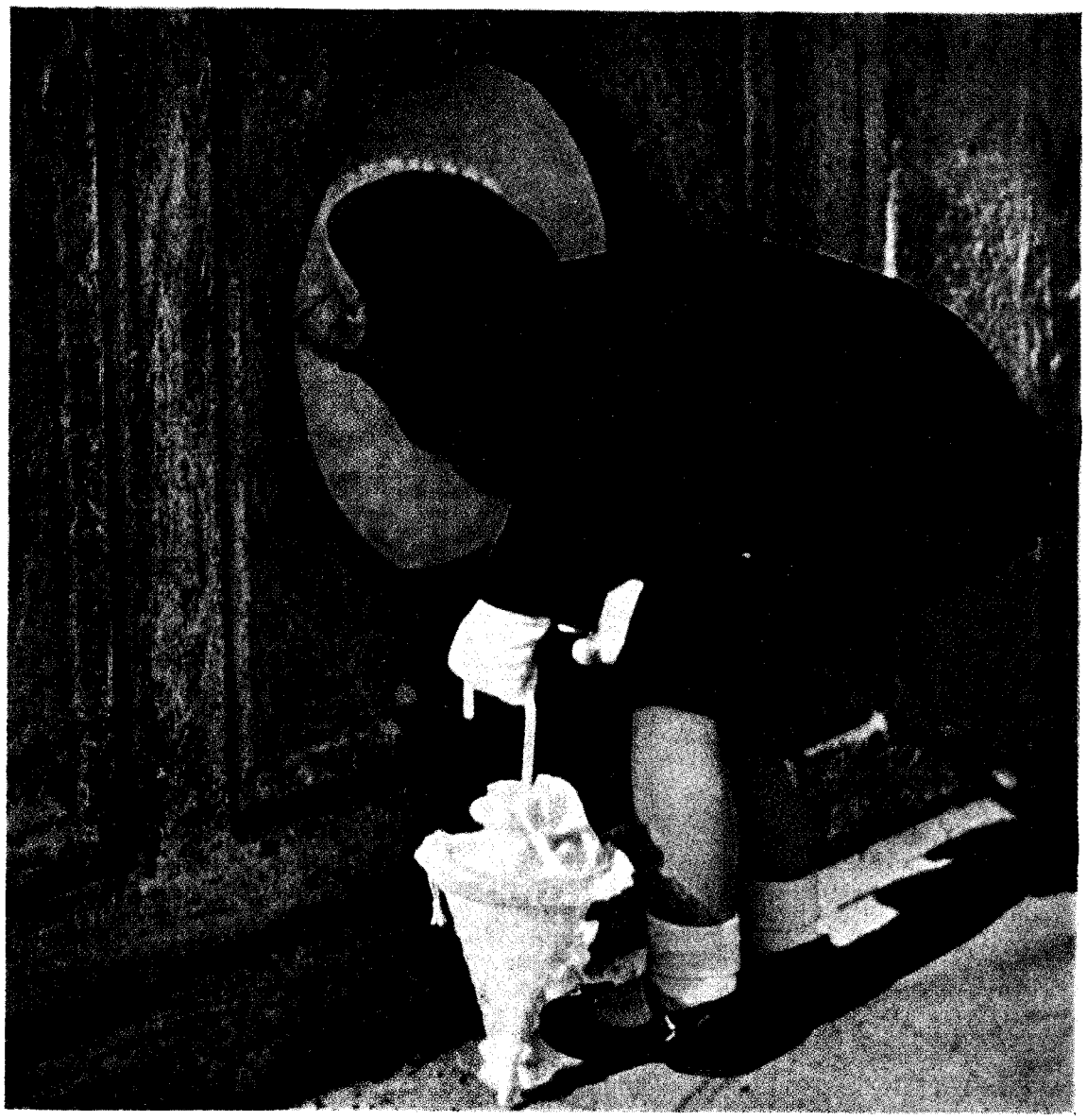
"You *functionary!*"

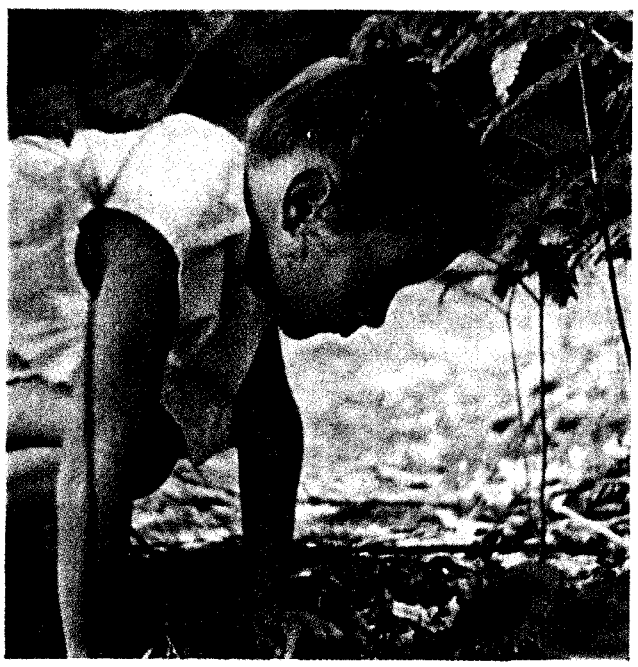
The man satisfied himself that he

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Lion tamer . . . oh, about 140,000 calories."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Curiosity comes out best on Kodak film

The more your pictures mean to you, the more you'll appreciate Kodak film. Roll after roll, Kodak film is *dependable*. Ask for KODACHROME Film for color slides and movies, KODACOLOR for snapshots. And be sure the name Kodak is on the box.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was not being tricked by a cunning gang of midget money-order thieves and released the money, after which Edmund got his bags at the hotel and he and Norwood started for the bus station. On the way they were diverted into the penny arcade. Norwood looked in some disappointing viewers billed "Cuties on Parade" and "Watch Out! Hot Stuff!" and stamped his name on a metal disc, which he threw away because the metal was trashy. They fired an electric rifle at an electric bear and made him growl.

On the sidewalk outside the arcade there was a gaudy, circus-looking cage. Imprisoned in it was a Dominique hen with a tiny scholar's mortarboard on her head, held in place by a rubber band. The sign on the cage said:

JOANN THE WONDER HEN
THE COLLEGE-EDUCATED CHICKEN
ASK JOANN ANY YES OR NO QUESTION
DEPOSIT NICKEL AND SEE ANSWER
BELOW

Joann moved nervously about her tight quarters. Her speckled plumage was all ruffled around her neck, and in other places it sagged. She was hot. There was a crazed look in her eyes.

"Poor devil," said Edmund. "I know just how she feels. This is *criminal*."

"I guess you have to ask her your question out loud," Norwood said.

"Yes, certainly," said Edmund. "And I would pose it as simply as possible."

Norwood stooped over to face the chicken. "Here's my question," he said, then decided not to ask it aloud after all. He inserted the nickel in the slot on the front of the cage. A light flashed, something buzzed, and Joann reached down in the corner and pulled a lanyard with her beak. More buzzing. A slip of paper emerged from below the coin slot. The answer was printed in dim purple ink. "Charity Endureth All Things." Norwood studied it, then showed it to Edmund.

"That's hardly a yes or no," he said. "I don't like this kind of thing. They could at least take her out of the sun." He ran a fingernail across the wire mesh and made affectionate whistling noises at Joann.

Rita Lee was waiting at the station, her face swollen from crying. "I thought you'd gone without me," she said. Norwood started to kiss her, then thought better of it, with so many people around, and gave her an Indian-brave clasp on the shoulder instead. "Wayne is out in the Mediterranean Sea with the Seventh Fleet," she went on, crying again. "But I didn't care anymore. I wanted to go with you all the time. I should of listened to what my heart was telling me last night." She looked up at Norwood through tear-misted eyes, and her hands were trembling in the magic and wonder of the moment.

"I think you must mean the *Sixth* Fleet," said Norwood. "The Seventh Fleet is out in the Pacific."

Edmund was standing off at a discreet distance, looking at the books in a revolving rack. Norwood said, "That midget over there, he's going with us as far as Memphis."

Rita Lee looked at him. "What for? Who is he?"

"His name is Edmund, and he used to work for a circus. His folks sold him. He's going to California now, and he's so little he's afraid somebody is liable to bother him on the way. You be nice to him."

He took her over for introductions. "A pleasure, I'm sure," said Edmund. "I've heard so many nice things about you."

Rita Lee was wiping her face with a handkerchief. "I hate for you to see me looking like this."

"Oh, pooh. You look very sweet, if I may say so."

"That's a nice summer suit," she said. "I like your whole outfit. It's very attractive. You look like a little businessman."

"You're altogether too kind."

There was a wait for the bus. Edmund put on his glasses and got out some thick blue notepaper and shook his fountain pen—not the tear-gas one—and wrote letters. Rita Lee and Norwood sat next to him and held hands, squeezing now and then, until it became moist and uncomfortable. Then Rita Lee got up and wandered around, to the ladies' room and the newsstand, and Norwood talked to a man who said water tables were dropping all over the country.

When their bus was called, Norwood was looking around for a big paper sack, but he couldn't find one. He borrowed Rita Lee's shopping bag and tamped her clothes down in it. "You and Edmund take my stuff and get on the bus and get us a seat. I'll be right back."

He walked quickly down the street to the penny arcade and opened the trap door of Joann's cage and took Joann out and put her in the bag. The woman from the change booth came out and said, "What do you think you're doing?"

"I come to get this chicken."

"Oh yeah? What for?"

Norwood draped a nylon slip over Joann's head. "I got to give her a shot."

"Oh yeah?"

He walked quickly back to the station and boarded the bus. The driver punched his ticket without looking twice at the mystery parcel. Norwood made his way back to where Rita Lee was waving to him and sat down beside her. He put the bag on the floor between his feet and lifted the slip just enough to expose Joann's head. Rita Lee stared. "It's a Dominecker chicken on my clothes," she said.

From across the aisle, Edmund peered over his glasses. "Norwood, how very plucky!"

"I don't want her on my clothes," said Rita Lee.

"Don't you like chickens?"

"I hate chickens. They have mites. They're filthy dirty nasty things. All they do is mess up the yard."

"This one has had training," said Edmund.

"I don't care nothing about that."

"I like chickens," said Norwood. "You can go in a chicken house at night, and they're all sitting there on them poles facing the front like they was riding an elevator."

"Norwood, I don't want that chicken on my clothes!"

"There's plenty of room over here," said Edmund.

Norwood lifted Joann from the bag and passed her across. Edmund placed her beside him in a sitting position, her feet splayed out in front and her head upright against the back of the seat. It was an extraordinary position for a chicken, but Joann was dazed and limp from all the excitement. Rita Lee began to shake out her clothes.

Norwood soon fell asleep, drowsy from the beer and food and movement. Rita Lee and Edmund talked about horror movies and ate their way steadily through the Great Smoky Mountains. At each rest stop the ravenous little man would get off and bring back new supplies of pop and corn chips and peanut-butter crackers.

Just before dark Norwood was roused from his nap by a small boy who was causing an offensive disturbance. The boy was running up and down the aisle, making the sound of breaking wind by pumping down on a hand cupped under his armpit. Norwood grabbed him and shook him and sent him crying to his grandmother.

Rita Lee said, "That was mean, Norwood."

"Well, that kid was out of line."

"You didn't get your nap out and you're cross."

Norwood stretched and looked over at Edmund and Joann.

"I gave her some water from a paper cup," said Edmund. "I broke up some peanuts for her too. I do think she's coming around."

"Y'all get along pretty good," said Norwood. "You ought to take her out to Hollywood with you. Get her in television."

"I expect I'll have my hands full getting myself into television."

"She's plenty smart for a chicken."

"There's no question about it. I'm sure a good agent could get her something."

"Norwood?" said Rita Lee, rubbing a finger over the scar on the back of his neck.

"What?"

"I know what kind of ring I want. It doesn't cost a whole lot either. It's one diamond in the middle and two little ones on the sides with things like vines holding 'em on."

"That's what we'll get, then."

"You know what would be nice? Listen to this. What we ought to do is get us some Western outfits that would be just alike except mine would be for a girl. You see, they would match. Then when we have a little boy we'll get him one too. Oh, yeah, and if it's a girl I want to name her Bonita. I could probably make her outfit myself. Anyway we'll all be dressed just alike when we go to church and everything."

"I don't like that idea much."

"Why not?"

"I just don't."

"You didn't get your nap out and you're cross."

That night a suicidal owl flew into the windshield but didn't break it, and later they saw a house or a barn burning out in an open field with no one around to put it out. Still later, trouble developed in the bus. Up front, a sleepy sailor sat down on a milkshake left in his seat by a thoughtless child and was forced to look for a dry place. Edmund stirred just in time to keep him from sitting on Joann. "I'm sorry," he said, holding his hand over her, "this seat is occupied."

The sailor was a second-class bosun's mate with turned-back cuffs and a lot of wrist hair. "That's a chicken," he declared. "You can't save a seat for a chicken. You'll have to put her on the floor, little boy."

Norwood got hold of the sailor's jumper and turned him around. "That ain't a boy, it's a man. You better get you some glasses. Don't sit on that chicken, either."

"You think I'm gonna stand up while a chicken sits down? Well, you got another think coming."

"Go find you another seat."

"There ain't any more."

"What happened to the one you had?"

"There's ice cream in it, if it's any of your business."

"I might make it some of my business."

"Yeah, well, you'll need some help."

"I don't think so."

Rita Lee was frightened. "Norwood didn't get his nap out," she explained to the sailor.

"We'll see what the driver has to say about this," he said.

"There's no need for that," said Edmund. "I can make room for Joann in my seat. Let's not have any more unpleasantness."

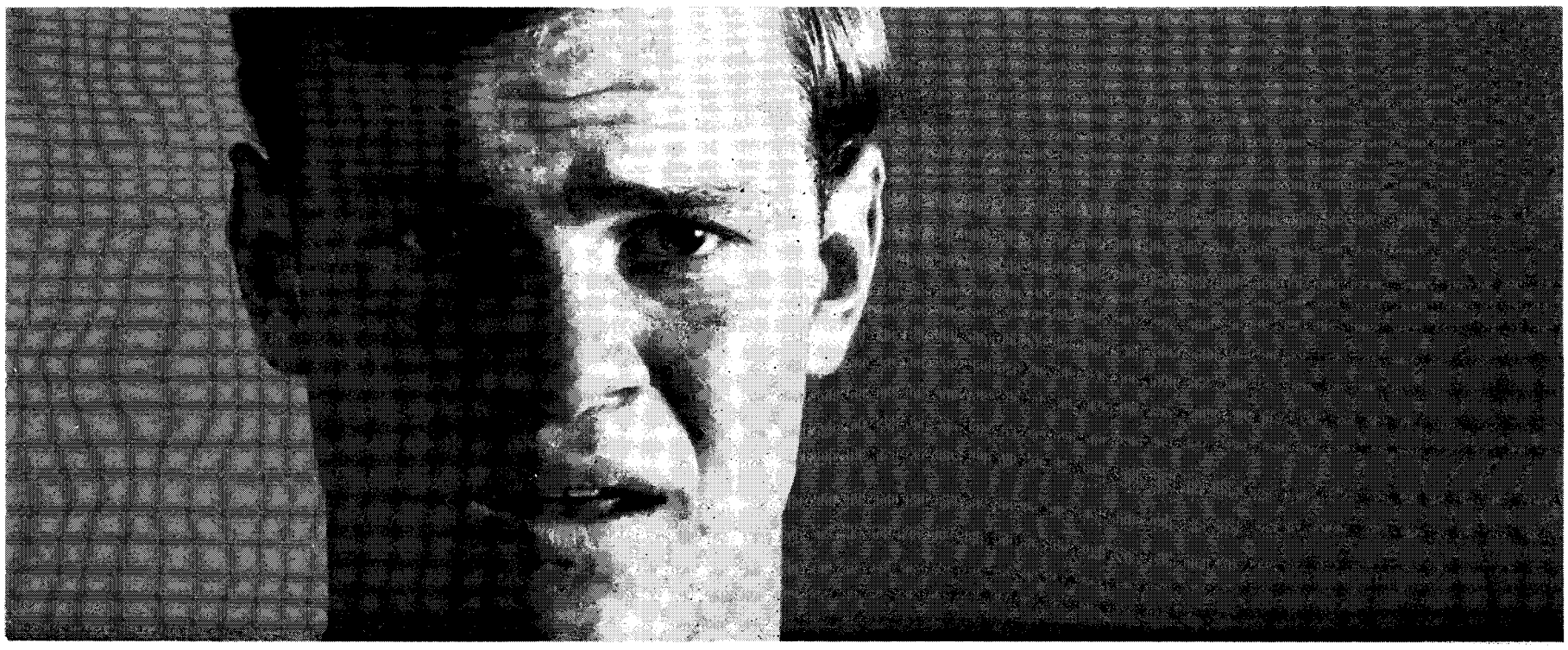
Memphis.

Edmund stood outside the phone booth protesting. "No, really now, I say, it's too much of an imposition ——"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'd like to help your brother, dear, but you have to understand I'm not mayor anymore."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Gee, Dad, you're gonna take my license away for one lousy ticket..?"

The young man is 16. He was doing almost 80 when they caught him. His father went to juvenile court with him. The judge said next time the boy's license would be suspended. His father didn't wait for a next time.

The boy didn't like the idea. "O.K., so I was speeding a little. I knew what I was doing."

He missed the point. Sure, he knew what he was doing. He's young, he has perfect vision and quick reflexes. He knows he reacts faster than many others on the road.

But perfect vision or not, he's blind to the most important rule of the road: responsibility!

The responsible teenage driver knows his limitations. He knows he lacks experience, and drives accordingly. He drives carefully. And with judgment.

By just being 16, he's earned the privilege to drive. Now he has to earn the right to drive.

If he violates that right, even once, he's got to see the wrong of it. A ticket and fine aren't enough. Take his license away, and he'll see.

Sure it's a hard way to learn traffic safety. But it's a lot easier than learning it by accident.

Your teenager's driving can be one of the biggest problems you'll ever face. It's a problem that can't be solved by rules alone. He must *want* to be a safe driver. Your neighborhood new car dealer hopes this series will help you to help him. The National Automobile Dealers Association commends the *Saturday Evening Post* for their cooperation.

THE NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE DEALERS ASSOCIATION
Official organization of America's franchised new-car and truck dealers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hush and be still a minute," said Norwood. He sat down in the booth and closed the glass door. On the pebbled, we-defy-you-to-write-on-this wall someone with an icepick had scratched THE USAF IS CRAP. Under that was WE DIE FOR YOU GUYS—AIRMAN, and under that, YEAH IN CAR WRECKS. Norwood got the operator, who said that Old Carthage, Arkansas, would be a quarter for three minutes.

Joe William's grandmother, Mrs. Whichcoat, answered the phone. "KWOT is the lucky-bucks station."

"Hello," said Norwood.

"Is this KWOT?"

"This is Norwood Pratt over in the Memphis bus station."

"Who are you?"

"I want to talk to Joe William Reese."

"He's outside skinning catfish."

"Can you get him to the phone?"

"I don't know."

Norwood waited. The operator asked for another quarter. Then another. Norwood's ear reddened and got hot and stuck to his head. He shifted the phone to the other side.

Presently, a voice. "Hello?"

"Joe William Reese?"

"Yes, speaking."

"This is First Sergeant Brown at Headquarters, Marine Corps. We've been looking over our books up here and it looks like we owe you some money."

"Yeah? How much?"

"Our books say two thousand and sixty dollars."

"All right, who is this?"

"I told the commandant you'd probably want to give it to the Navy Relief since you never did give any on payday."

"*Norwood!* Where in the hell are you?"

"I'm over here at Memphis in the bus station."

"What are you doing in Memphis?"

"Nothing. Just passing through. I thought I'd stop by and see you. I been waiting on this phone all day. Some old woman went to get you."

"Oh. Grandmother. She's not supposed to answer the phone. You're just in time. We're having a family fish fry this evening. Do you like frog legs?"

"Not much, naw."

"Well, there's plenty of catfish. You should have been with us last night. We caught a mess of 'em."

"Did the turtles get your bait?"

"No, they weren't too active. I think they were all attending a meeting somewhere. Look, it'll take me about forty-five minutes to get there."

"Okay. I got a ——"

"We might bust a watermelon later, you can't tell. Spit seeds on the girls and make 'em cry."

"Wait a minute. Hold on a minute. I got a couple of people with me. Is it okay if they come?"

"I don't see why not."

"One of 'em is a girl."

"That's fine. Anybody I know?"

"Naw, it's just a girl. I met her a couple of days ago. We're thinking about getting married when we get home."

"Boy, that was fast work. What did you do, pick her up on a bus?"

"Yeah."

"Well, sure, bring her on."

"Is there some special place you're supposed to get a wife?"

"No, I guess they're just wherever you find 'em. Buses, drugstores. Don't be so touchy."

"She's good-looking. You never seen me with a girl that looked this good before."

"She sounds like a sweetheart, Norwood. Maybe we can get something in the paper about it: 'Mr. Pratt Reveals Plans.'"

"This othern is a midget."

"I didn't get that."

"I say this othern with me, he's a midget."

"I don't follow. You mean a short guy?"

"Yeah, well, he's short, all right, but he's not *just* short, he's a midget. He used to be in a circus. You know, a midget. His folks sold him."

"To you?"

"Naw, *hell,* Joe William! They sold him when he was a boy. He's about forty-eight years old."

"Okay. Whatever you say. Is there anybody else? Any Japanese exchange students?"

"Naw, that's all. Have you got my money?"

"Yes, I have. I'm working. I've been meaning to send it to you. I'm checking cotton acreage."

"That's a government job?"

"Yeah."

"Do you have to have a education?"

"No, not really. But you have to carry a stick, Norwood. Killer dogs lope out from under houses when you drive up."

"I got a chicken over here too. I forgot about her. Have you got some place to put her?"

"Look, maybe I better charter a bus for your group."

"Don't get smart about it. This ain't a regular chicken. I wouldn't be carrying just a plain chicken around."

"No, I'm sure there's a good reason why you're traveling with a chicken. But I can't think what it is."

"Well, it's too long to explain over the phone. She was in a box in North Carolina answering questions, and it was hot in there."

"I see."

"How's your girl?"

"She's fine. I think she's decided I'm about as good as she's going to do."

Joe William's father, a rangy, worried-looking man in khakis, cooked the fish in two iron skillets on a barbecue furnace under a big black-walnut tree. He talked to Edmund at length about a staging area he had passed through in Northern Ireland in 1944, and said he had always admired the English for their bulldog qualities. Edmund, who had bathed and changed, now wore white linen slacks and a navy-blue blazer from which he kept picking lint.

The front yard was twenty acres or so of Johnson grass with some polled Herefords grazing on it, two of them standing belly-deep in a brown, warm-looking pond. Mr. Reese said Johnson grass had a much higher protein value than people thought, and that it played an important role in his feeding program. He seemed uneasy, as if he were afraid that Edmund was secretly amused by his farming methods. Changing the subject, he said, "I've got eighty papershell pecan trees I'd like to show you before dark."

"I'd like very much to see them," said Edmund.

"Of course, they're not all that much to look at. They're just trees."

The house had a long front porch, with two swings on it. Joe William's girl friend, Kay, sat in one of the swings and made room for Norwood, but he said he didn't like to sit in a swing and eat. He had never had any meals in a swing, but it was something to say. Kay came from a family with a lot of money, and she had been to college in New York. Norwood sat doubled up in a deck chair, hunched forward, the paper plate on the floor between his shoes. He cleaned his bones like a cat and piled them neatly. He didn't want this girl to think he made a mess when he ate. They watched as Joe William, off to fetch ice cream from the store down the road, made a howling, dusty departure in Kay's convertible.

"He's ruining my tires," she said.

"He ain't helping your bad universal joint either," said Norwood.

"What's that?"

"It's a thing on the end of the driveshaft. Yours is shot. You can hear it clicking."

"I better get it fixed."

"You'll have to take that whole shaft out."

"I think I'll have someone else do it. I didn't know you were a mechanic."

"Well, I'm just a shade-tree mechanic. I'd be too slow to make a living at it."

"Have a Fig Newton, Norwood."

"I don't believe I will, thanks. This fish was aplenty. I never was much to eat a cake."

Joe William's mother and grandmother filled Rita Lee in on some people called the Butterfields. Mrs. Whichcoat told about the one who ran up an eleven-hundred-dollar candy bill in Memphis and forced the family to sell a slave to pay it, and about the one who drained the swamps and later agitated unsuccessfully for a statue of himself in the public square, like the one of Popeye in the Texas spinach capital.

"They all pulled out and went down to Louisiana, and just made a world of money doing something," Mrs. Whichcoat said. "I forget now what it was. They knew how to make money, you have to give them that. Do you like that fish?"

"Oh, it's so good," said Rita Lee.

"I bet you never had any that good where you're from."

"No, ma'am, I sure didn't."

"It's not as good as some we've had. Is this your first trip to Arkansas, Wilma Jean?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is," said Rita Lee. "Except to Virginia it's my first real long trip anywhere. I been in seven states now."

"You can see seven states from Rock City in Tennessee," said Mr. Reese. "At least that's what all those bumper signs say. You couldn't prove it by me."

Mrs. Whichcoat turned on Edmund. "Did you ever run across a Dr. Butterfield in Wales?"

"No, but then I've never been in Wales, madam."

"He was a leading practitioner in some well-known city there. I can't remember which one. Cousin Mattie corresponded with him for quite a long time. Lord, he may be dead now. That was about 1912. The preachers nearly drove us all crazy those days talking about the tariff. You don't hear anything about that any more. They're all on integration now."

Mr. Reese wiped his hands on his apron and searched the skies. He said he would be surprised if they didn't get a shower sometime in the night. "That low started moving in here about four-thirty."

They ate up the ice cream Joe William had fetched, and Mrs. Whichcoat sacked all the fishbones for burning, to keep them from the dogs, and gathered what was left of the cornbread balls for her laying hens.

Mrs. Reese said, "Do you have any new hens, Mama?"

The old lady did not answer at once. For some time now people had been closing in on her. She knew how quickly one of these casual openings could land her in a jam. Was this a new attack on her open-range poultry policy? She considered several incriminating possibilities. "No, just the same old ones," she said.

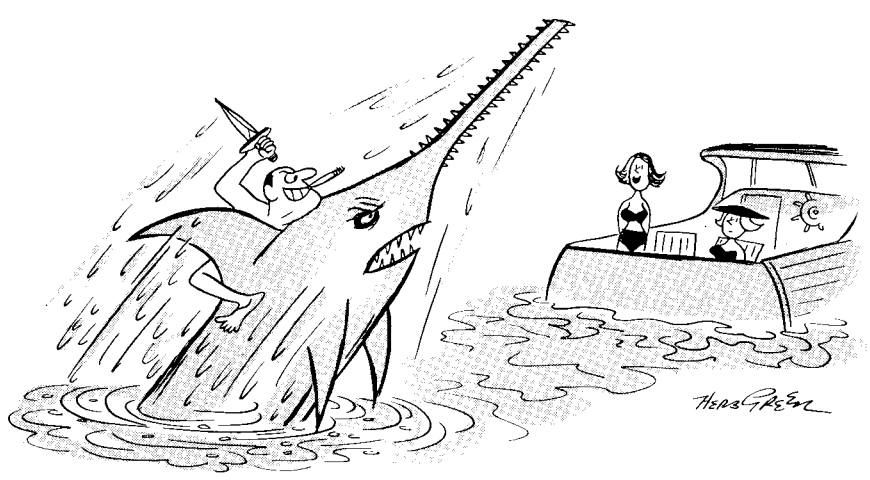
"It's very strange," said Mrs. Reese. "I was looking out the bathroom window while ago and I thought I saw one out there with a hat on."

"That one belongs to Norwood," said Joe William. "It's a wonder chicken he brought in from North Carolina."

"Oh, it belongs to *these* people," she said. "I wondered. I couldn't imagine."

"That's pretty funny," said Mr. Reese. "A chicken wearing a hat. I never heard of anything like that before. I guess there's a first time for everything, though."

Later Norwood and Rita Lee went around back to check on Joann. There she was, squatting in the dust alone, shunned by the other chickens. Norwood held her beak down in a skillet under a faucet. After a few dunkings



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Bertram works hard and he plays hard!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVER WONDER...
WHY SOME CHILDREN EXCEL IN SCHOOL RIGHT FROM THE START?

All child-behavior authorities agree that a good beginning is most important. Let these wonderful records help your children to a good beginning by giving them a head start.

NEW! EXCITING! "Listen and Learn"

CHILD-GUIDANCE RECORDS

MAKE LEARNING FUN

SPECIAL!

ALL **10** *FOR* **$5.90**

$9.80 value!

SPECIAL 7" LONG PLAY HI-FI 33⅓ RPM RECORDS

FOR AGES 2 TO 8 YEARS

THE ALPHABET from A to Z
LISTEN & LEARN
THINGS TO DO ON A RAINY DAY
98
FUN for Children from 2 to 6
STIMULATES PLAY ACTIVITIES AND TEACHES SAFETY
for preschool children from 2
AGOO-The Hunter
the Story of FIRE
THE KITE AND THE KEY
the Story of THUNDER & LIGHTNING
Mother's Magic Sandman
Let's Play TRAFFIC COP
THIS RECORD MAY SAVE YOUR CHILD'S LIFE!
EXTENDED PLAY 45 RPM
MUSIC MAGIC for MOPPETS
SOLDIERS MARCH
THE SHOEMAKER'S SONG
THE SANDMAN SONG
POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON
AND OTHERS
RHYTHM BAND RECORD FOR PRE SCHOOLERS
TEACHES "KEEP SAFE"
FUN for Children from 6 to 10
THE STORY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM
Let's Play HOSPITAL
+
DOCTOR & NURSE
PAUL REVERE'S Midnight Ride
and the BOSTON TEA PARTY

*READ WHAT EDUCATORS SAY:

The Alphabet & Counting No's . . . Based on the sound psychology of poetry and repetition, with beaming approval for child's efforts to learn. Any child will learn his ABC's and No's with this record.

Things To Do On A Rainy Day . . . Side 1, exciting story teaches what to do in case of fire, etc. Side 2, child plays "Train Engineer" and learns of the dangers near railroads, etc.

Story of Fire . . . Dramatizes the wonderful things fire did for people in their struggle to become civilized. Includes safety rules of Nat'l. Fire Prevention Assocs.

The Story of Thunder and Lightning . . . Alleviates fears by explaining the natural marvel that causes thunder and lightning. Dramatizes Benj. Franklin's and other Scientists' early research.

Mother's Magic Sandman . . . a lovely record, featuring Brahms' Lullaby, The Evening Prayer, etc. The psychology of Narrator's slow, soothing approach helps child unwind for tranquil night's sleep.

Let's Play Traffic Cop . . . Child plays Traffic Cop and learns such things as traffic signals, look both ways before crossing, never enter a strange car, etc.

Music Magic For Moppets . . . Using songs children love, record stimulates your child to sing and play his own rhythm band instruments.

Let's Play Astronaut . . . Simulates an exciting rescue in space, as child learns the story of Columbus, Galileo, and facts about the solar system.

Let's Play Hospital . . . Children learn the sounds and normal routine of a hospital. By showing them what to expect, we remove uncertainty and fear.

Paul Revere . . . An exciting drama of the brutality and stupidity that led to the Boston Tea Party, Paul Revere's famous ride, and the American Revolution.

**Names Upon Request*

"A Must For Every Nursery School's Record Corner"

98c EACH—ALL 10 ONLY $5.90 – MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

SPECIAL OFFER

money-back guarantee if not completely satisfied

THE COMPLETE SET OF 10 DIFFERENT RECORDS only $5.90

USE THIS COUPON! ORDER NOW! PROMPT DELIVERY!

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:

PREMIUM SERVICE COMPANY

P. O. Box 598, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105

Please send _____ sets of 10 "Listen and Learn" Children's Records at $5.90 per set. (please add 35c for p.p. and handling)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Penna. Residents please add 30c Sales Tax

R-2

NO COD'S PLEASE!

Fascinating Gift For Nieces, Nephews, Grandchildren Nationally Recommended by Parents and Educators

ACT TODAY!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she drank a little. He found some translucent worms on a chinaberry tree and tried to get her to eat, but she didn't want any. He told her they were good and compared them to Safeway grapes. "All right, I'll give 'em to Rita Lee, then," he said. "She likes 'em."

"Get away from me," said Rita Lee.

He took the mortarboard off Joann's head, but she still wouldn't eat.

Rita Lee said, "Have you ever hypnotized a chicken?"

"I never have."

"Let me have her."

"Wait a minute."

"It won't hurt her. They come right on out of it."

Rita Lee held Joann's head down to the ground and slowly traced a line in the dust before her. A few seconds and the chicken lay transfixed.

Norwood said, "I'll be a son of a bitch."

He tried it himself, and soon they had all eleven of Mrs. Whichcoat's Rhode Island Reds lying about stupefied. Norwood arranged five of them in a single rank and stood in front of them. "Congratulations, men," he said. "Y'all keep up the good work. The skipper just come through the squad bay, and he was right pleased."

"You're silly, Norwood, you know that?"

"I think I'll take her on with us. She don't get along here with them red pullets."

That night the wind came up and billowed the curtains, and the birds stopped their noise, and there was one lone rumble of thunder and then rain. Norwood heard people putting windows down. He waited. When things were quiet again he got up and put on his pants and took a penny box of matches from his shirt pocket and ventured out into the hall. Rita Lee's room was down at the end alongside the bathroom.

He stood outside the door for a moment and started to knock, then decided no and quietly opened it. There was a bumping noise and a frantic scrambling movement.

"Hey," he said in a half whisper, "it's me."

"Who is it?" said Edmund's voice. "Who's there?"

Norwood struck a match. Edmund was crouched on his bed, holding his tear-gas fountain pen. He was wearing shorty pajamas of a golden hue.

"Oh. I was looking for Rita Lee," Norwood said.

"Did you think she was in here?"

"Ain't this her room?"

"No, she's across the hall."

"Oh."

"You certainly gave me a fright," said Edmund.

"I didn't mean to wake you up."

"Well, no harm done." Edmund scratched his head vigorously. "I've still got soap in my hair. Their water is extremely hard. You can taste it. Very high mineral content."

"Well, I'll let you get back to sleep."

"Did your friend pay you your money, Norwood?"

"Yeah."

"Well, look here, do you think you could lend me fifty dollars? You see, I'm going to be in rather a bind. I've been lying here figuring."

"I'd have to have it back."

"Yes, yes, of course. I feel like an absolute rat, but I had no one else to turn to."

"When could I get it back?"

"Two weeks, I swear it."

"Okay. Two weeks."

Norwood took five tens from his billfold and laid them on the foot of the bed. Edmund put on his glasses and got out his memo book, chattering all the time, and made a great fuss about entering the correct address.

"No street, just Ralph, Texas?"

"Yeah, that's all. We get our mail at the post office."

Edmund then wrote down a Los Angeles address. He tore that sheet from the memo book and crawled to the foot of the bed and handed it to Norwood. "You can always get in touch with me through this chap. You're a jewel, Norwood, a veritable precious stone."

Norwood looked at the little slip of paper. "What will I need to get in touch with you for?"

"Well, you won't, of course. But if you do, there it is."

"Just so I get it back."

"You can count on it."

Norwood crossed the hall and entered Rita Lee's room. "Hey, it's me," he said. She turned on the bed light and turned it off again, giving him only a brief glimpse of legs and red slip and arms. He struck a match, but she was under the sheet now and had it pulled up to her chin.

"I thought I'd look in on you," he said.

"What for?"

"Well, it was raining. I thought you might be scared."

"I'm not scared of rain. Nobody is."

"There was some lightning too. In here by yourself and everything. I didn't know."

"All I know is I'm about to burn up in this feather bed. You sink right down in it."

"How's your bed?"

"I just got through saying. It's hot."

He struck another match. Outside, some night birds had started up again. *How did two birds get together? And then what?*

"Norwood, hon, somebody is liable to come along. You go on back now."

"I will in a minute."

"No, right now."

"Okay."

"I haven't even got my ring yet."

"Okay."

"Hear?"

"I was laying there in bed thinking about something, Rita Lee."

"What was it?"

"Well, when we get home and get squared away, I'll take you out to dinner. I never took a girl out to dinner in my life except drive-ins. What I mean is supper, but they always call it dinner."

"That'll sure be nice. Do you like Mexican food with a lot of hot stuff on it?"

"Yeah."

"I do too. Listen, here's what I'd like to do: I'd like to live in a trailer and play records all night. See, Norwood, we'd be in there together with our little kitchen and everything. You can fix those things up pretty nice inside."

"I don't know about a trailer."

"I don't think they cost a whole lot. We could get a used one."

"We'll see about it."

In the morning, Mrs. Reese gave Rita Lee some sheets and towels and a jumbo black suitcase with straps on the outside, not a new one but serviceable enough. Joe William got up late. When he came in the kitchen, Norwood was sitting at the table by himself drinking coffee with his hat on and whistling.

"I figured you'd be out checking cotton today," Norwood said.

"No, not on Saturdays. Where's the incredible shrinking man?"

"Edmund's gone. He got up real early, and your daddy took him to catch the bus."

"Flew the coop, huh? Well, he was a nice little guy."

"Yeah."

"You want some toast?"

"I already ate."

Mrs. Whichcoat came in the back door with an empty wire basket and hung it up in the pantry. "All the hens have stopped laying," she said. "I didn't get one egg." There was despair in her voice but no surprise, as though she had warned all along that there would be treachery one day in the henhouse. She went on into the living room and turned on the television set.

Norwood said to Joe William, "We got to get on down the road our own selves."

"You're not leaving today? I thought we'd go over to Memphis tonight."

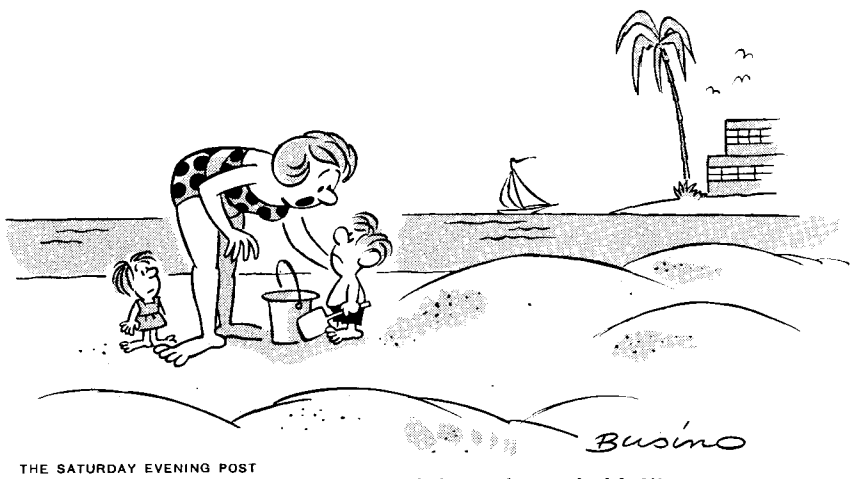
"We got to get on. I been on the road too long as it is."

"You want some more coffee?"

"Yeah. Have you got a box or something around here I can carry that chicken in?"

"I expect we can find something."

"I wish I was home right now."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Try to remember! Where did you bury daddy?"

"Are you going direct to Shreveport?"

"Naw, Ralph first. I'll have to leave Rita Lee there at home for a while and go scout it out."

They looked through some stuff in the garage and found a cage suitable for Joann to travel in. It was a humane, catch-'em-alive mink trap that no mink had ever entered. After lunch Kay came by in her car, and Joe William helped Norwood and Rita Lee load their bags, and they all drove downtown and parked under the bus-stop sign in front of Junior's EAT Café. Kay gave Rita Lee a little gift-wrapped box.

"Hey, a cigarette lighter. This is real nice. Thanks."

Joe William said, "That's just what they needed, Kay, an onyx table lighter."

"How do you know what they need? Besides, it's a good one."

The bus came. Norwood got Rita Lee settled and came back up front and stood on the step. Joe William said, "Let me know how you make out in Shreveport with Roy Acuff and Hank Williams and all those guys."

"Roy Acuff is in Nashville, Tennessee, and Hank Williams is dead."

"Well, whoever. Look, champ, I'm sorry I took so long on the dough."

"That's all right. Y'all will have to come see us when we get us a place."

"Yeah, I'd like that, Norwood."

"I'll see you sometime, tush hog."

"Okay."

In her window seat, when the bus left, Rita Lee read stories in love magazines about a lot of whiney girls who couldn't tell the difference between novelties salesmen and Norwoods. *What dopes!* In one magazine she ran across an interesting ad. It offered, by mail and on easy terms, a $79.95 wedding set, complete with solitaire diamond engagement ring and two gold bands. "Rush me free booklet of bargains," said the coupon, "and tell me how high-volume sales can mean BIG SAVINGS for me—instead of BIG PROFITS for the jeweler!" The ad showed a man in a Stetson with a jeweler's glass in his eye. He was holding two six-guns and blasting away over his head at some exploding balloons labeled HIGH DIAMOND PRICES. Under the man were the words, "Yes, Grady Fring is bringing them DOWN!" Rita Lee tore the ad out and put it away. She would discuss it with Norwood later.

On a curve not far from Little Rock, she saw an interesting sight. A busload of Elks had turned over. The bus was on its right side in the ditch, the front wheels still slowly turning, and the Elks were surfacing one at a time through the escape hatch on the left side. One Elk was lying on the grass, maybe dead, and others were limping and hopping about and holding their heads. An Elk in torn shirtsleeves was sitting on a suitcase on top of the bus. He was not lifting a finger to help, but as each surviving brother Elk struck his head up through the hatchway, he gave a long salute from the compressed-air horn he was holding. The bus Norwood and Rita Lee were on stopped, and Norwood and some other men helped load the injured into the ambulances that showed up a minute later.

That night, from Texarkana, he called Clyde Rainey at the Nipper filling station in Ralph. The station was close to the house Norwood shared with his sister Vernell and her husband

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They're cleaning our windshields on the 34th floor

Some of today's new skyscrapers have much in common with our Mustangs and Mercurys. The glass for both was made by Ford.

Ford has the largest single flat-glass facility in the world. Our total yearly production is equal to a sheet of glass almost one-quarter of a *billion* square feet. Glass used for skyscraper walls, insulating windows, mirrors, shower doors. Even glass for bullet-resistant windows in armored cars.

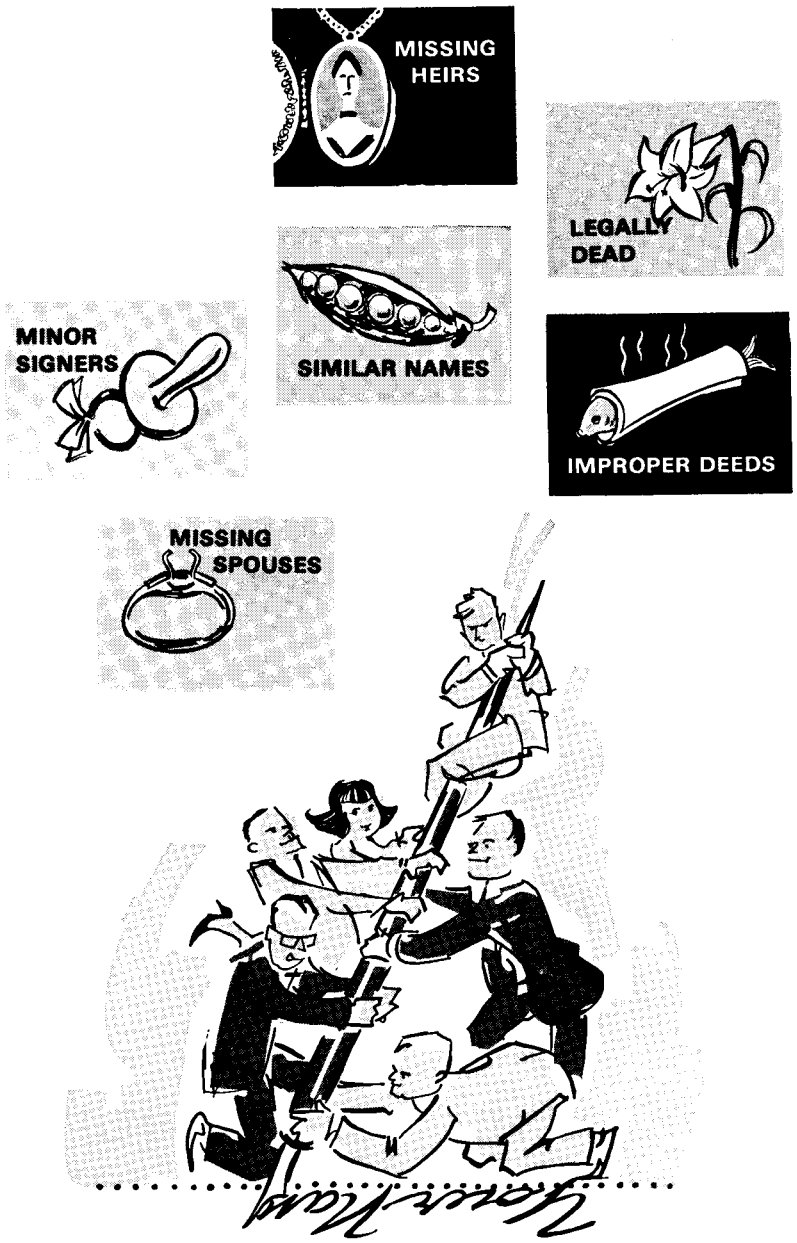
Today, we go wherever new ideas take us.

Our Philco subsidiary designed NASA's Gemini Mission Control Center. A new electronic teaching aid, "Savvy," is helping children think logically. Our idea of two front axles for pick-up trucks means a smoother ride.

A company of bold new ideas in many varied fields—that's what the familiar blue Ford oval stands for today.

"What's that make us, Frank, windshield wipers?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"SIGN YOUR NAME HERE:" ...ANYONE CAN DO IT!

The title to your home may be subject to a serious legal challenge from someone you don't know at all, but whose name was *forged* on the deed to the property you bought. As a result, it might even turn out that you will lose all the money you've put into your house. Happens more frequently than you think —EXCEPT it never can happen to the wise home buyer who is protected by an Owner's Title Insurance Policy.

Our booklet for home buyers has been prepared for you as a public service by our 2,400 abstracting firms and title insurance companies throughout the USA who specialize in searching real estate titles and who provide the impartial, professional services that make title insurance available to home owners for a very modest, one-time fee. We'll gladly send you one or more copies free of charge.

AMERICAN LAND TITLE ASSOCIATION

FREE ON REQUEST! VALUABLE BOOKLET ON PROTECTING YOUR HOME OWNERSHIP.

AMERICAN LAND TITLE ASSOCIATION®
1725 Eye Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20006

Please send me your free booklet. Thank you.

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

CITY: ..... **STATE:** ..... **ZIP:** .....

Bill Bird, and he asked Clyde Rainey to tell them to come pick him up. It would take about an hour. He gave Joann some water, and then he and Rita Lee sat down in the bus station to wait.

"You ought to get your sister a present, hon," Rita Lee said. "Just a little something. Girls love to get presents."

"I guess I ought to."

Norwood didn't want to leave their baggage unattended, but Rita Lee said she didn't think anyone would bother it since there was a chicken with it. Norwood couldn't figure that one out. They left it there unwatched anyway and walked a few blocks until they found a drugstore. He bought a box of chocolate-covered cherries that was on sale. It didn't look like much when he got it away from the display, so he bought a fringed pillow to put with it, a shiny blue one with a picture on it of the post office standing astride two states, and the words GREETINGS FROM TEXARKANA, U.S.A. He didn't get Bill Bird anything.

Rita Lee said, "Does your sister look anything like you?"

Norwood said "Some," and showed her a snapshot from his billfold.

Rita Lee studied it. "People with fat faces have to be careful how they fix their hair," she said. "What's she doing in this junkyard?"

"That's where we live."

"Where's the house? I don't see any house."

"It's off out there to the side. You can just see the corner of the back porch the other side of where that dog is standing. The yard don't look like that now. I cleaned it up a whole lot."

"Norwood, listen, how long does it take to get married in Texas?"

"I don't know. I don't think very long."

"I mean getting the papers and all that. Everything."

"Two or three days, I guess. Vernell got married in Arkansas. She's got her license up over her bed."

They were almost back at the bus station when Norwood heard someone calling his name. He knew who it was and foolishly tried to pretend that he didn't hear, but Rita Lee said, "Hey, that's somebody wants you over there."

Grady Fring's huge car was parked across the street on the apron of a darkened service station, and Grady was standing by it, looking at them. "It's me," he called. "I'd like to have a word with you, Norwood, if I may."

Rita Lee said, "Who is that?"

"It's a man I know," Norwood said. "You go on down to the station and keep an eye on our stuff. I'll be there in a minute." He crossed the street.

Grady stood grinning, with one arm resting on top of the opened car door. Norwood had forgotten how tall he was. "Well, you're back," said Grady. He stuck his hand out, and Norwood gave it one shake. "I had a momentary impression there that you were trying to dodge me," Grady said.

"I figured I'd have to see you sometime."

"Yes, indeed. Who's the chippy?"

"The what?"

"The girl. Who's the girl?"

"What was that you called her?"

"A chippy. It doesn't mean anything. It just means a sweet little girl."

"I don't think that's what it means."

"You're in a surly mood, Norwood. Defensive. It's the voice of fear. I've heard it before."

"What do you want?"

"Let's start with what happened to my cars."

"Them was stolen cars, Mr. Fring, and you know it."

"Where are they?"

"I left 'em in Indiana. Someplace. I don't remember."

"Were the police in any way involved?"

"Naw."

"What about Yvonne? I see her hand in this. The coarse Miss Phillips. Where is she? Where did she go?"

"I don't know where she went."

"And where have you been all this time?"

"I went to see somebody."

"Who?"

"None of your business."

"Look, son, don't try to match wits with me. I'd appreciate it if you'd change your tone. All I'm interested in right now is finding out a few facts. You've cost me a great deal of money and considerable worry. You may be in very serious trouble. I want to know the extent of the damage. Don't you think I'm entitled to know that? What's more, I don't like it. I don't like the way you've abused my good faith in this matter. But you can work the money out. I can put you on temporarily as night man at the worm ranch. Something better may open up later."

"I don't see where I'm in any trouble."

"That's only because you're stupid. What did you do with the car papers?"

"I burned 'em."

"You're a real dandy."

"Look, starting right now I don't have any more to do with *you* or them cars. Here! Here's your watch, *crook*." He handed over the fancy watch Grady had given him the night they met.

"Yessir, you are a dandy." Grady dropped the watch on the concrete without looking at it, and stepped on it with the heel of his shoe. "I could have you locked up right here tonight if I wanted to, do you know that?"

"What for?"

"Just anything that came to mind. Vagrancy, mopery."

"I don't think you could do that."

"No? Do you believe your house could burn some cold wintry night? What a tragedy that would be. I advise you to curb your tongue, Norwood. Think this thing through and then give me some straight answers. *Now*. We got off on the wrong foot. Let's try it again. We're not communicating, and I think I know why. You think the situation is much more desperate than it actually is. True, you owe me the money for the cars, but that can be worked out. That's not ——"

"Burn my house? Was that what you said?"

"I didn't say *I*, the Kredit King, would burn it, no. You misunderstood me. These things do happen, though. You can't deny it. They strike the rich and poor alike. Well, come to that, I believe they strike the poor more often than the rich because of the inferior heating systems. The coal-oil stove is a treacherous device. Of course, the rich stand to lose more in a fire. There's a certain rough justice in the world. Many of your great philosophers have remarked on it."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You must be crazy."

"Watch it, now. You're taking liberties. Don't make things any worse than they are. Don't let your mouth write a check that your tail can't cash, son."

Norwood was trembling. "I'm through talking," he said, and made a move to go.

Grady slammed the car door and held up one hand like a traffic policeman. "I'm not," he said.

"Get out of my way, you big skinny sapsucker!"

Grady didn't move fast enough, and Norwood hit him on the temple with a looping right. Grady danced a couple of steps sideways and dropped to one hand and one knee. Norwood was on him like a bobcat. They fell together, and the back of Grady's head bounced on the oily concrete. Norwood hit him five or six times, then pressed his forearm down on Grady's neck as hard as he could. "What you gonna do now! Come on, tell me what you gonna do now! Come on, you're a big talker!"

Norwood heard someone shouting, and when he looked up he saw a woman out there on the sidewalk. "It's a *fight!*" she was saying. "It's a *fight!* Lord, they're killing each other!" When Norwood jumped up, she squealed and ran. He licked his knuckles and blew on them. Grady sat up and groaned. Then he got to his feet very slowly, coughing and spitting, and stood there bent over and holding his throat. His lower lip was fat and split like a hot sausage. Blood dripped on his wing-tip shoes and his hard-creased trousers. He leaned against his car and made loud, raspy noises breathing in and out.

Two drifter-looking young men were standing on the sidewalk, looking on. "Y'all go on about your business," Norwood said. "It's all over." He raised his voice. "I said shove off!" They sauntered away.

He watched Grady drip for a minute. "You just leave me alone, hear?" he said. "Just stay away from me. Don't come messing around my house or anybody over there. Next time I'll bust your head open with a tire tool. I'll kill you. That's all I got to say."

Rita Lee was waiting at the bus station. "What in the world?" she said.

"It wasn't anything."

"Yes it was, too." She saw the grease marks on his trousers and his puffy red hand. "Hey, you been in a fight, Norwood!"

"Man I used to work for. He was messing around with me, and I told him not to, but he just kept on."

"Did you whup him?"

"I guess so. Wasn't much to whup."

"I wish I could of seen it. Did he cuss much?"

"Naw, not much."

Tilmon Fring, Grady's aged brother, was standing over by the pinball machines. He still had the orange pack of cigarette papers stuck in his hatband, and his nose was still running. He came over.

"What do you want?" said Norwood. "Wipe your nose."

Rita Lee whispered, "Hon, don't start anything with him. He looks like a molester to me. There's one calls my sister on the phone all the time. They can't catch him. They say he has a twisted mind."

"There won't be none of them calling you at my house," Norwood said.

Tilmon wiped his nose with his sleeve. "I saw you when you got off the bus," he said with a demented grin. "I called Grady and told him. Hee, hee!"

"Your brother is down the street at the gas station," said Norwood. "He wants to see you."

"I saw you with that girl. Grady thought it was that other, and I told him it wasn't. He's a cutter, ain't he?"

"Yeah, and you're a dandy," Norwood said. "You go on now and see about him."

Bill Bird said the place for livestock was in the trunk, but Norwood said it was too dusty back there, so Bill Bird had to sit in the back seat with his feet up on Joann's cage. Norwood drove, with Rita Lee curled up on the seat beside him, her head in his lap. She had fallen asleep soon after she got in the car, and she slept all the way to Ralph, despite the noise from the bad rod. Vernell ate her sticky cherry cordials and asked any number of questions about the girl and the chicken. Norwood answered them impatiently. He had to drive very slowly because of the bad rod. Everything on the highway passed them, even ratty old pickups with one light.

Bill Bird, speaking loudly against the clatter and the breeze that was pouring through a broken window, said, "I notice he hasn't said anything about the money."

"Did you get your money, Bubba?" said Vernell.

"Yeah, I got it."

"Well, I hope he's happy now," said Bill Bird. "All that big to-do."

"What about it, Bubba? Are you happy that you got your money?"

"You're just like a parrot, Vernell," said Norwood. "Yeah, I'm happy about it. Don't ask silly questions."

"You don't have to bite my head off."

"Well, I'm tired of answering questions tonight. Don't ask me any more until tomorrow."

"When I was in the Canal Zone the Signal Corps boys had a famous parrot," said Bill Bird. "It was their mascot. It was a parrot mascot. They had it trained to speak into a telephone. . . ."

Norwood wasn't in the mood for a Panama story, and he turned on the radio. It took a while to warm up, what with the dirtdobber nests on the tubes, and Bill Bird was through with his story by the time the volume came up. They listened to the radio the rest of the way, the loudest station Norwood could get. "Listen to that, would you!" exclaimed Bill Bird. "Now, who in the world would want a Lord's Last Supper Vinyl Tablecloth?"

"Not me," Vernell said. "I think they're tacky."

They got to Ralph, and Norwood pulled into the pea-gravel driveway with the white rock borders and stopped the car up close to the porch and turned the key off. Home. He stretched.

Rita Lee whimpered and complained like a child when he tried to wake her, so he carried her inside and put her down on the couch. "She's a cute thing," said Vernell. "I'm surprised you could pick up a girl that cute on the bus." Bill Bird said, "Yes, I wondered about that. I hope there's not anything wrong with her."

Norwood said, "Mind your own business, Bill Bird," and he went back out to the car to get the rest of their stuff. The stars were out, icy blue and clear, and every tree frog in East Texas was chirping. □

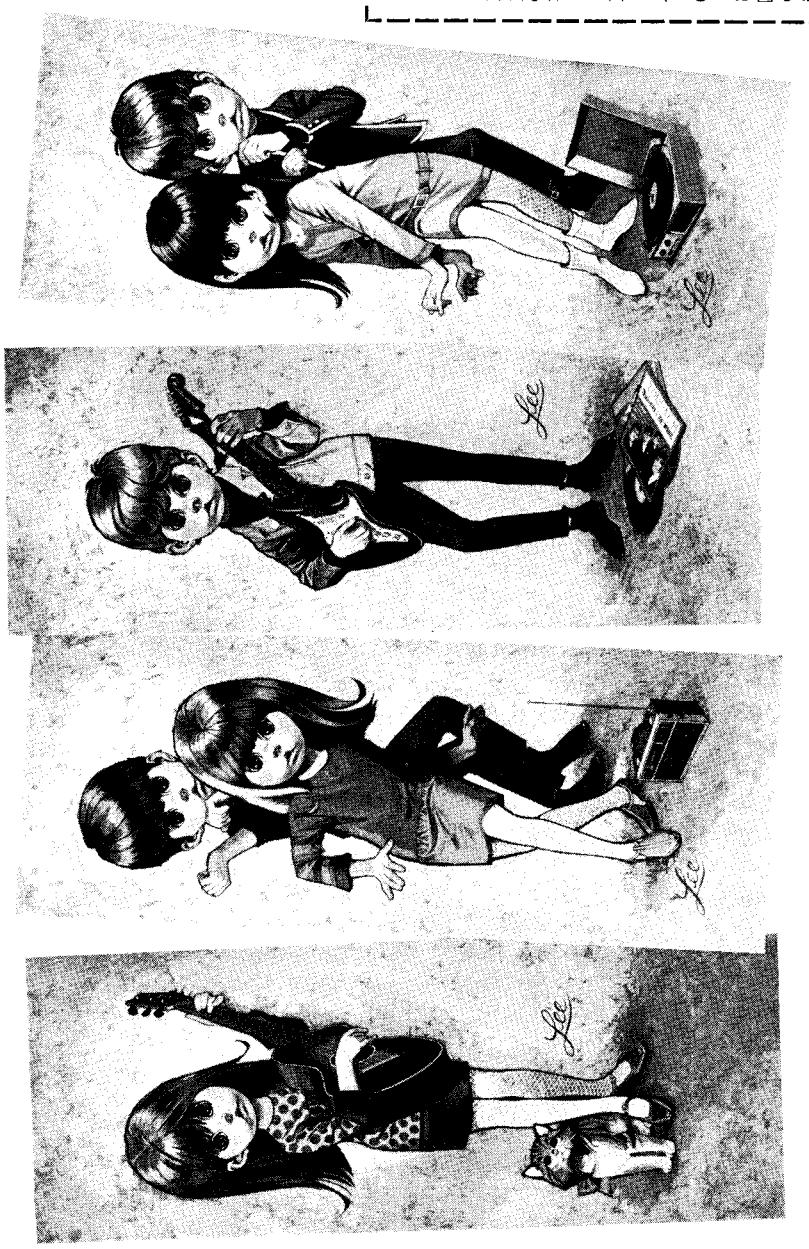
AMAZING $1 OFFER

Offer Will Not Be Repeated

We urge you to order your full color reproductions now while the supply lasts. We will send all 4 to you for just $1, plus 10c for postage. Each print is 6" x 15", and you will be delighted by the color and beauty these 4 charming wide-eyed youths will add to your home. This is your only chance to order. Be sure to fill out coupon and mail it today. This offer will not be repeated in this magazine.

THE HOMESTEAD, Dept. LE-6
420 Lexington Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me the 4 Wide-Eyed Youth prints for just $1 plus 10c for postage, on full money-back guarantee if I am not delighted.
Enclosed is $_____ (Please Print)
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
☐ **SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER:** Order 3 sets of all 4 prints for only $2 (we pay postage). Extra sets make perfect gifts.



4 Irresistible Wide-Eyed Youth Paintings Reproduced in Full Color for Your Home

Fabulously Beautiful Original Oil Paintings Now Yours as Full Color Large Prints All 4 for Only $1

Imagine decorating your home with these lovable wide-eyed youths that are becoming the rage with art lovers all over America. You'll understand why they are so appealing once you see the exquisite colors and workmanship. You cannot possibly appreciate all the irresistible appeal and the beautiful colors captured by the artist by looking at the black and white reproductions shown here.

These charming youths with their sad eyes are winning acclaim from art collectors and home decorators. The reason is because all the lovely colors and universal appeal of the original paintings has been reproduced with remarkable accuracy in these full color prints.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRE IN THE VINEYARDS

BY KAY BOYLE

The house where the mother and her children had come to live for a while, and where the father would join them when his furlough was due, was ornamental enough to bear the name of château. It stood on sloping ground among the vineyards of southern France, two miles or more out of the fishing village. It was an Englishman's property, a place on which wine was grown and bottled, and sold for export or else to restaurants, or to individuals who came in their own cars for it, knowing the value of its name. But now the Englishman was dead, and his wife had gone to Cornwall to visit her people for the summer, leaving the house to the mother and children until the vintage time would come. So it was theirs, but it was no more than a fragment of possession, the mother knew, this temporary title they had been given. They were allowed access to the château's material residue, to the garden hedged by tapering cypress trees, to the stagnant lily ponds, and the crumbling walls on which scaled salamanders moved quick as light.

But the essence that kept the place from dereliction was not theirs; it was the beat of the peasants' hearts heard in the somnolent quiet, the movement of their life in the cellar chambers, and the murmur of their voices through the heat as they worked among the vines. Father and son, down to the third generation now of men and their women, labored together, tending the vineyards and orchards, picking the grapes and pressing them when the right season came. They filled the vast, ancient kegs, and bottled, and corked, and labeled the wine, and pruned the vines in late December. In August they gathered green almonds and dried them for winter eating, and they plucked the olives from among the trembling, silvery leaves and, under the horse-drawn, granite cylinder, crushed them to oil that ran, slower than honey, into the great stone jars.

All summer the peasants would be at their work of washing the wine bottles clean, filling them from the giant casks that stood in the dark cellars at the back of the château, transforming the rituals of the seasons into commerce, as the Englishman had disciplined them to do. Whenever the mother and the children passed the open door, the peasants would look up from their work and say *bonjour*, and roar out words about the weather, their voices constantly amazed, although, now that it was summer, the weather scarcely altered. The sun was as unremitting as the grinding whispers of the cicadas in the trees, and when it set, the cicada voices died with its light, and an uneasy silence fell on the evening air. But the peasants spoke neither of sunshine nor of rain, but of the wind, like fishermen. One day the mistral might be blowing, and that was good wine-bottling weather, they said, for it wiped the foreground and the rocky skyline clean. The mistral blew in from the northwest, across the Gulf of Lions, cold and arrogant and alien as it strode across the beaches and the flowering cliffs. But it was not alien, for it was there, hammering the coastline, for two hundred days of every year. After it had gone, a fitful, pleasant breeze, with the taste of salt in it, might cavort in off the Mediterranean waters, and then the heat would close down again in suffocation on the prostrate land.

"It's good for the vine, the drought!" the peasants would say, their voices as loud as if they called across a great distance to the mother. Theirs was the vocabulary of the vine, and because she was American, and her husband an American Army colonel in Germany, it must seem to them that hers would be of war and military occupation and the atom bomb, and they were not certain that they could make her hear. Let the springs go dry in the rock, and the goats tethered in the fields cry out with thirst; let artichokes hang like blackened skulls on their ashen stalks, for what did it matter? Such things simply meant that the grape would flourish as in no common year. "It will be a good crop!" they would roar out of the damp, cool caverns where they worked, knowing that drought is the climate in which the vine draws body from the desiccated soil.

Or on another day, the peasants might try to speak of the thing that stood between them and the mother and her children, saying, "You're American, but you've been to England? If you talk to the English, they'll tell you they've had enough, the way we French have had enough." They would stand in the shadows of the cellar rooms, their faces masked by the obscurity, and cry out, "You are American! You live so far away you aren't afraid of war the way we French and the English are afraid!"

At that time of the year there were the customary number of English travelers, red-kneed, big-wristed young men in khaki shorts and dusty boots, with the Union Jack spread like a declaration of neutrality across the knapsacks on their backs. In hobnailed boots, they tramped the southern roads between the vineyards and the olive groves, their backs bent under the weight of their portable stoves and their utensils, under their books and their shabby clothes. Or there were the other English who rode, two by two, erect on motorcycles, with their tin pots and pans strapped to the canvas rolls behind them; or the English families who traveled in cars of such dilapidated distinction that there was no need for the "GB" lettered above the numbers of the license plates to indicate from where they came.

They had a look of earnest shabbiness about them, these English, thought the mother as she walked with her three children along the port of the fishing village, where the Mediterranean lapped at the stones. They had none of the assurance of the German tourists, for the Germans, with so much to answer for in every country, now carried their heads higher than any other visitors in order not to hang them low in shame. The English looked as poor as beggars as they passed the Germans sitting in

©1966 by Kay Boyle

**"Peace, peace, peace,"
the fearsome shadows whispered to her.
"Listen to us! We
have had enough of war."**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the cafés, and their motorcycles were enough to make you split your sides with laughing as they stood, leaning sideways in weariness, along the waterfront beside the shining American cars.

"You are American," the fishermen would say to the mother as she and the children bought fresh sardines from the baskets lined with seaweed laid on the harbor stones. Across the delicately tinted wall of the wharfside café would be written in strong, black lettering, as it was written as well on the tilted roof of the gas station at the entrance to the village, LES AMÉRICAINS EN AMÉRIQUE! "You are American," the fishermen would say, the rejection so impersonal that there was no venom left in it. And their silence added: You are not afraid of what may happen the way we are afraid.

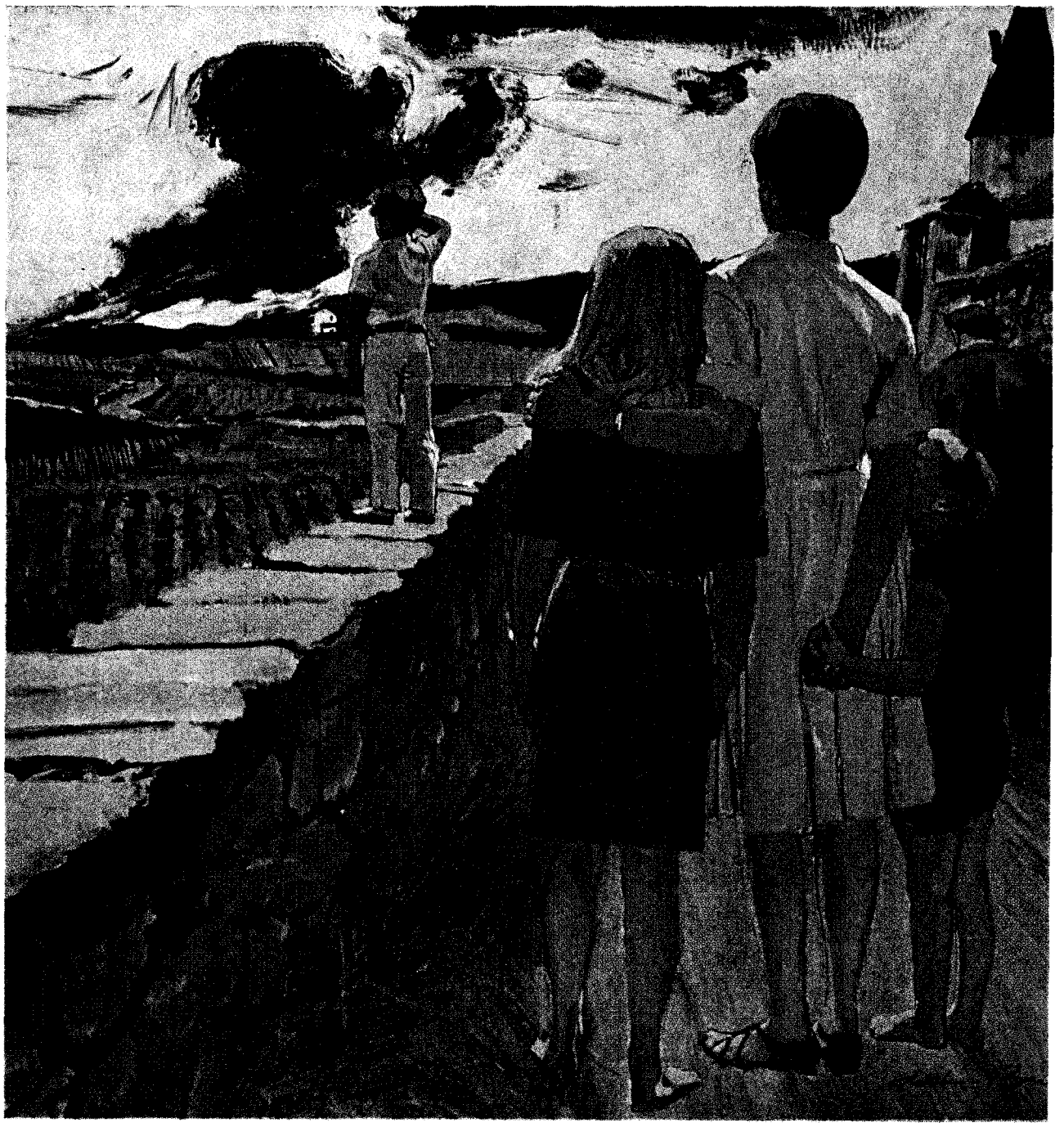
"I can tell the difference between the English and the French," said Fife, who was eight that summer. The mother and the three children carrying the fish and the lengths of bread and the fresh fruit in their rucksacks, walked up through the parched fields, and the children would look at the words lettered faintly on the garden walls, U.S., GO HOME, and then they would look away. "The English get the reddest on the beach," Fife said. He wore blue jeans and American sneakers, and his voice sounded high and clear above the rasping of the cicadas in the almond and the olive trees.

"I can tell French women because their hair is all rusty," said Candy, who was the youngest. "I can't tell the difference between any of the men yet. Wherever they come from, they all turn around and stare."

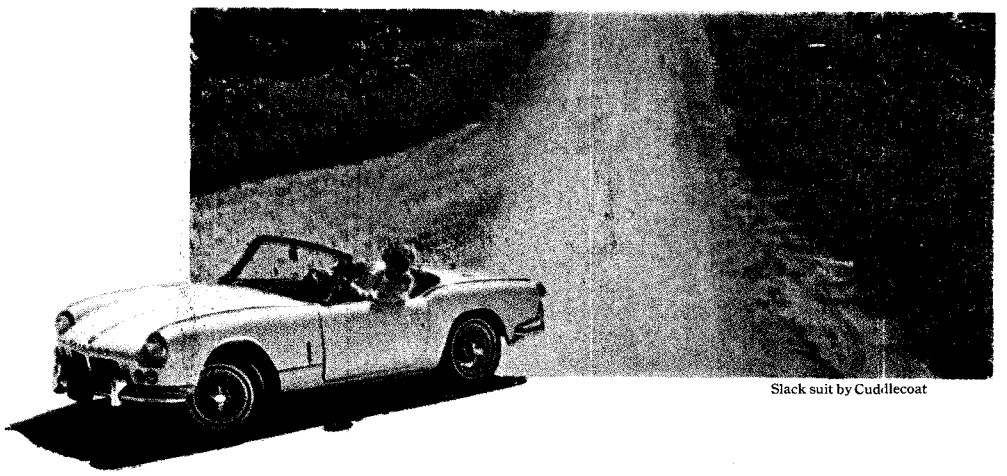
"Frenchmen's hips are higher up, nearer their armpits," said Sarah. "Englishmen have theirs nearer their knees." She was slender and tanned, with the small, grave face that had been hers at three years old unchanged now that she was twelve. "There are several other differences," she said with dignity.

"French women kiss louder than other women do," Candy went on, and her wheat-

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

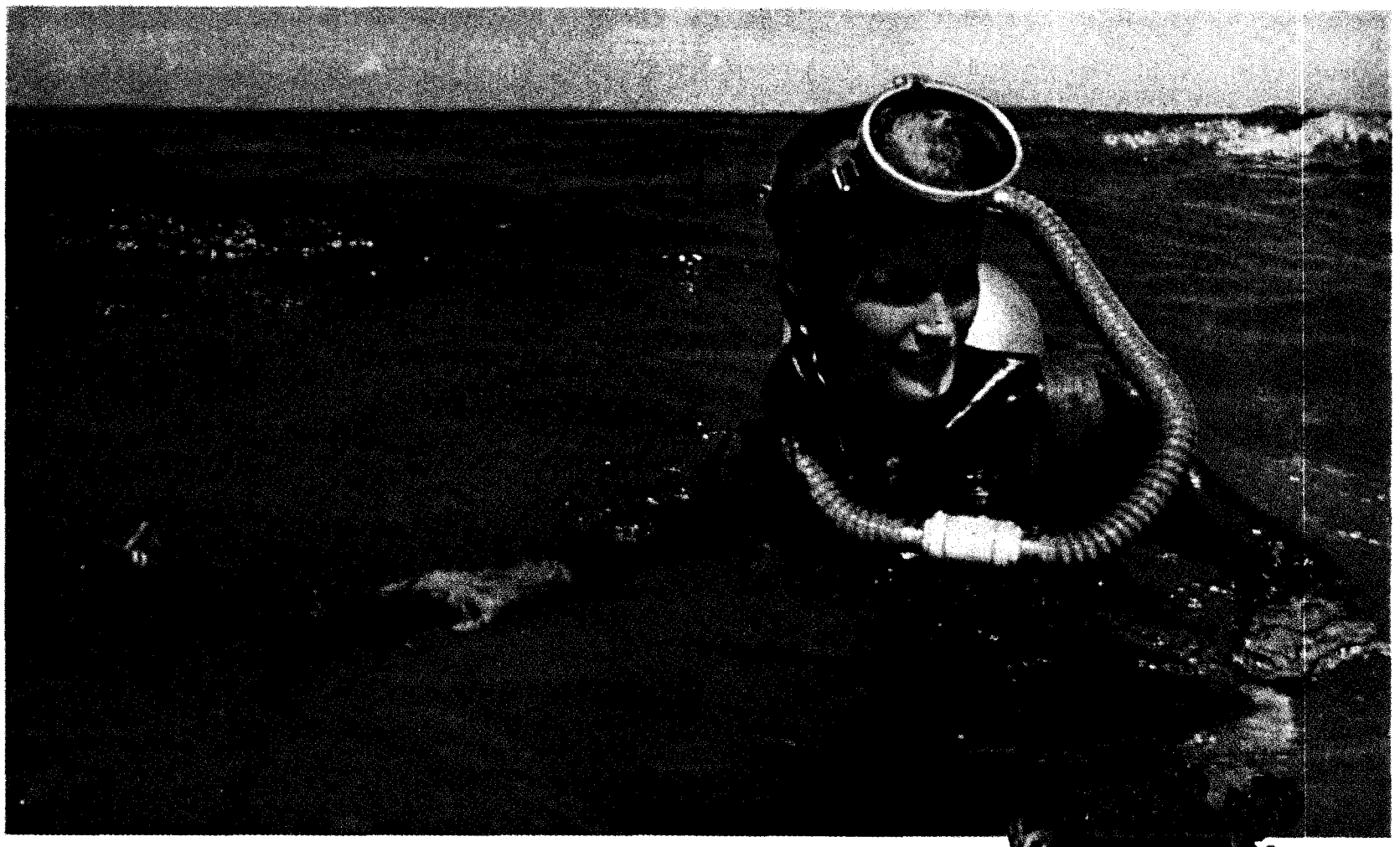


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Slack suit by Cuddlecoat

Nothing holds you back



Wherever you go, whatever you do, you're confident, comfortable, carefree with the cool, clean, fresh protection of Tampax tampons. This is modern sanitary protection, the kind that belongs to the young, the alert, the alive. It even makes you feel more a part of the party.

Dance dress by Jr. Accent

You get
total freedom with

TAMPAX®
tampons

TAMPAX TAMPONS ARE MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

colored braids swung forward in the sunlight as she made the explosive sound of their embrace on the back of her own sun-browned hand.

"Americans kiss very, very silently," said Fife. "In the movies I've seen of Americans kissing, they never make any sound."

"Oh, it's hot, it's much too hot!" Candy cried out in sudden impatience. "I'm too tired to go any further, and there's a cicada caught in my hair!"

And then one day, as the mistral blew, the forest fire began to burn. It was just past noon when the siren wailed its prolonged warning from the fishing village below. The American children, their hearts chilled by the sustained, unearthly cry, stood up by the château's lily ponds, where they had set their boats afloat in the high wind, and the peasants stood in the doorway of the vaulted wine rooms, shading their eyes against the midday light.

"It could be a drowning or it could be a fire," one of the younger peasants said, and the older one who stood near him, the side of his face dark in the copper shadow of his hand, said, "It could be for twelve o'clock. Sometimes they sound their whistle a half hour off."

It was a minute, perhaps longer, before they saw the smoke through the blowing tracery of the olive trees. The mother and children followed the peasants out onto the wagon road to watch the smoke now billowing in creamy fury across the wooded hill. It took them another long moment to see that a wheat field had gone first, then an orchard, and that the fire had charred fig, and olive, and cypress trees across the shallow valley and was climbing fast to higher land. As they watched, the mistral unfurled the flames in sudden, flapping banners above the scrub and the writhing treetops, waving them ever higher in its strong, relentless hand.

"This isn't the time of day for a forest fire," said the older peasant, as the vertical note of the siren began its wailing fall. "The firemen are fathers of families, like anybody else. They've got the right to eat their lunch in peace," he said.

"Even if Monsieur Mistral laid down now," said the younger peasant, speaking of the wind as if it were a man, "you'd still have the birds and the rabbits carrying the fire on them. A wild pig will carry fire twenty, thirty kilometers a day from the sparks caught in his fur as he runs before it. If there's no more than just one cicada flying with his wings lit, you can't say the forest fire's out."

Again the cry of the siren rose, and in the blinding dazzle of afternoon, the deeper, hotter texture of the flames sprang in dark-plumed triumph above the land. And now a rust-colored jeep, its warning signal gasping in puny alarm, could be seen moving up the valley road, with a fire engine following behind.

"That's the fire chief," said the older peasant, not saying it to the mother or the children, but to the implacability of the wind.

"He's known Monsieur Mistral thirty years," the younger peasant said.

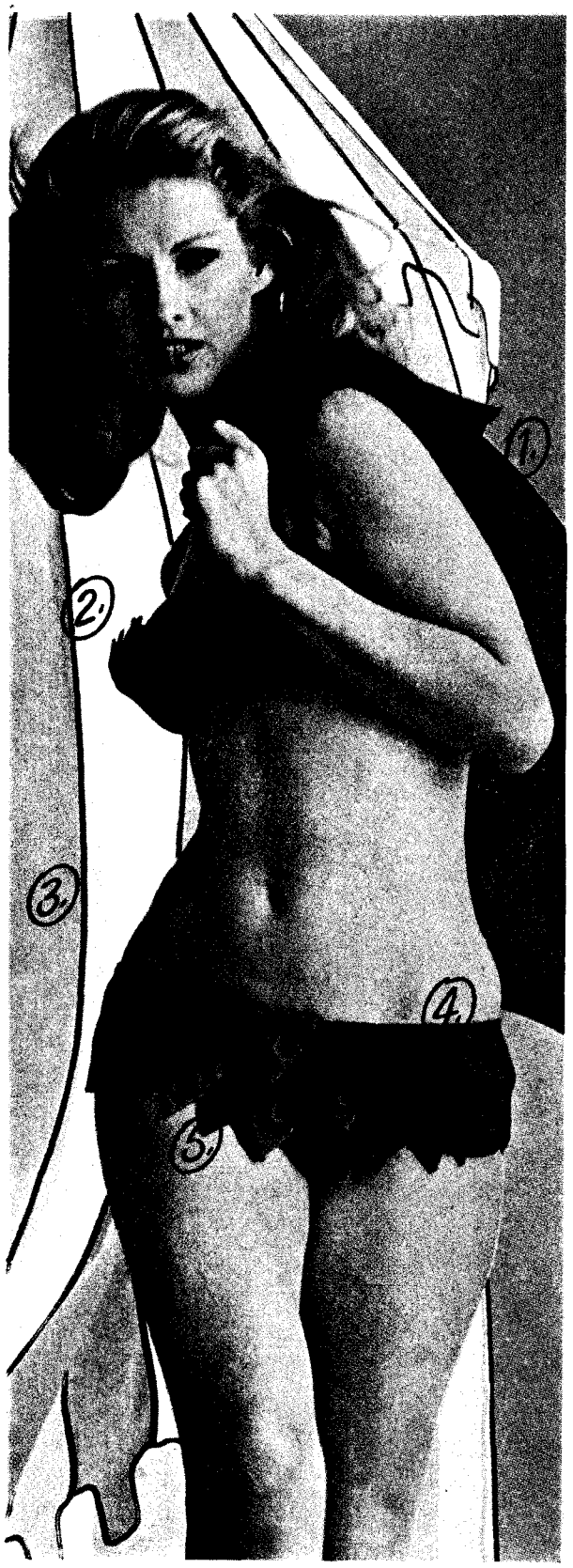
From where they stood, neither jeep nor fire engine seemed larger or better equipped for action than a child's mechanical toy. The two minutely laboring vehicles proceeded up the bleached, walled road, passed the charred area the fire had left behind it, bypassed the fire itself, as if their destination lay still farther, and, at a break in the slumbering wall, turned off the road and into the tilted fields. There they rocked ludicrously upward, not toward the fire, but still higher, and when they halted, the firemen, in their light-blue shirts, scattered like confetti across the faded pigment of the grass. But they were men, and so they could outwit the mindless torrent of liquid flame that poured across the thirsting hill.

It was more than an hour before the strong, flapping banners fell, tattered, from the black masts of the trees, and the smoke thinned out to mist which the mistral swept away. By evening, there was only the smell of fire left in the nostrils, and the eye saw the dark scar that was left on the wooded land, like the shadow of a cloud cast on sun-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All right, men, we'll make camp here."

You're looking at 5 reasons for using Agfachrome.



1. Pure reds.
2. Clean whites.
3. Vivid yellows.
4. Rich blues.
5. Bright greens.

You shoot with color film to get color. The vivid tones *and* the subtle shadings.

And that's what Agfachrome gives you, every time. Because Agfa's colors are balanced. Clear. Honest. Undistorted.

Note the shadow detail on the shot of the girl. The warm, brownish skin tones. Agfachrome gives you those every time, too.

Who says so, besides us? The experts. From the April '65 issue of Modern Photography:

"Agfachrome's reds are quite bright and pure. So are the yellows. The film has a warmish brown tone that produces tan skin. Shadow areas in most films tend to go blue. With Agfachrome, they're much warmer and tend to go brown. Green seems to be very bright."

At ASA 50 Agfachrome also gives you good latitude for all situations.

And it's very reasonably priced. (A price that includes processing in Agfa's own lab right here in the U.S.)

We don't expect this ad to convince you that Agfa-Gevaert makes the best all-around color film.

But we're pretty sure the results of your first roll will.

Agfa®

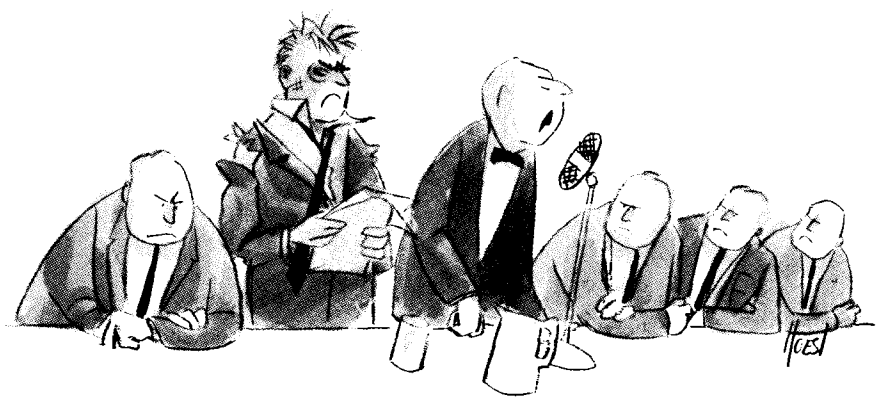
AGFA-GEVAERT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lit water or on a field of yellow grain.

But that was not the end of it, for the story of how the fire had begun was still to be recounted. Whether it was truth or rumor, or who had told it first, nobody knew; but it was told in every shop and café of the fishing village, and repeated even by the fishermen as they mended their nets along the harbor, and by the peasants as they washed the bottles in the cellars on the north side of the house. It was this: that an American soldier, on furlough from Paris or Orléans, had driven that morning into the village in his fine, big car and parked it under the sign that said no parking was allowed. The soldier had drunk three *pastis* on a café terrace in the sun, the story went, or drunk half a bottle of Cognac, and then refused to pay. When the café proprietor said he would call the police, the soldier had said, "France never did nothing but sit on a corner holding a tin cup out, and we're sick of dropping the dollars in"; or said, "France died a couple of centuries ago"; or said, "There's eighteen cafés in this town, and there's one church. That's all any Christian needs to know."

Then the soldier had walked unsteadily across the cobbles of the port, and raced his car through the narrow streets of the fishing village, and out the pastoral valley road, mistaking it for the coastal road, because by that time he couldn't read the signposts any more. And, driving crazily between the long, low, orchard walls, he must have flung his cigarette away, and the paper-dry field of wheat went first, then



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

" . . . and now Mr. Schneider will read his minority report into the record despite all our urgings against it."

the orchard, and it was even said that two milk-giving goats had perished. A farmer coming home had heard them bleating in the flames.

It was no longer said that there had been a forest fire near the fishing village, and that the firemen had extinguished it, for now another element had come alive. Whether or not there was an American soldier who had drunk too many *pastis* in the sun no longer mattered, and the name of the café where he had sat was of no consequence, nor the words he might have said. Whoever he was, he had been endowed now with political distinction, and as he reeled across the stones he became the figurehead for whom the slogans were written out in letters taller than the orchard trees.

Fife stood in his black rodeo shirt and his black rodeo trousers on the quayside, his hands thrust in his jewel-studded pockets, his eyes fixed on nothing, perhaps seeking to see the soldier, with the cigarette in his lips, making his way like a blind man to his car. "I don't believe it was an American that did it," he said.

Sarah had carried the fish net that afternoon, and there was a hermit crab caught in the meshes of it, and she watched with gravity his small, evil, almost human face, his outsized thumbs, his irritation. The muscles tightened in her long, brown, slender legs as she crouched down. Her feet were bare, and there were viscous ribbons of seaweed between her toes. "Sometimes soldiers in foreign countries get lonely," she said, watching the crab, "and then they take too much to drink."

"But even if an American soldier got lonely," Fife said, looking out over the moored boats riding quietly, "and even if he was in a foreign country, I bet he wouldn't forget the things he learned about fires when he was a Scout."

"Oh, Fife," said Sarah, "when you grow up, you smoke, and you drink, and your memory fails you!"

She held the hermit crab on the open palm of her hand now and Candy squatted beside her.

"Does every hermit crab live with an anemone?" Candy asked the mother, but it was Sarah who answered.

"They live in discarded mollusk shells," she said almost severely, "in association with annelid worms or sea anemones. But whether they're parasites or just flowers the crab wears as ornament, nobody really knows."

But Candy was lost to them now in other conjecturings, her head turned from them. There were two lovers sitting on the moss-and-mollusk-grown landing steps, the water rising and falling in slow, unceasing motion just below their naked, entwined feet. Their clothes were poor, their flesh was smooth and dark, and bronzed still darker on their necks and forearms. They shared one cigarette between them, the girl taking it in her narrow fingers from her own mouth once she had drawn in a deep breath, and then placing it in the boy's pale, handsome mouth. When the cigarette was done, she put her hand on the back of his sun-blackened neck and drew his face to hers, kissing him long and sweetly in the golden light. These were the two that Candy watched, her

surprise package

Light instead of syrupy, clear instead of cloudy, clean-tasting instead of sticky-sweet—that's Del Monte Prune Juice! Now you can enjoy all the goodness of fresh-cooked prunes in a juice as refreshing as any breakfast fruit.

DEL MONTE®—THE PRUNE JUICE WITH FRUIT JUICE APPEAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thin, brown arms around her drawn-up knees, her small nose a little wrinkled. And when she had watched them from this side for a space of time, she moved, still squatting, to the other side, her eyes quizzical, her toes spread on the stones, and she watched the sight of love for a little while from there.

"You Americans, you've got a country all to yourselves, as big as Europe," one of the fishermen had begun saying to the mother, his blue eyes as cold as metal on her. He stood barefoot, broad-shouldered, in his singlet, a man of fifty, maybe, with his blue cotton trousers rolled up below his knees. In one hand he held the soft, lifeless body of an octopus, its long, rose-colored legs, which could no longer reach and writhe, like the delicate roots of some exotic plant he had taken from the sea. "You've got so much territory, you Americans," he said, "that one side of a hill burning, it isn't the same as to a Frenchman or an Englishman. In America, you've got so much of everything, you can afford to blow some of it up in these atom-bomb experiments, so what's it to you, a hill burning, or an acre of forest land wiped out?"

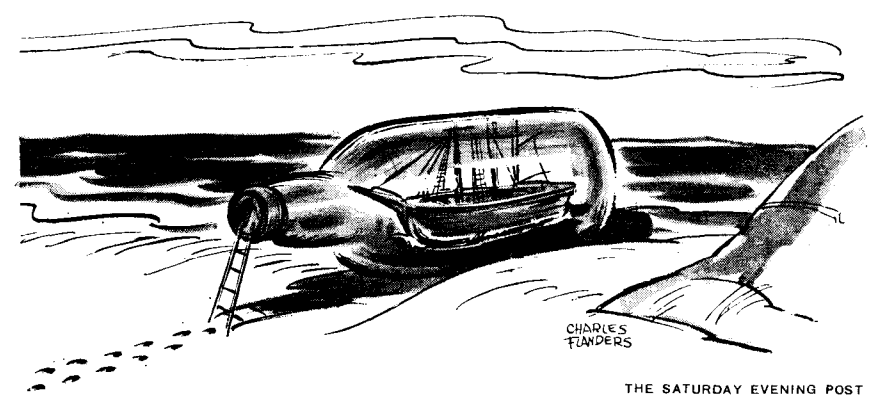
"I don't believe the story about the American soldier," Fife said, and he looked out past the harbor entrance to the cliffs that built up from the sea.

A few days after that, the summer was suddenly done; and the stony hills, the long-eroded cliffs, the sapless vegetation, took on another, more heterogeneous look. There were shadows cast, and the wine cellars, with their ancient barrels taller than a man, loomed strangely in the evening. The windows of the château tower, densely curtained by spiderwebs, were sibilant now with the stirring of many dying insects' wings. Once the peasants had closed the heavy cellar door and left for their homes down the wagon road where the vineyards sloped away, the mother would make the shutters of the windows fast, moving from one silent room to another while the children slept. Downstairs in the salon there were branched candelabra the length of the walls, with crystal lozenges, blackened by time, hanging like trembling tears beneath the pear-shaped bulbs. By their uncertain light, she could see her own figure, slender and tall in the long, blue dress, cross quickly toward the mirror in its massive frame, and she halted there and looked once behind her, as if in fear, before she faced her own eyes in the glass. It seemed to her then that the shadows in the long room had come alive with the presence of many people, people from different countries, and all of them empty-handed, shabbily dressed, and some of them gaunt with hunger, and the words they whispered were like the final dying of the insects' wings. *Peace, peace, peace; for God's sake, peace,* were the words they said. *Listen to us! We have had enough of war.*

"Yes, peace," the mother said aloud to her own reflection, not allowing her eyes to look away. "What are we doing in uniform in every European country? What are we doing here?"

From the water-lily ponds outside came the throbbing of the frogs, as rhythmic as breathing, and the mother turned from the mirror and walked to the handsome, spindle-legged desk, with its brass-encrusted drawer handles, and she sat down to write. Whenever the frog voices abruptly ceased, as if at a signal, she knew it was because a white owl had swooped down through the moonlight to a plane-tree branch that overhung the stagnant water, and that the frogs would stay silent in caution until it had flown away. It was a thing that happened every night, but tonight it seemed to her that it might not be the white owl drifting down on its spread wings, but the stirring of a great many people as they gathered in silence outside the windows that had brought the clonking frog music to a pause.

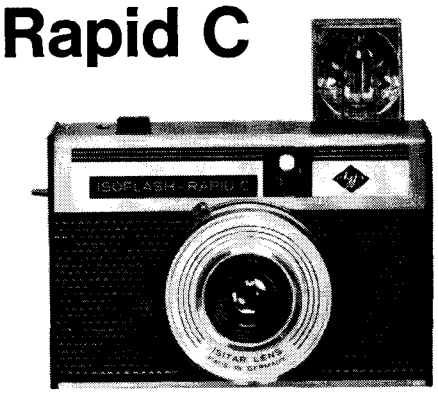
"Dearest man," she began the letter then, writing the words in almost overwhelming tenderness. "I think it would be really impossible for you to come here. The weeks have been wonderful ones for the children, but I think it would be much better if we met you somewhere else." But where in Europe? she asked herself, not writing for a moment. Where is there for us to go? "The mistral is blowing colder and colder two days out of three," she wrote, "and there has been a forest fire." And again she stopped writing and looked helplessly down at the words she had written. How can I say that a hill caught fire from the burning anger against us in humble people's hearts? she asked her own uncertainty. "I'm going to start packing tomorrow," she went on. "Please send me a telegram, and we'll meet you anywhere you say. Perhaps Switzerland?" She would wait until his arms were around her before saying: The wrong voices are speaking out for us in our country, and we cannot be heard. You and I and Sarah and Candy and Fife, we have been silenced. And I too, I too, am afraid of what may happen this year, or next, or the year after that, without us knowing that it is taking place. "We could meet you in Davos," she put at the end of the letter, and again, the frog chorus ceased outside as the owl swept down, or as the people of other countries gathered at the windows, and she addressed the envelope quickly to the U.S. Army colonel's name and the numbers and letters of his outfit in Frankfurt, Germany. □



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The camera for people who never owned a camera.

The new $14.95 Agfa Isoflash-Rapid C



We know you're out there.

As eager to record blushing brides, cooing infants and proud graduates, as the next guy.

But not so eager to tackle film spools and fussy loading problems. Or waste a lot of money trying to get good results.

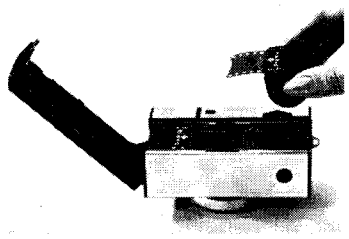
We have a camera for you.

The $14.95 Agfa Isoflash Rapid C.

Don't let the low price tag fool you. It isn't a toy.

It's a fine precision instrument. Capable of taking superb photographs in black and white or color, indoors or out.

And it doesn't expect you to know anything about photography. So it's a lot of fun to use, not a lot of work.



"Rapid" means you don't have to thread the film to load this camera. Just snap in a film cassette and start shooting: 16 trouble-free pictures.

An extra-large viewfinder helps you frame your subject.

An automatic film counter tells you how many shots you have left.

A unique pressure plate keeps the film in perfect alignment, a must for clear, sharp pictures.

And a new rotating flashcube lets you take four shots without changing bulbs. (So if Billy moved on that last one, you can shoot it again. Instantly.)

When your kids get tired posing for you, you can let them take pictures of you. (It's that easy to operate.)

It's a perfect first camera. A marvelous gift idea for anyone, of any age, who takes a delight in the people and events around him.

About the only thing it can't do is say "Smile!"

That's where *you* come into the picture.

Ask for a demonstration of the new $14.95 Agfa Isoflash Rapid C at your drug, department or local camera store.

AGFAPAN
AGFACOLOR
AGFACHROME

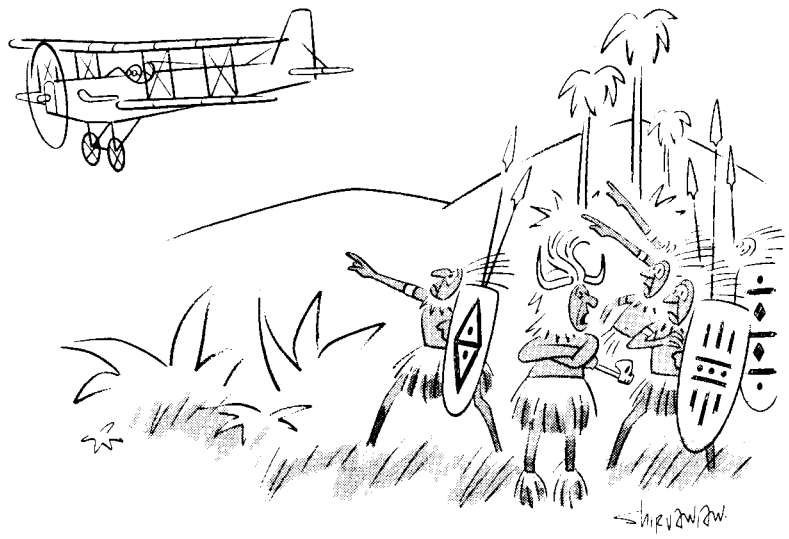
Free Film, too! The first 48 color shots are on us! When you buy your Isoflash-Rapid C your dealer will give you three rolls of famous Agfacolor film *free*. Offer good till July 31, 1966.

Agfa®

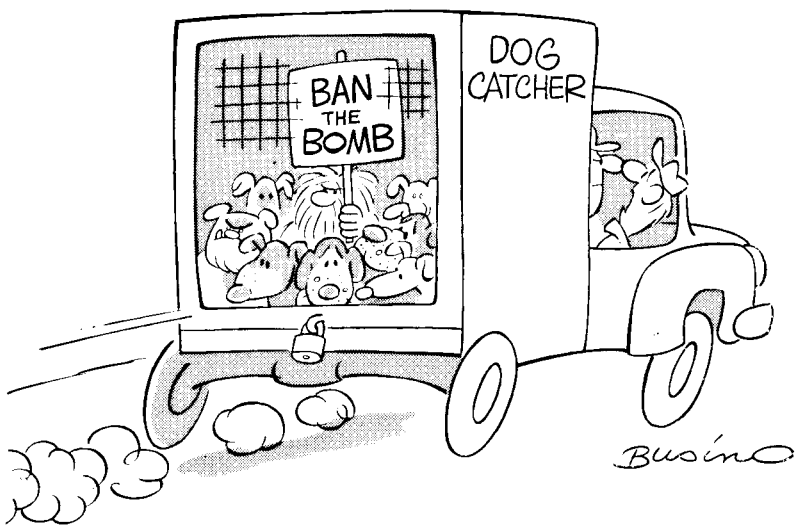
AGFA-GEVAERT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

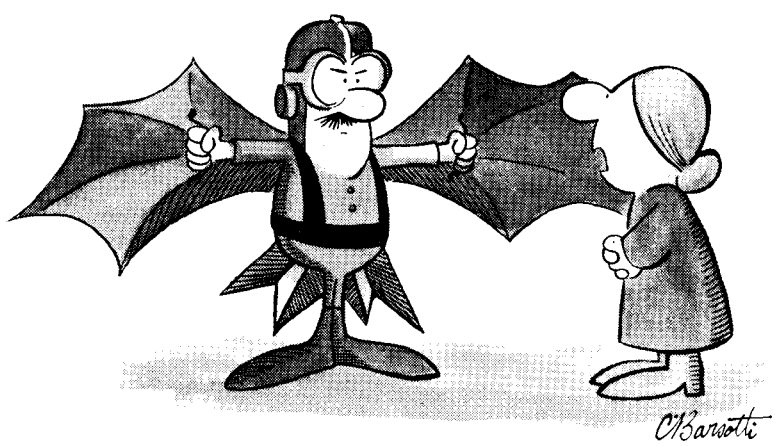
"*Fore!*"



"*Swamp gas.*"



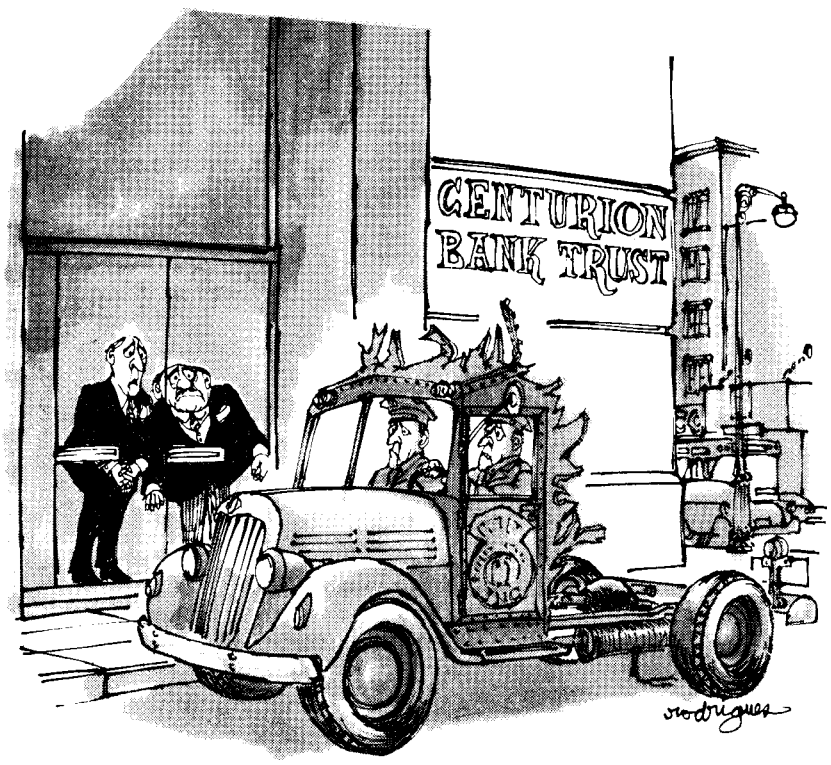
"*That last one sure put up a heck of a fight.*"



"*Clifton, forget this silly feud with the ferry service.*"

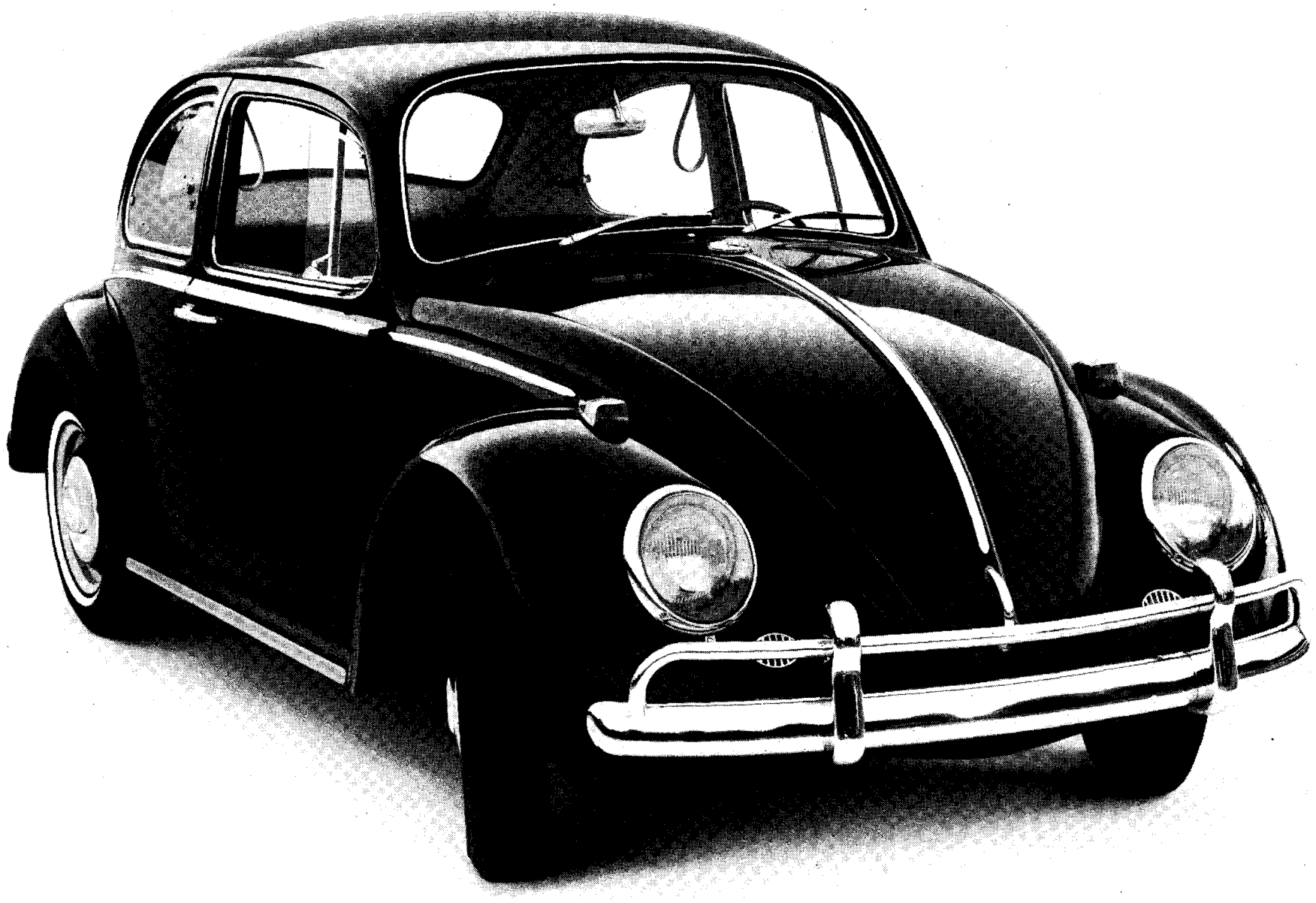
A careless explorer named Blake
Fell into a tropical lake.
Said a fat alligator
A few minutes later,
Very nice, but I still prefer steak.

OGDEN NASH



"*Well, get ready for bad news.*"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Do you earn too much to afford one?

For many people the Volkswagen would be an ideal car. Except for one thing.

It doesn't cost enough.

They're afraid nobody will know they have any money, if it doesn't show in their car. In other words, they buy their car for other people. Not themselves.

Then there are those who earn enough to buy a much better car than the VW. But they don't. Because they can't find one.

For them the best car is one that simply gets them there. Comfortably and economically. One they don't have to worry about. That doesn't make many stops for gas. And rarely needs repairs.

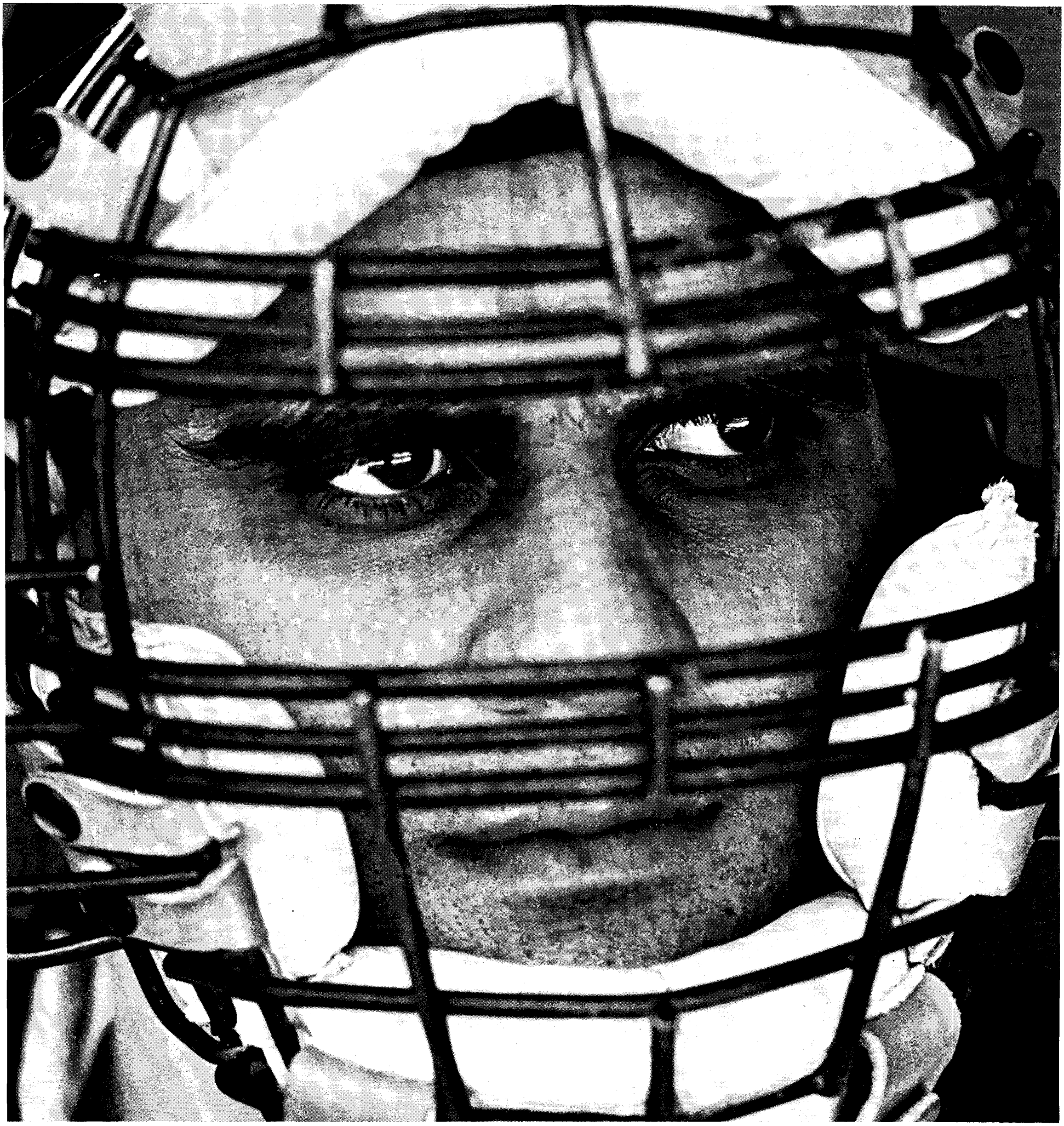
A car where rare repairs don't cost much. A car where the car doesn't cost much.

They feel they can afford to save money with a Volkswagen.

Now next time you see somebody driving a VW don't feel sorry for him.

Who knows? Someday the bank might be using his money to give you a new car loan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JOE TORRE: The last

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'He's a tough old plate blocker. He's classic.'

Joe Torre, a swarthy man from Brooklyn, hairy and broadchested, a little fleshy in the arms and around the waist, lay on his back on a rubdown table in the trainer's room.

All of the other Atlanta Braves were taking batting practice on the field of Candlestick Park in San Francisco. As Torre lay there, a spare, middle-aged man in starched white took three steaming towels from a cooker and draped them over Joe's face. Then the man took three more towels and covered Torre's left knee. The trainer, Harvey Stone, was trying to get Torre ready for yet another day's work—his 13th without rest—at the most physically punishing and intellectually demanding position in baseball.

Joe Torre is the game's finest catcher. He is also a clutch hitter of such power and consistency that he is indispensable to the Braves. In fact, because of his skill and the fact that he is only 25 years old, Torre is one of the most valuable players in baseball. Manager Bobby Bragan of the Braves has said that if he could start a team from scratch his first pick would be Torre, not Mays or Koufax. Bragan was not being excessively loyal; Torre is that good.

"Don't be a giraffe now," the trainer said to Torre. "Don't be stretching to see what's going on." Torre had no urge to peek out from under the towels. His left knee was stiff, heavy and swollen, and his head throbbed. Two days earlier, on a Saturday, he had been jolted awake by pain that numbed his teeth and beat in his temples. X rays of his teeth showed no defects, leading to the conclusion that he had a severe sinus infection. During the weekend series against the New York Mets, he was on base nine straight times. On Sunday he caught a complete doubleheader. Trying to score, Mets' outfielder Cleon Jones, a 190-pounder, charged into him headfirst and bounced off. After making the putout, Torre raised his right wrist limply and with dainty contempt let the ball fall smack in front of Jones's nose. That night Torre flew to San Francisco, got to bed at 3 A.M., and arose in pain at 9:30 for a day game with the Giants.

"Hang tough, Joe," Bragan told him. Then the Braves' manager jabbed slyly at Torre's professional pride. "Oliver's big in L.A. I might use him down there." Gene Oliver is a Braves' utility player who occasionally relieves Joe. Torre leaned down to Bragan's ear and whispered, "Where you gonna play him? First base?"

Ballplayers regard Torre as the quintessence of the old pro, although he has only five years in the big leagues behind him. He has a soft, round face, rumpled brown hair, and a breezy, lilting manner, but in uniform—with his cap pulled down firmly over his forehead—his small, dark eyes look like pieces of burnt cork jabbed into his face, and the five-o'clock shadow over the bulge of his chewing tobacco makes him appear much older. "That sonofabitch is so tough, it's brutal," says Braves' coach Grover Resinger.

Now Torre slowly got off Harvey Stone's rubdown table and perched on the edge of a whirlpool, dipping his legs into the foaming water. "That help?" someone asked. "No," said Torre. Although his left knee was swollen, as if from a blow, the diagnosis was that it simply was degenerating from the grind of catching. "Just like an auto, it's wearing out," Harvey Stone said.

"In yesterday's doubleheader," Stone went on, "he caught maybe 260 pitches, and you can add another 50 knee bends for warm-ups and one thing and another, so that's more than 300 bends. So it's up, down, up, down, every day going on six years." This day Torre would have to go without an injection of a pain-killer. He had already had the safe allowance of three in recent weeks.

Back on the table, Joe lay facedown on a hot-water bottle and tried to sleep, but soon a big pitcher named Ken Johnson came in from batting practice and ambled into the trainer's room.

"You want to go over the hitters?" Joe asked, sitting up on the edge of the table. Before every game Torre offers to hash over the hitters with his pitcher, not so much to instruct him as to buck up the pitcher's confidence with the knowledge that his catcher is thinking along the same lines as he is.

Johnson sat down on a table opposite Torre and said, "First of all, what about Hart?"

Jim Ray Hart is a right-handed pull hitter with power. "You want to keep the ball down. Down and out," said Torre. "If he goes the other way, he's doing you a favor."

"I remember last year out here, he beat me on a high slider," Johnson said. "Ninth inning, he beat me two to one. One ball, two strikes, he hit it outta here." A toothy grin opened on Johnson's face. "Beat you in the ninth, you kind of remember those shots."

The conversation moved on to Willie Mays. "In and out," said Torre.

"And up and down."

"Keep him guessing." There was no high strategy here, and both Torre and Johnson knew it. With the great hitters like Mays, who have no real weaknesses, all you can do is try to keep them off balance, try to disrupt their rhythm. Sometimes the young pitchers, men with less experience than Johnson, dwell morbidly on Mays, but Joe cuts them short. "With your stuff, you can get him out," he tells them. Occasionally this is a lie, Joe admits, but one he need not take to Confession. "What the hell, that pitcher might get knocked out before Mays comes up."

"McCovey," Johnson said. "I don't have much confidence against him." In the past McCovey had consistently hit Johnson's junk. As the two men considered McCovey, no sound filtered through the clubhouse. The Braves were still on the field taking the last of their practice, and the loneliness of the high-ceilinged, yellow cinder-block room seemed to close in on Johnson and put him slightly on edge.

"Maybe," said Joe, "we can catch him a little *over*confident today."

"Maybe we can catch him going after the high hard one," answered Johnson, taking the hint. His fast ball is only quick enough to be used as a surprise weapon. He would try to surprise McCovey and hope for the best.

Earlier in the day Johnson, who has played for four clubs and regards Torre's empathy with pitchers as a gift he has seen nowhere else, had said, "He knows me as well as I know myself. He calls the pitches I want to throw. A lot of catchers, they just—well . . ." Johnson's voice had trailed off, and then he said, "Just knowing Torre's back there builds me up."

As Johnson and Torre continued to lay their strategy, the Braves' clubhouse filled with men. "This ball park," grumbled onetime catcher Bragan, coming in out of the notorious Candlestick wind, "is the toughest bastard in the league for a catcher. The throw to second takes off and veers to the right. That so, Joe?"

A trace of a scowl crossed Joe's face. "You gotta keep it low," was all he said. As far as Torre was concerned, Candlestick Park was just another place where he did his job.

The professional self-assurance that Joe Torre carries into a game is rarely seen these days among catchers, most of whom are either bathed in cold sweat by the sight of base stealers such as Maury Wills, or sullenly longing to be returned to the

In action, Torre always squats low despite the pain in his knee and keeps his bare hand exposed to fouls.

of the great catchers

By MYRON COPE

Photographs by Joseph Consentino

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calm of the position they played before being shanghaied into catching by a desperate manager.

They were born 80 years too late, the victims of Connie Mack's decision (*circa* 1885) to revolutionize catching by planting himself under the bat instead of standing 15 feet back and fielding the pitches on one bounce. Catchers once were arresting figures: Duke Bresnahan, from Tralee, Ireland . . . fiery Black Mike Cochrane . . . Bill Dickey, Gabby Hartnett and Al Lopez, who controlled the game as completely and delicately as a maestro directing a symphony . . . Walker Cooper, Jim Hegan, Roy Campanella. The exaggerations of nostalgia may be at work here, but there is no doubt that in recent years the profession of catching has fallen into the hands of lesser men. "Nobody wants to catch," says Bragan, "because it is hard work."

Most of today's catchers are known to the trade as "boxers"—men who box a baseball rather than catch it. The boxers come equipped with long, thin mitts that resemble a first-baseman's glove and have leather hinges—brakes, they are called—sewn around the palm. Wearing these fish nets, the catchers work one-handed, hoping to protect their bare hands from split fingers—the painful injury that occurs when a foul tip peels back a fingernail.

"If you can catch one-handed, fine," says Joe Torre. "Elston Howard does it well for the Yankees. But usually you drop a lot of pitches, and it slops up the game. This is big-league ball. People pay money to see it."

Only a few craftsmen remain. In the National League John Roseboro's quietly adroit performance has helped develop superb pitching (Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale and others) for the Dodgers. In the American League both the Yankees' Howard and Cleveland's Del Crandall are 36 and fading, leaving only one true artisan, Bob Rodgers of the California Angels.

Torre, though reluctant to sound harsh, admits that much of the catching he sees pains him. "Anything that doesn't look good in baseball makes me sick," he says.

'Anything that doesn't look good makes me sick.'

For looking good for the Braves, Torre gets paid upwards of $45,000 a year, which is $45,000 more than baseball scouts once judged he was worth. Though he comes from a baseball family—his older brother Frank was a slick-fielding first baseman for the Braves, and his father, a retired New York detective, is a scout for the Baltimore Orioles—Joe was a fat and placid nonprospect during his early years on Avenue T in Flatbush. "I was the youngest of five, which made me spoiled in every way," he says. "The Christmas tree was always loaded with gifts for me." At 16 he stood five feet ten, weighed 240 pounds, and had a 40-inch waist (which today measures 35).

Joe hit .400 on the Brooklyn sandlots, but he played first and third base, and the scouts showed no interest in an infielder who could not get out of the way of his own belly. After graduating from high school, he went to work as a $40-a-week page on the floor of the American Stock Exchange.

By this time he had come to hate his brother Frank. "Nobody but Frank called me Fat Boy," Joe says. "I hadn't realized what he was trying to do for me—to shame me into losing weight." Finally Frank told him in desperation, "Your only chance now is to be a catcher. You won't have to run fast. Just hit a little and they'll pay you."

With nothing to lose, Joe began catching on the sandlots, and his naturally liquid style—the "soft hands" that gave with the pitch instead of fighting it—instantly attracted attention from the scouts. John (Honey) Russell of the Braves paid him a $20,000 bonus to sign in 1960. When Braves' general manager John McHale got his first glimpse of Joe, he angrily asked Russell if he thought the club had hired him to sign boy bartenders.

But little more than a year later McHale found himself whisking Joe to the majors to replace Del Crandall, one of the few catchers in the old tradition, who had a lame arm.

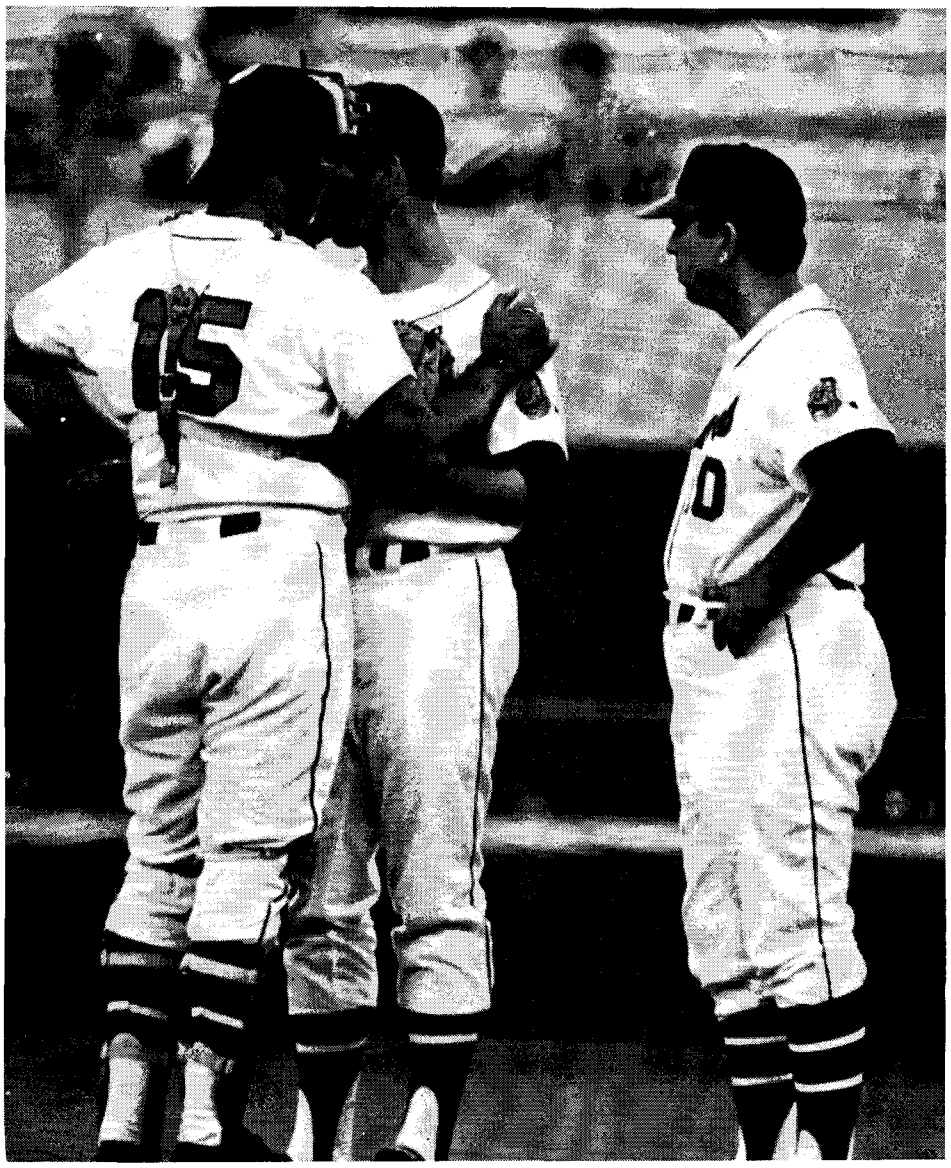
Big-league base runners wondered, eagerly, how the new boy in town—only 20—would stand up to what is known as "the bang-bang play" or "the clay-pigeon job"—the instant when the throw whistles in from right field just as the runner hurtles in from third.

Three times Houston's Johnny Temple put Torre to the test. In the first collision Temple hit Torre headfirst and was tagged out. The second time he leaped at the catcher, driving his knees into Joe's chest, and raking open his pants with his spikes. That round went to Temple; Torre dropped the ball. "I was down for the count," admits Torre, "but I didn't leave the game except to change my pants." In these matters, a catcher retires from a game at the cost of his reputation. On the third try Temple drove his foot into Joe's groin. Torre gasped, but he held the ball, and Temple was out.

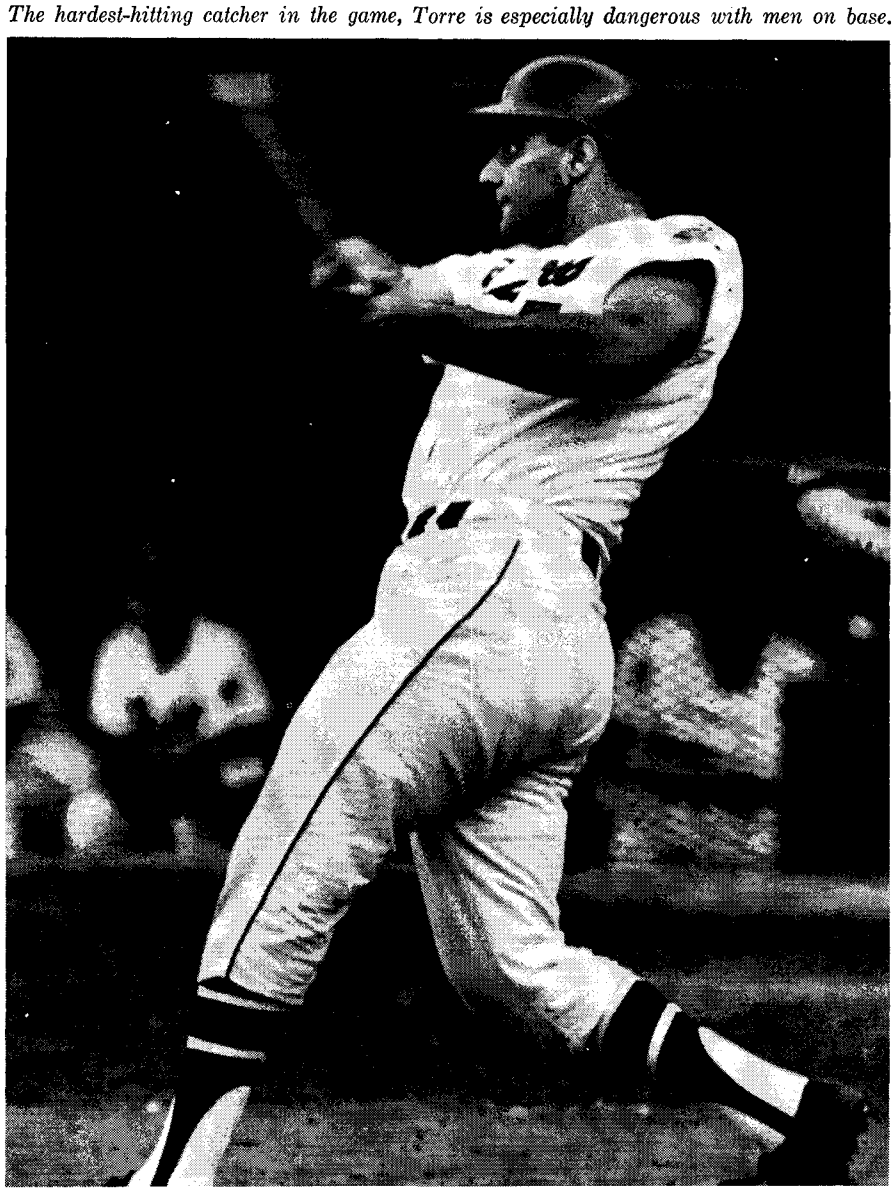
Torre quickly settled down with the Braves. He met and married a tall, freckled ex-Playboy Club bunny named Jacqueline Ann Reed, and by 1964, when their son Michael was born, Torre was reaching the big money. That season he hit .321, smashed 20 home runs and drove in 109 runs—one of the best records of power hitting by any catcher since World War II. In 1965 he suddenly emerged as a sagacious old pro of 24, for the front office had been shedding aging pitchers—Bob Buhl, Lou Burdette, Warren Spahn—and replacing them with young strong-arms who needed a decisive catcher's guidance.

One of the fast-ballers was Tony Cloninger,

While Manager Bragan stands respectfully aside, Torre quietly steadies a Braves' pitcher.



The hardest-hitting catcher in the game, Torre is especially dangerous with men on base.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright 1966 by The Seven-Up Company

WET & WILD

Take a shivery plunge into a 7-Up! Chilling! Thrilling! Brisk! Bracing! Feel that icy tingle down to your toes. Only 7-Up tastes like 7-Up—who'd want it any different?

7UP® **FIRST AGAINST THIRST**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who won 24 games last year, often going two or three games at a stretch without shaking off a signal from Joe. When Cloninger began to tire in the ninth inning of one game with St. Louis, Joe noted that he was not rolling forward with a full follow-through. "Bend your back, dammit!" Joe flared up at him.

"What the blazes do you *think* I'm doing?"

"I said bend your back!"

Cloninger, furious, struck out the next three batters to end the game.

Torre also used his sarcastic wit to bring a pitcher back to reality. Wade Blasingame, 22 years old and Joe's roommate, had a no-hitter going against the Mets when, in the eighth inning, a single ruined it. "Here I am, looking for sympathy," says Blasingame, "and Joe comes out and says, 'Forget it. You're too young to have a no-hitter anyway.'"

Now, in the clubhouse at Candlestick Park, Torre got off the trainer's table and went out to catch Ken Johnson against the Giants.

When the game began, it was a revelation to see how exactly Johnson followed the patterns that he and Torre had worked out in the clubhouse. To be sure, he did not always pitch to the batter's weakness, because the batter would soon have anticipated every pitch, yet his fidelity to the general strategy was striking. As Mays, batting third, took his stance, the message ran clear in Johnson's mind—in and out, up and down. Jerking his neck from side to side, an idiosyncrasy that distracts batters, he fired inside. Mays cut hard but foul tipped the pitch. Johnson side-armed him outside, and again Mays foul tipped.

Now Johnson pitched low, and for the third time Mays fouled off. Then he tore into a high slip pitch—a slow, hopping ball that Johnson slipped off the tips of his fingers with a big fastball motion—and popped it to the second baseman. In and out, down and up.

Johnson, his trousers billowing in the wind, worked smoothly through the early innings, liking the signs that Joe's fingers flashed briskly. ("Call 'em with conviction, even when you don't have any," Joe tells himself. "Pitchers don't respect a catcher who hems and haws.") In his catching squat, his backside resting barely five inches off the ground, Joe felt the pain stabbing at his knee and head, but he handled Johnson's unpredictable knuckleballs effortlessly. Many catchers rise up to prepare for the knuckler, sometimes tipping off the pitch to the opposition, but Torre remained squat and dropped not a single pitch. As Mays came up for his second turn, the sort of premonition that occasionally strikes a gifted catcher came to Joe.

"Let's throw away the book this once," he told himself. "Let's see if we can set him up."

Johnson's control had been exact. If he could hit the outside corner again and again, Mays would have little chance of pulling the ball into the seats. Once, twice, three times Joe called for the outside pitch; three times Johnson put it on the corner, and three times Mays fouled off. Then Johnson wasted a pitch, outside again but too far away to tempt Mays. Now Joe was ready for the setup pitch. Johnson's dinky fast ball sailed in fat and high. But Mays, caught by surprise, was an instant late as he whipped his bat around hungrily. He had struck out. Going back to the book, Johnson finished the day with a three-hit, 5-0 victory.

"A quiet day at the office," Joe said after the last out. Walking off the field with veteran umpire Ken Burkhart, he deadpanned, "You did a pretty good job, once you got over your nervousness."

Tense, tight games, those in which every pitch that Torre calls must be the right one, frequently leave him so taut, his hands shaking so badly, that he cannot light his cigar. But this was not one of those days, and he was able to ignore the pounding in his head when he boarded the team bus for the

After the game, a throbbing leg and exhaustion.

trip back to the hotel. Effecting a sportscaster's voice, he boomed:

"At San Francisco: Atlanta five, the Giants nothing. Another route-going performance for the big right-hander, Ken Johnson. Tomorrow night: Burly Tony Cloninger versus Buzzer Bob Bolin . . . Christ, why do we always face that lousy buzz ball of his at night?"

After the night game with the Giants, which the Braves won 11-3, the team flew down to Los Angeles where Torre prepared to renew his duel with Maury Wills, the finest base runner in the game. Wills has propagated a theory—eagerly embraced by most of today's catchers—that runners steal not off catchers but off pitchers who take too long delivering the ball, or who tip off medium-speed pitches.

Torre, who has battled Wills with approximately 50-50 results, refuses to take that excuse. "When I'm catching, I hope he tries to steal. I don't care what pitch it is, I can throw Wills out—unless, of course, he gets *too* big a jump. Last year he stole three times off me in one game, but sharp throws would have had him two of those times."

Before the first game of the series at Dodger Stadium, Wills sat in the dugout and spoke of his arch enemies, the catchers. He is a delightfully good-humored little man, but he regards catchers as a flock of buzzards waiting to avenge themselves for the embarrassment he has caused them on the base paths. On plays at home plate they have plunged upon him, digging their shin guards into him, sometimes twisting his ankles in the pileup. To fight the catchers, Wills has abandoned the traditional hook slide, which leaves him spread out and vulnerable. He comes in spikes high, legs jutting straight ahead, so that he will have leverage to offset the catcher's advantage in size, strength and protective equipment. Wills has driven his spikes clear through Torre's shin guards. On another occasion, Wills clashed with Torre while the catcher was filling in at first base, as he often does. When Joe blocked the bag on a pickoff play, Wills raked open a gash on his leg that required six stitches after the game.

"If he'd wanted to," Wills said, "he could have pinched my ear off. But he never said a word. He just walked back and forth a few steps to shake off the pain, and then he said, 'Let's go.' When he's catching, he's not like the others—he's just a tough old plate blocker—clean.

"He's classic, see. He doesn't have the strongest arm in the league, but he has one of the quickest, and perhaps the most accurate, and yes, the most consistent. Some of them strong-armed guys can put the ball right on the money for one series, but the next series they're liable to scatter it all over the field."

Wills waved aside the fact that Torre occasionally addresses him as Maurice, giving the name what seems to others to be a sardonic inflection that suggests the base stealer is a little dandy. "That's just an expression of affection," said Wills, although a troubled look crossed his face. "Joe Torre and Jim Pagliaroni (of the Pirates) are the only catchers in the league I speak to."

Wills finds it especially satisfying to steal a base against a catcher of Torre's caliber, and on this night he wasted no time getting down to business. Punching out a single in the first inning, he took a lead six feet off first base. Torre flashed a pickoff sign to his pitcher, Hank Fischer, but Wills scrambled back to the bag safely and then, as if in defiance, lengthened his lead to seven feet.

Actually Joe could not see him, for the left-handed batter, Wes Parker, obliterated his view of the first-base area. If Wills burst for second, the Atlanta bench would cry out, "There he goes!" But Joe was not relying upon the dugout alarm. The corner of his right eye was fixed on Wes Parker's belt buckle. He would know that Wills had lit out for second the instant there was motion beyond Parker's buckle.

Fischer's next pitch was a fast ball. Wills darted past the buckle. Joe exploded erect, his left foot planted out front before the ball had struck his mitt, and with a snap of his wrist whistled the ball to shortstop Denis Menke, shin-high. Menke waited nonchalantly while Wills, still a yard off, slid into his waiting glove. Twice this year Wills had tried to steal against Torre, and twice he had failed, but he is, as Torre himself points out with admiration, a fierce competitor. He would try again, and he would win his share of victories.

Yet the battles with Wills did not weigh upon Joe's mind, for his greater value to the Braves lay in coaxing the maximum from those young pitchers who were going none too well. At the moment the Dodgers were hitting them, having chased Fischer to the showers and banged four quick hits off rookie Herb Hippauf, and now another rookie, Arnie Umbach, was coming in from the bullpen to pitch in a big-league game for the first time in his life. Nineteen thousand Dodger fans were waiting to see him mortified. Umbach's handsome, clean-cut features were set with tension.

Suddenly, as Joe Torre spoke to him on the mound, Umbach's face broke into a wide grin, and he was relaxed to pitch, whatever the outcome.

"This," Torre was saying, pointing to the ground, "is the pitcher's mound, and that thing over there is home plate." □

In the late innings Torre begins to show the strain of a schedule that has him catching day after day.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Don't put off today what you can do about tomorrow"

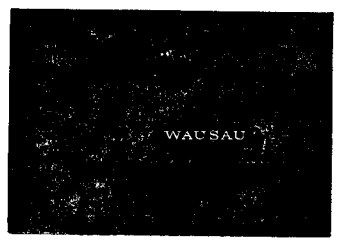
Wausau Story

What began 18 years ago with the successful reopening of a defunct college cafeteria has since developed into the extraordinary Saga Food Service, headquartered in Menlo Park, California.

Today Saga provides food management service to scores of colleges and institutions across the nation. This phenomenal growth is the result of vision and action which continue to characterize Saga's plans for tomorrow.

Such a company calls for a lively and forward-looking carrier of its business insurance. That's why they have Employers Insurance of Wausau anticipating and preparing for future needs.

What are your company's plans? What protections implied? Ask Employers Mutuals about workmen's compensation, group accident and health plans, fidelity bonds, fire, liability and casualty insurance. Call the office nearest you, or write: Employers Insurance of Wausau, Wausau, Wisconsin.

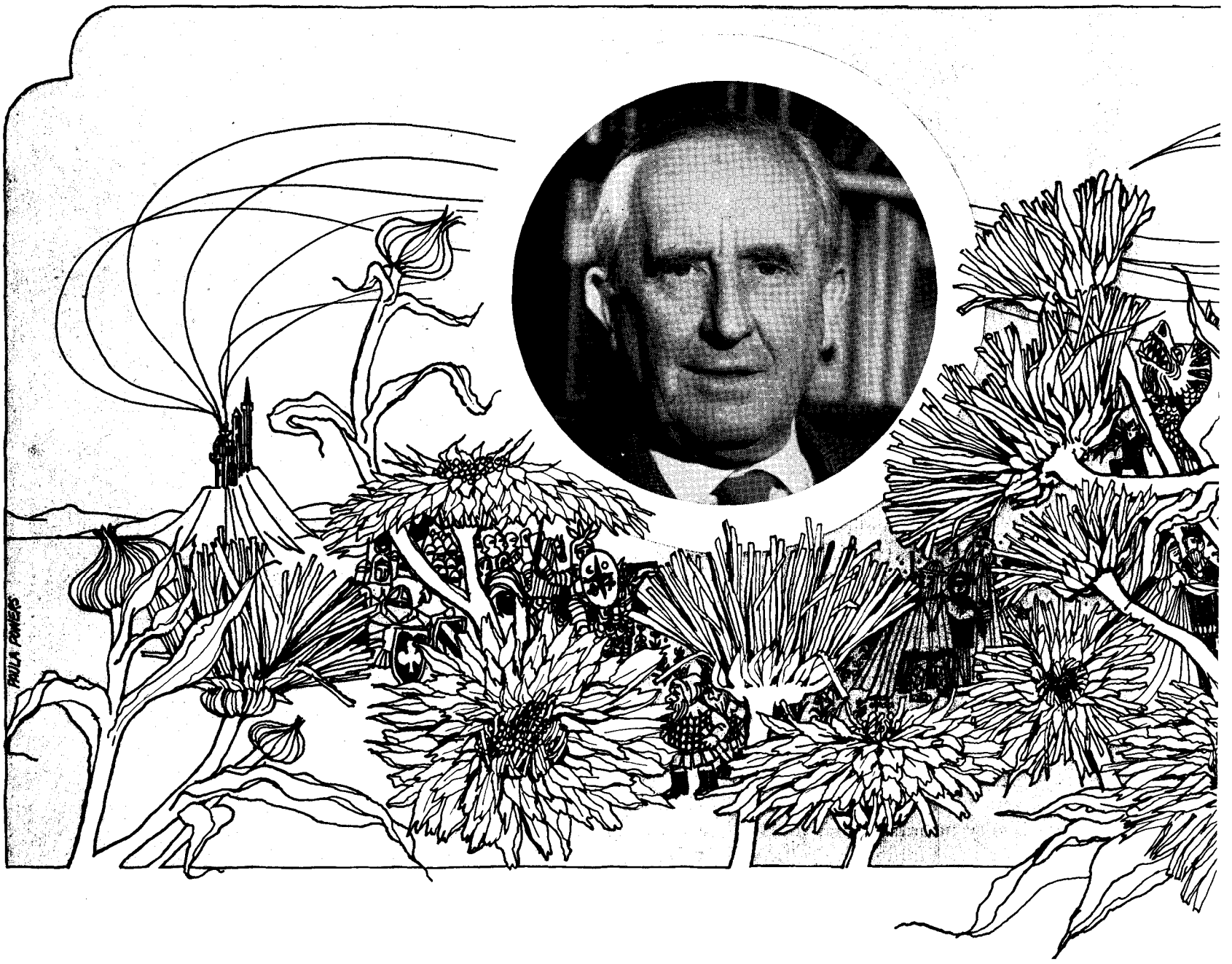


Employers Insurance of WAUSAU

"Good people to do business with"
185 Offices Coast to Coast

While his office decor elegantly reflects the past, Saga President W. Price Laughlin devotes his thought to management ideas of the future.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE HOBBIT-FORMING WORLD OF J.R.R. TOLKIEN

An aged Englishman's saga of elves, dwarves and dragons has suddenly become the hottest-selling item in U.S. campus bookstores.

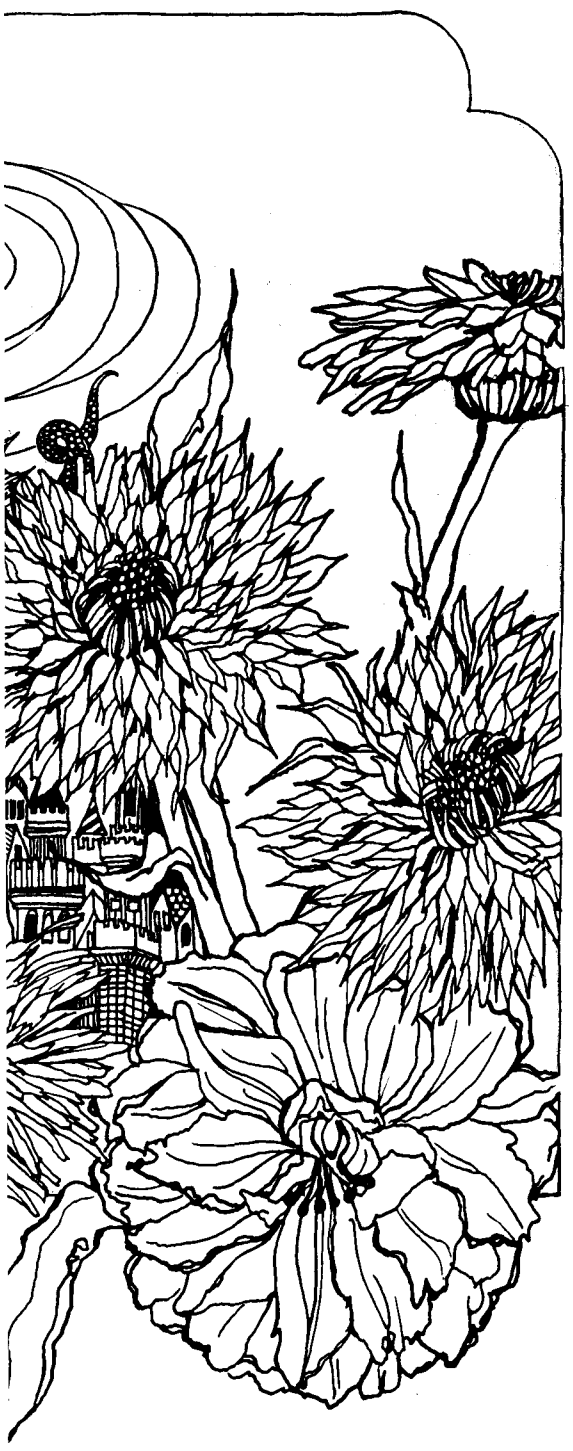
By HENRY RESNIK

Read the following paragraph carefully; then close your eyes and remember.

"They are (or were) small people, smaller than dwarves (and they have no beards) but very much larger than lilliputians. There is little or no magic about them, except the ordinary everyday sort which helps them to disappear quickly when large stupid folk like you and me come blundering along making a noise like elephants which they can hear a mile off. They are inclined to be fat in the stomach; they dress in bright colors (chiefly green and yellow); wear no shoes, because their feet grow natural leather soles and thick warm brown hair like the stuff on their heads (which is curly); have long clever brown fingers, good-natured faces, and laugh deep fruity laughs (especially after dinner, which they have twice a day when they can get it)."

All right. That was a description of hobbits, a race of "halflings" who originated in the mind of J.R.R. Tolkien, a retired Oxford don, and play a major role in his epic fantasy *The Lord of the Rings*. Could you begin to see them? Did you feel a warm, comfortable feeling as you thought about the prospect of two dinners a day—and no diets? Would you like to spend some time in a place where there is "less noise and more green"? If your answers to any of those questions is yes, you may well have a chance of becoming one of the Tolkien

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



people. And, as any of the steadily growing number of high-school and college students who have read *The Lord of the Rings* can tell you, one of the Tolkien people is just about the best thing a person can be.

In recent months, *The Lord of the Rings* has been at the top of college best-seller lists across the country, and although the Tolkien people wince at the word "fad" as if it were sheer blasphemy, even they will admit that their enthusiasm has gone—perhaps inevitably—beyond all reason. The Tolkien people may be less noisy than the LSD-heads, but there are more of them, and they give the lie to most of the melodramatic scandal that has emanated from the American campus within the past year. Look into the mirror of their emotion—the world of Tolkien—and you will probably find a clue to what today's students are really about; look into that mirror and you may even find the link that ties you to them.

The Tolkien movement is a long history of surprises, not the least of which is that the tales a quiet English scholar began writing almost 30 years ago to amuse his children have become the subject of so lively a contemporary American passion. As a youth Tolkien, who is now 74, loved languages and frequently amused himself by inventing his own. He pursued this linguistic passion at college, finally settling on philology, particularly the study of Anglo-Saxon and other medieval languages, as a career and Oxford as the place to study it. During this time, several languages had been growing in Tolkien's imagination, and he found that he could not resist inventing countries to go with them. In a matter of years these countries grew into a whole world which he called Middle-earth. Prodded by some of his Oxford colleagues, he finally wrote a book about this world. The book, published in 1937 with elaborate illustrations and maps by Tolkien himself, was called *The Hobbit*.

But, as Tolkien explains, once he had invented this world he could never quite finish with it. Middle-earth continued to grow in Tolkien's mind, and in 1956 he completed *The Lord of the Rings*, offering the admirers of *The Hobbit* a vastly expanded view of his unique creation.

The Lord of the Rings is a 1,300-page trilogy. Most Tolkien fans have read it twice; five times is not an uncommon record. One woman who fell in love with the trilogy when it was first published lost count after her 30th reading. Tolkien fans are not satisfied with merely reading, however; they proselytize, and their number steadily increases.

According to a spokesman at the Yale Co-op, *The Lord of the Rings* is selling better at Yale than *Lord of the Flies* at its peak. (*Lord of the Flies*, a novel by another Englishman, William Golding, has had enormous popularity among students.) At the Harvard Coop, the Tolkien books occupy an honored place next to the cash registers, where, like cigarettes, they are readily available in large quantities. But they are selling well in almost every college town in the country. "Somehow," says Ian Ballantine, publisher of one of the Tolkien paperback editions, "college kids have managed to get word to each other that this is the thing."

The Ballantine Books edition appeared in September, 1965, four months after that of its competitor, Ace Books, and within 10 months the two firms had sold more than a quarter of a million copies of the entire trilogy. This is a considerably faster sales rate than those of *A Separate Peace* or *The Catcher in the Rye*, other campus best sellers of recent years. In fact, it is a kind of explosion in the publishing world. The explosion is due mainly to the complete absence of any paperback edition of the Tolkien books for almost 10 years after Houghton Mifflin published the American hard-cover version in 1956; Tolkien's public had all this time to gather, like a crowd before the palace of a king, awaiting the bestowal of what they knew must come. By the end of 1965 almost every college student in the country had at least heard of *The Lord of the Rings*.

Although the Tolkien fans rarely show herding instincts and never scream, they are driven by the same subtle urge that produces water guns at the first breath of spring, gives rise to the sudden, unexpected yo-yo, and squeezes crowds of students into telephone booths. The vanguard of the Tolkien movement—those who purchased the books when they were available only in hard cover (or, better yet, in England—"The English edition smelled great," one of them said recently)—tends to view the recent upsurge with a moderately patronizing eye, but none of them begrudges either the pleasure and excitement the books afford new readers or the enlarged income they have brought to Tolkien himself.

A constantly growing number of the Tolkien people (800 at last count) share their fanaticism as members of the Tolkien Society of America, which is devoted to the enjoyment and study of Tolkien and related subjects. Two magazines—one in California, one in New York—are published regularly in celebration of Tolkien's achievement. Buttons proclaiming that FRODO LIVES (they refer to the hobbit hero of the trilogy) are available in either English or Elvish, one of Middle-earth's native languages.

A panel of students assembled in Baltimore recently to tape a TV book-discussion show drove the show's directors into a mild frenzy with constant digressions about Tolkien. Two teachers of English at Minnesota's Mankato State College have announced a Tolkien Conference to be held there this October. At Reed College in Oregon a group of students has devoted several evenings to reading *The Hobbit*, word for word, over the college radio station. And at the recent meeting of the Tolkien Society a group called "Hobbits, Uninhobbited" gave a command performance, "featuring *The Orcs' Marching Song* and a couple of terrible voices," according to the meticulously edited *Tolkien Journal*. (Orcs are another breed of Tolkien creature.) This is more than mere enthusiasm; this is passion—uninhobbited, joyous passion.

Since the most dazzling quality of Tolkien's fantasy world is the abundance of its detail—the landscape and genealogy of Middle-earth are just as elaborate as the languages—one favorite activity of Tolkien fanatics is analyzing these details. People have invented alphabet games to go with the languages; the two magazines publish articles which deal with such subjects as "The Hereditary Pattern of Immortality in Elf-Human Crosses"; and one Tolkien scholar has even spelled out an elaborate Freudian interpretation. Generally, however, the activity centers on indexes, dictionaries of the Elven languages, and translations of poems which appear in their original Elvish.

The books are essentially an adventure story, and this certainly accounts for part of the enthusiasm they generate. The adventure is founded on the well-known medieval convention of the quest, complete with hero (occasionally in armor), dragons of various sorts, treasure (or reward) at the end, and, although less important (the books are not very sexy), a smattering of fair ladies.

In *The Hobbit*, which is, according to the Tolkien people, a children's book—delightful, but not as sophisticated or profound as *The Lord of the Rings*—the quest involves traveling hundreds of miles to the Lonely Mountain and killing a fearsome dragon, Smaug, who smolders quietly in a subterranean lair, guarding his stolen treasure. The quest falls to an unsuspecting hobbit, Bilbo Baggins, who would much rather stay at home where he can be sure of six solid meals a day than be off fighting dragons; he is persuaded to embark on the journey, however, by a friendly wizard named Gandalf and a boisterous company of dwarves. Gradually the hobbit's inner courage emerges, and although he frequently longs for the comforts of his well-equipped hobbit hole, he struggles on through terrifying dark woods, encounters with huge spiders, battles with trolls and goblins—on to an enigmatic, hobbit sort of victory. (Bilbo does not actually kill the dragon himself; this job is left to a more heroic figure.)

Aside from being a vivid introduction to Middle-earth and its creatures, *The Hobbit* is significantly linked to *The Lord of the Rings* through an incident in Bilbo's travels: he flees at one point to an underground cave, the secret lurking place of a despicable creature called Gollum, who had sought refuge there long ago after murdering his brother for the possession of a beautiful ring. Bilbo discovers this ring in the cave, and it rescues him from Gollum by making him invisible.

At the beginning of *The Lord of the Rings*, however, we learn that the ring can do a great deal more than make men (or hobbits) invisible. Seventy-five years have passed, and the aging Bilbo (advised by the friendly wizard Gandalf) has reluctantly allowed his nephew, Frodo, to be the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keeper of the ring. But one day Gandalf comes to the Shire (the idyllic country very much like rural England, where generations of hobbits have lived) to tell Frodo that he may no longer keep the ring; he has discovered that it is the ancient creation of Sauron, an evil wizard, and so great is the power of the ring that if Sauron can ever find it, he will rule the world. Sauron has already dispatched his nine henchmen (glimpsed only as shapeless abstractions of evil) in search of Frodo's ring, and they are getting close.

Gandalf calls a council of hobbits, dwarves, men and elves to discuss the problem. The only solution, he announces, is to destroy the ring by returning it to the mighty fire in which it was forged, the fire that burns in the Cracks of Doom in the heart of Mordor, Sauron's fortress-like country. Everyone seems to agree that Frodo is fated to bear the ring, he reluctantly consents, and a fellowship of nine is named to accomplish the seemingly impossible task. On their quest hangs the fate of Middle-earth.

What follows is a series of struggles, battles, wars, tests and horrors so numerous and grand that they have prompted one critic to call *The Lord of the Rings* the only "true epic of our time." Finally, the ring is destroyed, and peace comes to Middle-earth.

The easy answer to why *The Lord of the Rings* appeals so strongly to high-school and college students is that to them the ring represents the power of destruction which threatens and haunts them—the bomb. This sort of easy thinking raises problems, however. First, apparently all the Tolkien people have rejected the allegorical interpretation as pointless and uninteresting (some admittedly prompted by Tolkien's own distaste for allegory). Second, high-school and college students seem rarely to think about the bomb these days, much less construct allegorical connections concerning it. ("We're more worried about the draft," says one.) The younger Tolkien fans, in fact, claim they read the books for the sheer "fun" of it. A Columbia freshman speaks eloquently for his fellow fanatics: "I'd be downcast if there were a social meaning." Yet here there is a certain division among the Tolkien people. The older ones readily grant that the books are a powerful and hopeful affirmation about man, filled with philosophical import, but even they do not think this is a good reason for reading the books.

To all readers, however, the world of Tolkien seems to offer a delicious, vintage-wine sort of escape.

"I read it during Christmas vacation," comments a teacher of English at Long Island's Adelphi University, "when I'd had about all the reality I could stand."

"Middle-earth is a beautiful place to visit," the Columbia freshman says, his eyes beginning to cloud with reminiscence, "and I go there as often as I can."

Some of the high-school and college people are willing to admit, when pressed, that they admire certain values presented in *The Lord of the Rings*. "The elves attract me most," offers the Columbia freshman. (In Tolkien, elves are not "little people"; they are as big as men, twice as beautiful and infinitely more noble.)

The most sophisticated evaluation of the fad inevitably turns, however, to the imaginative scope of Tolkien's world. The poet W. H. Auden, one of Tolkien's most prominent American admirers and a former student of Tolkien's at Oxford ("He was a marvelous lecturer; he made things so exciting that you wanted to learn"), believes that the greatest strength of the books lies in Tolkien's ability to create myths. But myths do not have universal appeal. "Either one loves the books," Auden says, "or one doesn't." Tolkien's power of imagination seems to be, at any rate, the single element which all the Tolkien people praise, whatever their terminology.

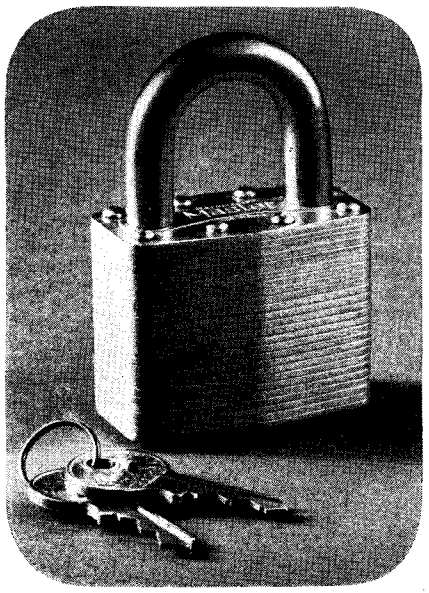
But none of the Tolkien people have observed an important quality in themselves which may explain the explosion better than any other single factor. The majority of them are unified not by a need to find ethics in a hopeless modern world or a desire for escape or a passion for myths and languages (although these may explain their initial attraction to the books); rather, they share the hobbit spirit—the pluck, the taste for adventure, the *joie de vivre*, and, above all, the total commitment to their goals (once they decide to have goals) that unite them all.

Richard Plotz is a leader among American hobbits. The Harvard-bound 17-year-old from Brooklyn read the trilogy about two years ago and im-

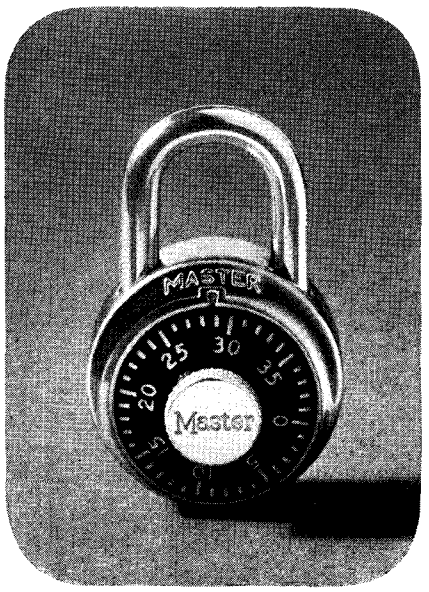
Are these 9 theft spots protected around your home?

- ☐ Garage Doors
- ☐ Gun Rack
- ☐ Tool Box
- ☐ Garden Shed
- ☐ Gates
- ☐ Boat and Motor
- ☐ Mail Box
- ☐ Trailer
- ☐ Storage Locker

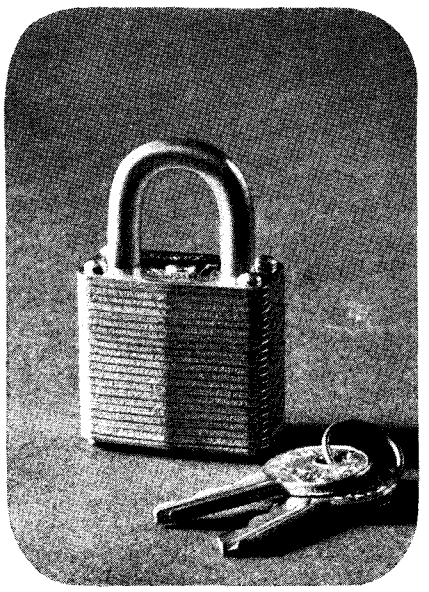
(Get these 3 easy solutions to your protection problems at your hardware store or locksmith)



The Case for Strength: Master Laminated Padlocks are built like bank vault doors. Layer on layer of laminated steel make this the world's strongest padlock case.



The Case for Security: The world's most popular combination padlock! Stainless steel case, patented features, and thousands of combinations for your added security.



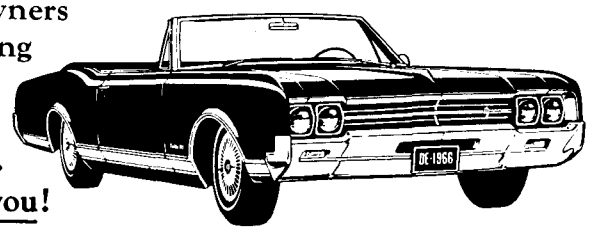
The Case for Protection: Crime statistics show there's now a burglary every 32 seconds! At $1.75 to $4.00, Master Padlocks give you maximum protection at minimum cost per year.

Master
WORLD'S STRONGEST PADLOCKS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yes! yes! a thousand times yes!

Get summertime savings at your Olds Dealer's right now!
Oldsmobile's saving season is in full swing! And every day, new owners by the thousands are Rocketing into an Olds-filled summer of driving fun! Get on over to your Olds Dealer's and test drive the Olds you like best. Discover how much Oldsmobile cares about the things you care about. Your comfort. Your safety. Your driving satisfaction. See your nearest Olds Dealer . . . the man who has everything for you!



STEP OUT FRONT
. . . in a Rocket Action Car!

TORONADO · NINETY-EIGHT · STARFIRE · EIGHTY-EIGHTS · CUTLASS · F-85 · VISTA-CRUISER · 4-4-2

OLDSMOBILE · GM

GREAT TIME TO GO WHERE THE ACTION IS . . . SEE YOUR NEARBY OLDSMOBILE QUALITY DEALER NOW!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mediately prodded his classmates to join him. "You want to discuss them with people," he says, "and talk about the good times you've had running around Middle-earth." Apparently, however, none of the classmates was sufficiently hobbitlike to share his enthusiasm, and for a time Dick limited his proselytizing to leaving announcements that "Frodo lives" on blackboards, bulletin boards and walls. One day, however, he noticed some Elvish writing on a poster in the Columbia University subway station. At the time he couldn't understand Elvish, and when he had studied it sufficiently to attempt a translation, he returned to Columbia only to find that the poster was gone. Someone had written on the new poster "Bilbo Baggins is probably a fake," and someone else had crossed out part of this, substituting "two fakes." The following week Dick saw "Down with Saruman" (one of the bad wizards), and at this point he joined the fray by crossing out "Saruman" and substituting "Gandalf."

"There was a running conversation in that subway station for weeks," Dick remembers. "I decided I had to find out who else was doing it. I put up a notice: 'Tolkien Club meets at Alma Mater statue, 2:00, February 27th.' Six students showed up. No one knew who anyone else was, but we talked for an hour, just standing there in the cold; it was twenty degrees." The thrill of this encounter urged Dick to further action, and he placed the following ad in *The New Republic:* "Join Tolkien Club. Discuss Hobbit-lore, learn Elvish. Frodo, 159 Marlborough, Brooklyn, N.Y." The result was 70 letters and the Tolkien Society, whose members now represent 44 states and a number of professions, though most are either students, teachers, scientists or psychologists. The society is evenly divided according to sex, but only about one third are adults. "I believe in the books," says Dick Plotz.

Unlike a large number of Tolkien people, Plotz is not a science-fiction fanatic. Since fantasy is closely allied with science fiction, and since both Ballantine and Ace are leading science-fiction publishers, the members of "fandom" (the name that science-fiction fans use to describe themselves corporately) were quick to adopt *The Lord of the Rings*. The fandom people were also quick to spread the message across the country, for many of them publish mimeographed records of their activities and ideas called "fanzines." By now most of the fanzines include regular articles on Tolkien, and one fanzine publisher, a 17-year-old Californian named Greg Shaw, initiated the second Tolkien publication, *Entmoot*. (Translation: a gathering of ents; the oldest, wisest, and in many ways noblest of all Tolkien's creatures, they strongly resemble trees.)

Diana Paxson, a 23-year-old graduate student of the University of California at Berkeley, has found an outlet for her Tolkien enthusiasm in the Elves, Gnomes and Little Men Science-Fiction and Fantasy Chowder and Marching Society, a fandomish group centered in San Francisco. Last September Diana and a group of friends honored the mutual birthday of Bilbo and Frodo with a party, serving malt cider and "hobbit cookies." Diana plans to spend two years as a Peace Corpsman teaching English in Ethiopia—"I'm attracted by its ancient civilization." In the university's recent Ugly Man Contest, Diana reports, Gollum placed eighth, "coming in ahead of Carol Doda, the famous 'topless dancer.'"

Dave Wilson, who lives in Cambridge, Mass., and publishes *Broadside*, a coffeehouse-folk-music magazine, says: "The sort of people who take to Tolkien have some love for themselves and love for their fellowman. Anyone who likes the trilogy can't be all bad." One wall in Wilson's apartment is decorated with a drawing entitled "Disgruntled Dwarf Debating the Desirability of Entering Upon the Desolation of Smaug"; another displays a large, diamond-shaped construction of wood frames and colorful thread called a God's-eye. "It's a religious article of a native American church," Dave explains. "As long as the eye of God is on you, no harm can come to you."

"Hut-two-three-four! Hut-two-three-four! . . ."

Others who show signs of pure hobbit include Alexis Levitin, a graduate student in English at Columbia and publisher of a new literary magazine called *The Quest*. In his master's thesis on Tolkien Levitin stresses the deep Christian spirit of *The Lord of the Rings*. He talks volubly, sitting on the floor of his small living room, footnoting his observations with references to volumes quickly snatched from nearby shelves, pausing to think, then resuming the conversation with an explosive "but" or "and." His arms whirl windmill-fashion as he reaches for more books to prove his point, and there can be no doubt that Alexis Levitin is the fastest hobbit alive. (Speed is generally alien to hobbits, of course, but determination is one of their strongest qualities.) And there is the golden-haired sylph of a girl at Radcliffe, who as a child played in the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens, imagining that she was in Middle-earth, whose friends were the trees ("I had other friends too"), and who used to read the books "on Friday nights before I went to bed so I could sort of draw it out and savor it over the weekend." Hobbits can be found in every major city and college town across the country; apparently the only thing one needs to look for is passionate devotion to *The Lord of the Rings*, and there one will also find the hobbit spirit.

The fount of this spirit is an outspoken, pipe-smoking father of four (the oldest is now 48, the youngest 36), who enjoys long hikes in the country and who tends to be excessively modest about his literary achievements. W. H. Auden has illustrated this modesty in recalling that for years most of the people who knew Tolkien at Oxford had no idea he was writing about Middle-earth; finally the late C. S. Lewis, a noted novelist-philosopher-critic and one of Tolkien's closest friends, persuaded him to send *The Hobbit* to a publisher. Many Tolkien scholars suggest that without Lewis's constant prodding, *The Lord of the Rings* would never have reached print. Tolkien himself has called his books on Middle-earth merely a philological game (he has also denied that he called them anything of the kind), and he dismisses the possibility of their being a "classic," saying that the very idea of a living man writing a classic seems somehow wrong to him. He recently told an American friend that he is still working diligently away on the *Silmarillion*, his next book about Middle-earth, adding dourly, "if any of the *Silmarillion* is worth publishing."

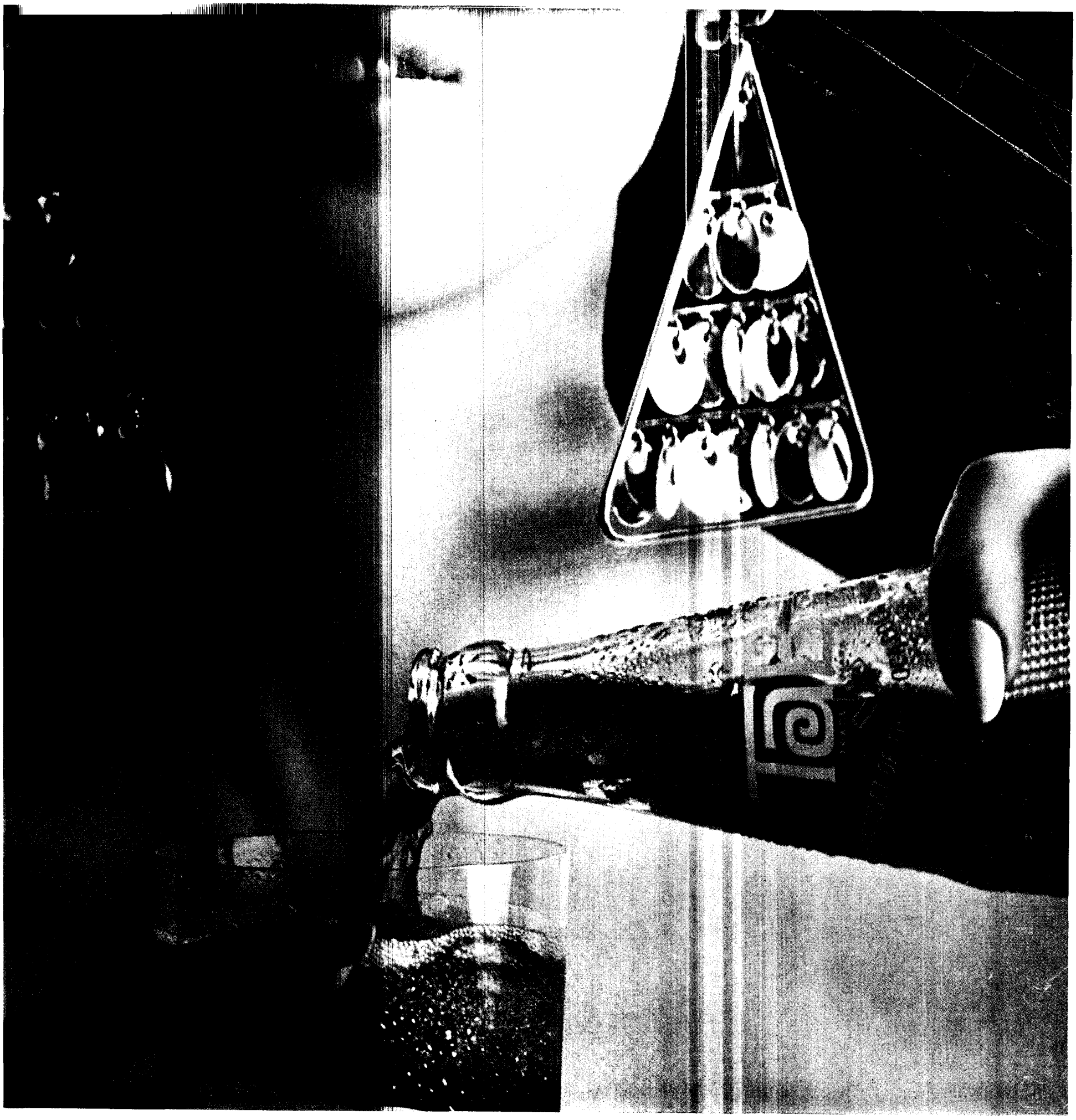
At times, however, Tolkien becomes as bold and plucky as Frodo when confronted by the Shadow of Mordor. In Tolkien's case the Shadow is not Sauron but what he considers the cant and ignorance that have surrounded his creation. He has frequently voiced his contempt for the various scholarly theses about *The Lord of the Rings*, for example, considering most of them "rather vain efforts." (Tolkien approves of the alphabet-seekers and genealogists, on the other hand, finding their efforts part of a highly amusing game.) He also views with distaste the idea that he is some kind of antiquated medievalist, burying himself in a fantasy world because he finds the present so unbearable. "My opinion of current affairs is not as depressed as some people's," he says. "I should say I'm a bit frightened that the Greeks hadn't got something in the saying that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first drive mad. Our modern world is like the tower of Babel—wild noise and confusion. But I think that a little history cures you. Living at the end of the sixteenth century would have been just as bad, but there weren't so many people around." He grants that "certain things that were good, were beautiful, were more nourishing to the human person," have been sacrificed to machines. "But I don't think you can refuse knowledge; I don't think there's a way out."

Tolkien was born in South Africa. His father died when he was four, and his mother brought the family back to her native Birmingham. "I found I had for the countryside of England both the native feeling and the personal wonder of somebody who comes to it," he says. He readily admits that the Shire of his trilogy has its roots in the English countryside and that Middle-earth itself is simply his own view of Europe. Tolkien's long acquaintance with Norse and Germanic myths has inspired the chillier, more menacing landscapes of Middle-earth, and he makes no secret of having deliberately shaped the two major interests of his life—rural England and the northern myths—to his own literary purposes. "In *The Lord of the Rings*," Tolkien says, "I have tried to modernize the myths and make them credible."

What place will the hobbit from Oxford be given in literary history? The distinguished American essayist Edmund Wilson maintains that the trilogy is no more than "an overgrown fairy story, a philological curiosity." In general, however, critics agree that *The Lord of the Rings* will outlast our time. "There are very few works of genius in recent literature," writes critic Michael Straight. "This is one."

A good many people still have not yet read *The Lord of the Rings*, of course, but the time cannot be far away when not having read it will be, in most literary and academic circles, tantamount to complete boorishness. Already the signs of such attitudes can be seen. At a cocktail party given recently in Greenwich Village a well-read woman in her late twenties exclaimed to a group of friends, "I saw a sign in the subway near N.Y.U. the other day—'Judy and Phil love J. R. R. Tolkien.' Now what do you suppose *that* means?" Her friends could only look on with deep sympathy. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

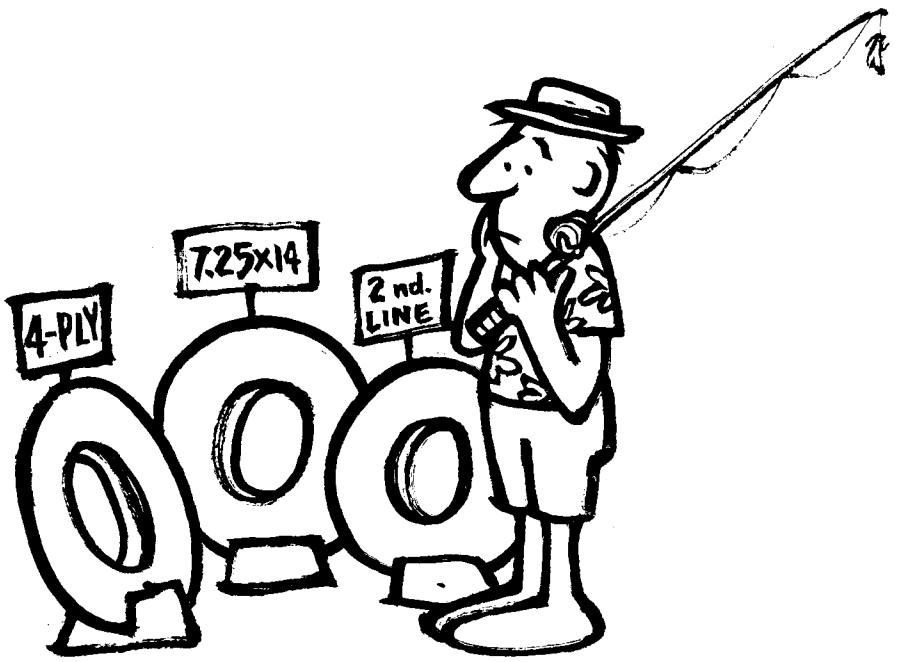


The Now Taste of Tab.

Tab. Trimmed down in sweetness, so it's a little bit dry.
With 1 crazy calorie in every 6 ounces.
Like everything now a little bit crazy, but wow.
The now taste of Tab.
That's what's happening. To the nicest shapes around.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Going on a vacation? Avoid the State of Confusion.



A little confusion over where to go on your vacation trip is one thing. But the confusion that surrounds buying the tires that'll get you there is another thing.

With "ply nonsense" to the north. "Tread pattern" to the south. "Miracle compounds" to the east. "Cord angles" to the west. Before you know it, you're going around in circles and you haven't even left your driveway.

In most tire stores you need a compass just to get from the front door to the salesman.

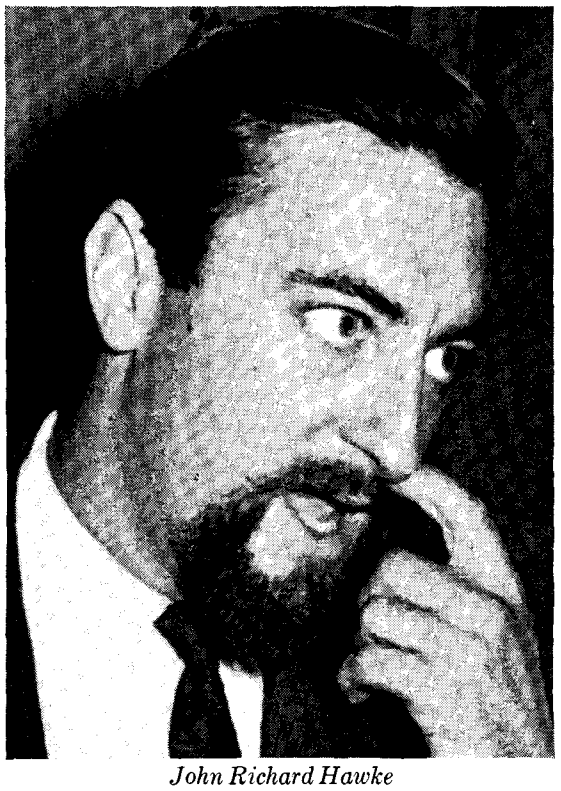
At B.F.Goodrich—the straight-talk tire people—all you need is a Tire Value Calculator... and you're on the road to the right tire at the right price. No confusion. No compasses.

Wherever you go, start out on the right tires. It's a cinch if you let B.F.Goodrich be your guide.

The straight-talk tire people. **B.F.Goodrich**

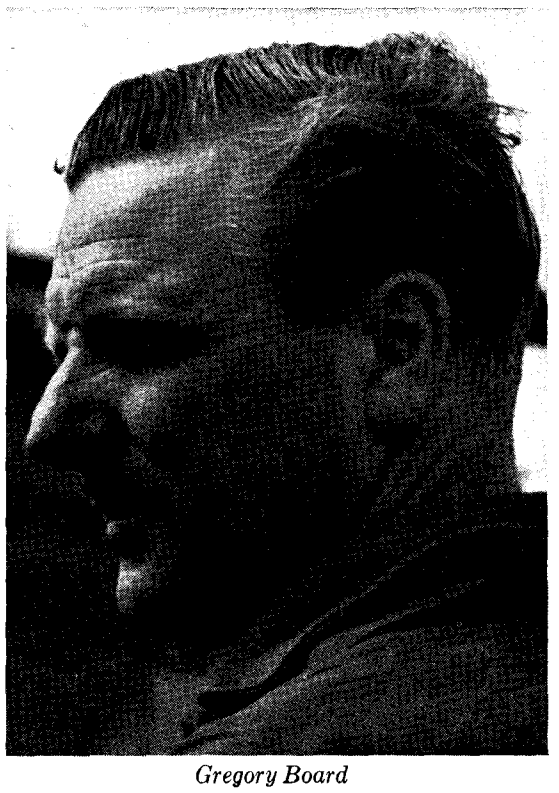
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WACKY SPY CAPER, or,



John Richard Hawke

Count Henri de Montmarin



Gregory Board

The Case of

THE BUMBLING HAWKE, THE MYSTERIOUS SPARROW AND THE SEVEN WANDERING BIRDS

Did the CIA mastermind the plot to smuggle bombers to Portugal? No, insists the CIA. Yes, say the smugglers now awaiting trial.

Before I plunge recklessly into a wholesale breach of national security by telling all about Project Sparrow, I should point out that the Central Intelligence Agency vigorously denies it played any role whatever in the caper. The CIA's public-relations office—which you can reach at 351-7676 (Area Code 202) in Washington in case you have any questions—has stood firm on that score from the start.

I should add, too, that there is a certain neurotic propensity on the part of many Washington newspapermen to see CIA men under the bed. One CIA man I know attributes this to what he calls "The James Bond Syndrome" and deplores the fascination of both the press and public for his spying business. "The press never knows all the facts," he says, "and it loves to make us look bad. Nothing ought to be printed about the CIA. Nothing!"

My CIA contact also stressed the fact that spying is an amoral business and that when it comes to any moment of truth in a covert operation (as a member of the In Group he called it a "black operation"), every good CIA man will lie. He included himself, which did not add to the limited confidence I had in his flat denials about the CIA's role in Sparrow. Still, one must give some weight to the CIA's protestations of innocence, since my CIA man says they came "from On High."

Having thus been scrupulously fair to the much-maligned CIA, and working on the premise that if a newspaperman can find out, so can the

By Barnard Law Collier

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russians, I shall tell you how I became aware of Project Sparrow, which was a smuggling plot that was going full blast during the first eight months of 1965. It received some attention in the press, but is still classified "Secret" in Washington, New York, Paris, Lisbon, Ottawa, Goose Bay, Winnipeg, Miami and, presumably, Moscow.

Bearing in mind that the CIA says it knows an awful lot that I don't—all of which it absolutely refuses to tell me about—the reader must draw his own conclusions.

A UPI wire story that moved during the afternoon of September 18, 1965, reported that a Frenchman and an Englishman were being held in Miami in lieu of $25,000 bond each on charges of trying to smuggle "airplanes, parts, arms and World War II 'electronic bombs and gunsights,' apparently to an undisclosed Caribbean nation." The UPI item went on to say that federal authorities were doing all they could to "hush up" the affair, which involved an "unfriendly government."

The two men, said UPI, were in the Dade County jail in Florida and both had attempted without success to get the extraordinarily high bond lowered. A third man, who had been sought by the U.S. Bureau of Customs on the same charges, had fled the country. The chief of Customs in Miami, Fred Patton, refused to say anything.

A CIA buff can spot that kind of spooky story 25 paces from the teleprinter.

I made a few telephone calls and found out that the Frenchman was a distinguished-looking count from Paris named Henri Marie François de Marin de Montmarin, a 58-year-old industrialist and former pilot who was also the director of an aviation-electronics firm called EURAFRICAIR. On the side he was an aircraft broker. He was listed in France's version of *Who's Who* and is an officer of the Legion of Honor. He spoke practically no English, but did manage to make it known that he pleaded innocent.

The Englishman's background was equally intriguing. His name was John Richard Hawke. He was 28 and a resident alien retired from the Royal Air Force, in which he was an ace acrobatic pilot. He was also the author of several RAF technical manuals. At 23 he had been an instructor with the RAF's precision-acrobatic flying team, "The Firebirds," then a test pilot, a ferry pilot and jet-aircraft instructor in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., where he lived. Hawke also pleaded, in an eloquently expressive British accent, that he was innocent.

The fugitive was Gregory Board, a 45-year-old former Australian who had become an American citizen. A Hemingwayesque character with a bushy moustache, Board owns a company in Tucson, Ariz., called Aero Associates, Inc., which sells World War II military aircraft and also leases and flies them for motion-picture companies. He was supposed to be hiding out in his home in Port Antonio, Jamaica, and wasn't talking to anybody.

The same instinct that tells you that the blond, crew-cut fellow in the trench coat and horsehide oxfords leaning against the American bar in Managua, Nicaragua, is not what he pretends to be, immediately signaled that all was not kosher. This was not a run-of-the-mill illegal aircraft export to some Caribbean island; the people involved were too overtly reputable, presumably too intelligent, apparently too honorable, to get mixed up in grubby private deals with either bankrupt tyrants or guerrillas in this hemisphere.

Hawke made only $700 profit on each flight

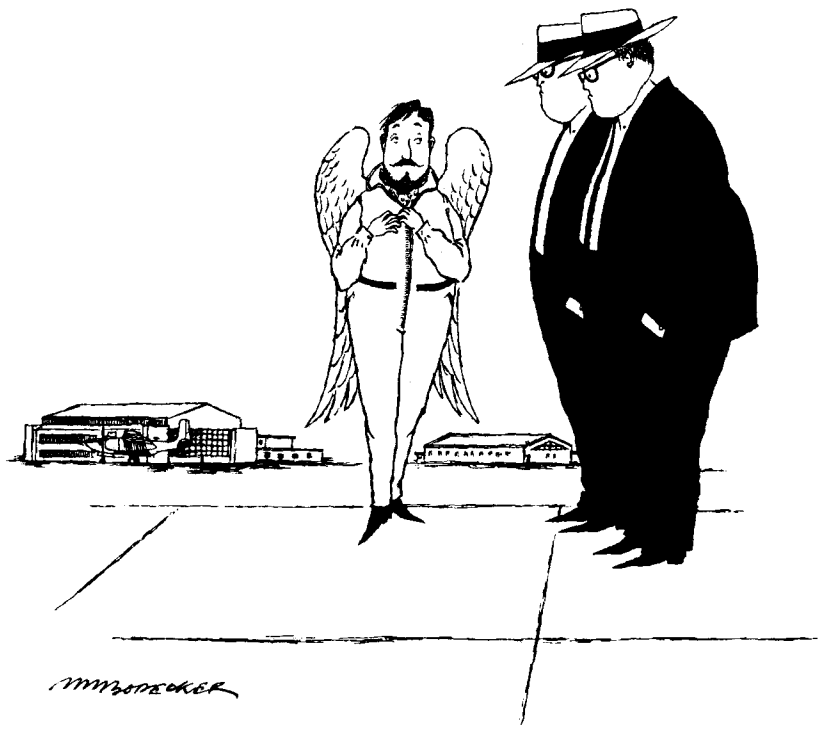
As it turned out, the UPI story had erred in two respects: (1) The country to which the planes were smuggled was really a U.S. ally, and (2) the destination was not Latin American, but European. The planes—it took a few hours to find out that *seven* Douglas B-26 bombers were involved—had been flown to Portugal, one of our NATO partners. This was in violation of a U.S. pledge in the United Nations that such military aircraft would not be sold to Portugal because she might use them against black rebels in her overseas colonies of Angola and Mozambique.

From all the initial evidence it seemed as if the CIA had pulled an international boner. But while it is relatively easy to uncover clandestine CIA operations in Latin America—a region the CIA regards as bush-league—to do so with a European operation is virtually hopeless. The quality of U.S. spying in Europe is very high.

I did not realize then that John Richard Hawke, the pilot who had flown all seven of the B-26's out of the United States and into Portugal, was taking it all so seriously. He did not like the Dade County jail, even though it is air-conditioned and probably the most comfortable confinement in the country. Neither did I know that U.S. Customs and the U.S. Attorney in Buffalo, N.Y., a pleasant fellow named John T. Curtin, were so serious about pressing prosecution. And nobody knew then that sometime this late summer or fall in U.S. District Court, Western District of New York, the case actually would come to trial.

The case for the defense: Everyone was working, or thought he was working, for the CIA, which gives a man carte blanche to break any and all U.S. laws. The case for the U.S.: The CIA had nothing whatever to do with it.

The biggest problem for the prosecution is going to be antihero Hawke. If it comes to pass that Hawke is convicted of being a willful lawbreaker, he certainly will rank as one of the most delightfully direct, righteously indignant and incredibly naïve lawbreakers in the annals of espionage. His flights to Portugal, he insists, were done in the name "of your Uncle Sam," and it is very easy to believe him. The CIA man at 351-7676 denies that, of course, but one can't believe *him*.



Antihero Hawke may rank as the most naïve lawbreaker in the annals of spying.

Hawke's tale goes this way:

In London in July of 1963, Hawke met Gregory Board for the first time. Knowing Hawke's reputation as a crack pilot, Board asked him to ferry to the U.S. two vintage Messerschmitts which Board had bought in Germany. Hawke accepted the job and, after making the proper arrangements with Count de Montmarin (who acted as broker in the deal), he headed off for America. Sadly enough, a pilot whom Hawke had hired to fly the second plane suffered a broken oil line and crash-landed off Labrador. Hawke delivered his plane, but was penalized half the fee.

Except for a few letters of explanation about the crash, Hawke had no contact with Board until late April of 1965, when Board called Hawke and asked if he would like to ferry 10 B-26's to Europe. By then Hawke had fallen on hard times. A jet-training school in which he was an instructor had failed. He was selling encyclopedias door to door. Hawke expressed excited interest.

"Then two weeks went by and I still hadn't heard anything, so I called Board," says Hawke. "He told me the project would be getting under way fairly soon. He arranged to meet with me in Florida in a few days." When Hawke and his wife met Board for dinner, Board told them that the 10 planes were to go to Bordeaux, France, and then to Lisbon, Portugal, for the Portuguese Air Force. He added that 10 more B-26's might also be bought by Portugal. Hawke would be paid $3,000 per flight, out of which would come all expenses, including repairs, fuel, lodging, and airline tickets back home. The net to Hawke averaged only $700. Hawke later found out that the price tag on the entire deal amounted, according to federal officials, to almost one million dollars.

In the third week of May, Hawke left Florida for Tucson to prepare for the first flight. Already there were Count de Montmarin and an aircraft mechanic named Keat Griggers, who was to oversee the repair of the B-26's and then go to Portugal to service the planes.

The day after his arrival, Hawke was shown around the Hamilton Aircraft Co. plant where the B-26's were being modified and refurbished. Gordon Hamilton, the plant's owner and the one who sold the planes to Board, was his host. For the next few days Hawke was briefed by Board and de Montmarin on radio frequencies, maps and routes. "They changed the original destination," says Hawke, "from Bordeaux to the Portuguese Air Force Base at Tancos, which is about 90 miles northeast of Lisbon. I was also given crystals for some special radio frequencies to use during the flight."

In addition, Hawke was provided with copies of a contract between Board and a Canadian named Woodrow Wilson Roderick, who was the middleman purchaser of the B-26's from Board. He also got a copy of a contract between himself and Roderick for the flights. "Then I was briefed," Hawke says, "on what to do if there was any

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trouble with the Customs, particularly in Canada. I was given the name of a customs broker in St. John's, Newfoundland, and I was to call him after landing at Torbay, Newfoundland, which is the most easterly point in the province and the perfect place to jump off on a long Atlantic flight."

Hawke insists that he and the mechanic, Griggers, were convinced that the contract was "government sponsored—in effect a contract between the U.S. government and the Portuguese government. But it was arranged in such a way as to arouse no public interest, for political reasons I assumed were valid." Remarks by Board, Hamilton and de Montmarin reinforced their conviction that the flights were CIA-sponsored.

Over the Memorial Day weekend of 1965, Griggers and Hawke flew to Rochester, N.Y., where a long-range fuel tank was to be fitted on the B-26. The tank turned out to be old, rusty and leaky, and it took five days to repair and install it. Meanwhile, Griggers got a call from Board to return to Tucson. Hawke was on his own.

About 4 P.M. on June 3—after checking with the Weather Bureau and getting a clearance from U.S. Customs to Torbay—Hawke filed his flight plan and took off. Canadian Customs was waiting for him when he arrived four hours later; with them he filed a general customs declaration. There was no trouble at all with Canadian Customs, and the next morning Hawke was on his way.

The first crisis arose about 500 miles out when Hawke's high-frequency radio quit working. Since he had filed a flight plan to Santa Maria in the Azores and then to Paris (for, as Hawke puts it, "political reasons again"), he was expected to maintain contact with Canadian Air Traffic Control and the control center in New York. When he failed to make contact, a general alert across the North Atlantic was put into effect.

When Hawke finally landed at Santa Maria, the superintendent of the airport was furious about Hawke's "violation" of air traffic regulations. He insisted on impounding the B-26 until its high-frequency radio was fixed. "I understood that little problems like that would not hinder me," Hawke says, "and after I talked to the man's superior I got all the proper clearances in a hurry." Hawke filed a new flight plan for Lisbon—and headed for the airfield at Tancos.

"About four hours later," he says, "I landed at Tancos and was greeted by a multitude of dignitaries, including a man I now know to be the Count of Beaumont (Antoine de Beaumont, a contact man with Luber Inc., a small Swiss arms and chemical dealer handling the Project Sparrow funds for the Portuguese), another who is the chief of Portuguese military security, a colonel in charge of air force matériel, and the head of the civil secret police. They were all terribly glad to see me and the airplane. After chatting about the flight, I pocketed the special VHF radio crystals—which were of no use to me since I was never contacted on any of the special frequencies—and I was taken in an air force staff car to Monsanto air base, near Lisbon, where I was put up in officers' quarters."

The Portuguese Secret Police wanted Hawke to leave for the U.S. by way of Zurich or Paris because Hawke's flight plans said that was where he was headed. But Hawke insisted on returning the cheapest way possible. He eventually talked the secret-police agents into letting him fly straight back to New York. Two high-ranking secret policemen escorted him to the Lisbon Airport, whisked him through all the formalities and helped him purchase a ticket on a commercial flight.

As he drank in the Lisbon Airport lounge, Hawke mused over the ins and outs of the covert operation business. During his sessions with the Portuguese secret police he had been given a new and powerful code word—it was Sparrow—"which would open all doors, close all mouths, and smooth over just about anything. This seemed a little melodramatic, but I accepted it."

Two cast members check out B-17 in Arizona in 1961. They are Board, second from left, and Griggers, third from right.

His trip home to Ft. Lauderdale was eventless. Then, about June 18, Hawke flew to Tucson to get ready for flight No. 2. He complained to Board and Hamilton that everything had not gone smoothly as far as the airplane was concerned and he also rapped the airport controller at Santa Maria. That mixup, Hawke was told, would be taken care of promptly. He also talked to W. W. Roderick, in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Hawke says that Roderick assured him that Sparrow would now settle any such future mishaps. Then, says Hawke, "I met with a gentleman whose name was sort of Polish—like 'Cenevsky' or something like that—and he briefed me again. He was cognizant of what had happened throughout the flight. He told me he was from the U.S. Government, and he showed me a credential which I did not photostat in my mind but which looked very impressive."

The mysterious gentleman, Hawke says, told him that the United Nations would be most upset if it was found out that the B-26's were going to Portugal. The State Department once had been asked by the Portuguese government if it would approve the sale of the planes outright; the U.S. had refused, but there was considerable sympathy with the request and—according to the mystery man—another agency took over the job of getting them to the proper people. That was the end of the session. Was "Cenevsky" a CIA man? Hawke is not certain.

Hawke left Tucson on June 23 at 4 A.M. after getting $3,000 in cash from the Southern Arizona Bank & Trust Co. "There was bad weather and I had some radio trouble and the compass was not working too well. I decided that I might as well land at Washington National Airport and leave the plane there overnight for repairs while I caught a commercial flight to Miami to see my wife on our wedding anniversary. I could get back the next morning and still have plenty of time."

It is well to recall here that Hawke now is under indictment for illegally exporting B-26's. Now why would a smuggler land a B-26 at, of all places, the nation's capital, if he didn't *really* have to? The U.S. Customs is constantly on the lookout for such planes. Countless B-26's are seized annually on suspicion that they might be illegally leaving the country. And yet Hawke flew to Washington—and not without incident.

"I found my way through the murky weather to Washington," Hawke recalls, "and I was finally cleared to join the landing pattern with several other aircraft. I was descending behind several other planes when the engines commenced to backfire. The trouble was fuel starvation. I was low on fuel in the tanks I was using and in a descent the fuel was all going to the wrong part of the tanks. I switched the tanks, and the engines started again, but that wasn't the end of it.

"Unbeknownst to me I had flown over the White House, which is *strictly* off limits. And I was at a low altitude. The Control Tower was not a little upset. They advised me of this over the radio immediately. They said, 'B-26 flying over the White House please come back to the flying pattern immediately.' This was while I was still having trouble with the engines, I believe, and I told them, 'Shut up, I'm busy.' A few moments later I asked them again what they had said and they told me that when I landed I was to report to the tower because of the violation."

A Federal Aviation Agency car with a pair of FAA agents inside was waiting when Hawke parked his plane. They were duly agitated. "They told me that a violation would be filed and that normally it is a $1,000 fine no matter what the excuse. One doesn't threaten the life of President Johnson with a bomber and get away with it lightly, they warned. And they weren't kidding."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The careful CIA student must pause again and ask himself: Why, if the export of the B-26's was without top-level clearance, didn't the FAA, the U.S. Customs, the Secret Service from the White House, the FBI or *somebody* stop Hawke right then? Had Hawke invented the whole absurd thing? That's what I thought until I got a copy of the FAA report which was sent to Hawke last March from the FAA installation at Washington National Airport. It read in part:

SUMMARY OF INCIDENT: Approx. 2120Z ["Z" means Greenwich Time—4:20 P.M. EST] *N9422Z reported four miles northwest of the airport and was instructed to report downwind west of the the airport. Approx. 2123Z a B-26 was observed westbound, north of the Washington Monument in P-56* [the prohibited area over the White House]. *Approx. 2124Z White House called in reference to a twin-engined silver-colored aircraft in the above position and same heading. Approx. 2131Z, N9422Z landed on runway 18. Washington weather at 2127Z: ceiling 1500 broken, visibility eight miles.*

It was signed by Facility Chief Glen D. Tigner, and the date of the filing was July 2, 1965. It took eight months for the report to reach Hawke, and during the interim every FAA official I questioned said that Hawke must have cooked up the whole affair; no such violation was on record.

The FAA agents questioned Hawke for nearly three hours and Hawke invoked the word "Sparrow" several times. He still doesn't know whether the code word is responsible for his being permitted to leave. Hawke managed to catch a plane to Miami and spent what must have been an excruciatingly fleeting hour or so with his wife. He was back in Washington by 10 A.M. the next day, June 24, and he has the airline tickets to prove he actually made the trip.

Hawke spent an hour dickering over the cost of gasoline and finally managed to wheedle four cents a gallon off the usual rate. "Every penny counted," he says. "I had to scrimp here and there, and the trip to Miami had cost me good money. You can certainly see that if I had been worried about going to jail for twenty years for doing something illegal I bloody well wouldn't have bothered about the price of petrol."

He gassed up the bomber and revved up the engines. Then Hawke was startled to see "two men in dark suits—and I always worry about men in dark suits"—waving at him to stop the engines. They turned out to be FBI agents.

"What are you planning to do with this military airplane?" one asked.

"I'm taking it to France," Hawke said.

"What are the long-range fuel tanks for?" the other FBI man wanted to know.

"So I can fly over the sea," Hawke said.

"How far can it fly with those tanks?"

Hawke told them, and they realized that the range was not enough to avoid U.S. radar and fly undetected to the strife-torn Dominican Republic, which was, as Hawke puts it, "a place they said was in the height of fashion for smugglers."

Itching to get under way, Hawke climbed back into the B-26 and started up the engines again. And then two more men—"in black suits, of course"—popped up and waved for him to stop his engines. They were from the FAA, and they insisted that Hawke check out his engines with an FAA mechanic at the cost of several hours and considerable expense. Meanwhile, Hawke took the suggestion of one of the FBI men and cleared U.S. Customs at Washington National instead of going first to Rochester, N.Y., as he had originally planned. He filed his general declaration through Canada to the Azores to Paris, and finally got ready to take off, when the weather went bad for two hours. That night fog forced a very frustrated Hawke to land in Portland, Maine. And again he was stopped, this time by two FAA men who wanted to know where he intended going with a military airplane. "I told them, and I also mentioned the code word Sparrow. One of them made a few calls, and when he came back he said I could be off without any more trouble."

The rest of flight No. 2 was pretty routine. Just to be sure there was no repetition of the first flight's delay at Santa Maria, he overflew that airport and went directly to Tancos's airfield, where he again was welcomed. Hawke was driven to Monsanto, slept at the officers' mess, and flew to New York on a commercial liner.

A week or so later, on flight No. 3, bad weather forced Hawke down in Detroit, where he cleared U.S. Customs, again without incident. Then the plane's brakes stuck and Hawke spent an hour roaring up and down the taxiway trying to ungum them. Bad weather forced him down again in London, Ontario, where Canadian Customs seized the bomber because they claimed he was carrying cargo. The "cargo" turned out to be a modification kit for the B-26, and Canadian Customs soon realized their error and let Hawke go.

In Lisbon, Hawke met with a partner of de Montmarin's named Lucien Bernard, who was handling the financial matters of Sparrow in Portugal, and two other Frenchmen. They advised him that the deal for 20 B-26's had been made firm and questioned him intensely on whether or not Hamilton Aircraft was maintaining the quality of the planes. They also warned him not to do anything to arouse any publicity. Hawke flew directly back to Tucson to pick up No. 4. That flight, and the others through No. 7, were boringly routine.

A CIA source swears Hawke got ensnarled in a masterful non-CIA hoax.

There was an interval of about three weeks between the return of Hawke from flight No. 7 and the takeoff date of No. 8. Hawke and his wife took the time to spend a week's vacation at Board's home in Jamaica, and after that, Hawke and Board and de Montmarin began to fly around the country in Board's C-46 picking up spare parts for the B-26's that were already in Portugal.

But on the 10th of September strange things began to happen to Hawke and his companions. FAA and U.S. Customs agents in Rochester, Pittsburgh, and Ocala, Fla., suddenly began taking a peculiar interest in their C-46 and their cargo of B-26 spare parts and bombing gear. Hawke felt, he says, that there was merely some mix-up in signals. "But Board seemed concerned and said he was going to call people in Washington to get the Customs off our necks."

At Taylor Field in Ocala, where Board insisted the C-46 should park for the night, a Customs agent from Tampa named Sam Johnson turned up and warned the three men not to leave the country with or without the airplane. Board and Hawke assured agent Johnson that they did not plan to go anywhere but to Miami, and added that they would leave all their cargo in Ocala in case that was what was bothering Customs people. Johnson allowed them to leave the next day.

Although more Customs agents met the C-46 at Miami International Airport and made a complete search of the plane, no arrests were made. The case, according to federal officials who cannot be named, still had not jelled.

But Hawke was growing suspicious, and with good cause. Two days before he was finally booked, Hawke noticed that two men were following him in a car. "I thought that rather funny," he says. "I played a few games with them, turning corners sharply. We eventually stopped at a railroad crossing, I got out and approached them in their car. I was a little alarmed to see a gun on the front seat. I said, 'Who are you and why are you following me?' One of them said that 'We can follow anybody we like, there's no law against that.'"

Then Hawke told them that if they didn't stop following him, he was going to go straight to the FBI. That didn't seem to faze them, and so Hawke did go to the local FBI office.

"Please, sir," Hawke says he said to the FBI agent on duty, "there are two men following me and I want to know who they are."

At that point, one of the two men shambled into the FBI office and asked to use the phone. Both men were, of course, Customs agents.

On Thursday, September 16, just 48 hours after the scene at FBI headquarters, U.S. Customs agent Wallace Shanley came to Hawke's home and gently broke the news that he was under arrest. At the time, Hawke was having a beer with the Customs men assigned to tail him. They had become good pals.

In early October a four-count indictment was brought against Hawke, Board, Griggers, de Montmarin, Roderick and Aero Associates, Inc.,

'Please, sir, there are two men following me.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the U.S. District Court in Buffalo. By that time Hawke had retained a Miami Beach lawyer-pilot named Edwin Marger and was free under $5,000 bond. He was becoming increasingly disillusioned with the whole affair.

For one thing, Board had slipped out of the country to avoid arrest, and with him, according to federal authorities, he carried at least $53,000 given to him by de Montmarin as payment for spare B-26 parts obtained outside the U.S. There was no sign that Board, like Hawke, was going to face the charges and maintain that it was all a big blunder the CIA would eventually straighten out. And Board was said by a friend to have protested his dismay about the whole mess in an unsigned letter postmarked from Saudi Arabia. Board was not anxious to come home. Why had he been allowed to flee the U.S.? There are only lame answers to that question. "He got out before we were ready to make arrests," is the best any government source can do.

Count de Montmarin—who maintains that he was merely a good broker—languished in jail for nearly four weeks before a New York lawyer finally got him out. While he was in jail, his wife remained in Paris to run EURAFRICAIR's odd affairs.

At the urging of lawyer Marger, who worked out an arrangement with U.S. Attorney Curtin, Griggers returned to the U.S. from Portugal (to which he had gone between flights No. 5 and 6) for arraignment. Then he went home to California. Griggers, too, was sure the CIA was going to put everything right; he is no longer certain.

Even a beginner at the game of CIA must have become aware of the obvious question which arises: How did *seven*—not one, two, three or five, but *seven*—of the bombers leave the U.S. and fly to Portugal without the vigilant CIA being aware of the plot? The answer of the CIA, and the other government agencies concerned, is that "an unfortunate mistake" was made somewhere along the line. In that case, one must wonder just how reliable the CIA's intelligence reporting is when an amateurish agent like Hawke can buzz the White House with a B-26 and still be in the illegal export business five planes later. A CIA student's alternate theory: If the CIA was not directly involved, then somebody at CIA headquarters in Langley, Va., certainly averted his eyes.

There is also the really ticklish issue of justice being done. For even if the U.S. mounts a massive case for conspiracy against Hawke & Co., how can the prosecution remove the nagging suspicion that the CIA was actually behind it all? The CIA can swear it is clean, but admittedly, that is all part of the CIA game.

To complicate matters, Sparrow has become a matter of concern in the United Nations. At the Trusteeship Committee of the U. N. General Assembly late last year, any chance of getting at the whole truth may have been diminished again.

Hungarian Delegate Zoltan Szilagyi had charged that the U.S. had instructed the secret delivery of the B-26's to Portugal. But Mrs. Eugenie Anderson (a U.S. Permanent Representative to the United Nations), although admitting that the planes had been delivered to Portugal, said they got there "without the U.S. authorities having the slightest knowledge of the operation." Then Mrs. Anderson proceeded to all but convict Hawke & Co. before their trial. She said, according to the Provisional Summary Record of the United Nations Fourth Committee, that "those concerned had been indicted on October 6 (1965) . . . for exporting aircraft without a license. The reason why the individuals in question had to resort to fraudulent methods in order to get the aircraft out of the U.S., and had been prosecuted for so doing, was precisely that the U.S. Government . . . had forbidden the provision of arms or military equipment to Portugal without assurances that they would not be used in Portuguese territories. The U.S. authorities had made known to the Portuguese government its deep concern over the contravention of known U.S. arms policy. . . ."

Pity poor U.S. Attorney Curtin. If the case comes to trial as expected, and Hawke and his colleagues are set free, the Soviet bloc and African delegates in the United Nations will, according to highly qualified U.N. observers, charge that Sparrow thus had been proven a CIA operation and that Mrs. Anderson lied. So Curtin has more than a newsworthy conviction riding on the outcome of the Sparrow case. He feels under pressure to convict to avoid an international fuss. On the other hand, if the alleged conspirators are convicted, there is sure to be a protest from those concerned with civil liberties—and anyone else who is worried about how much secrecy the CIA can get away with, in the courtroom and outside it.

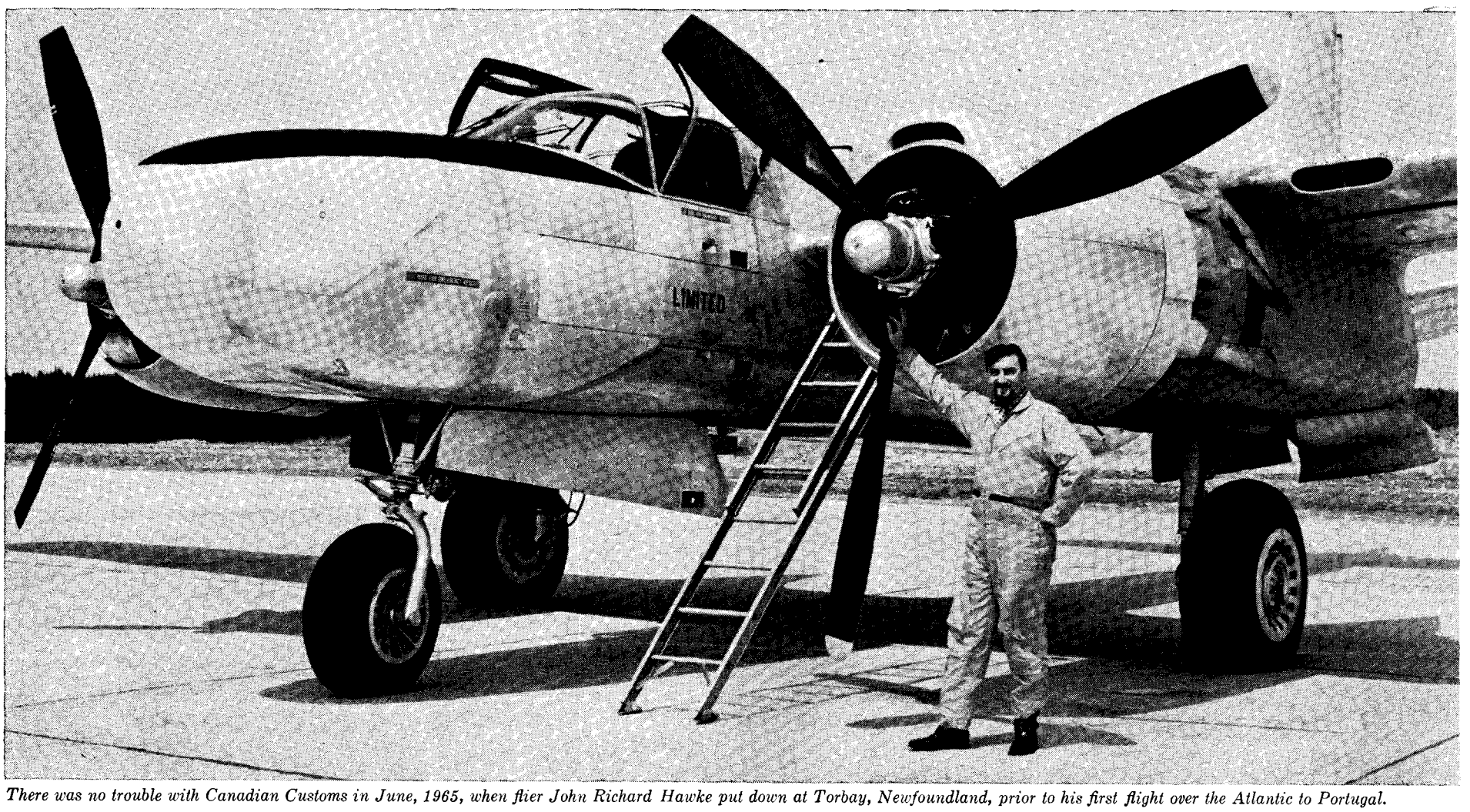
Again, in all fairness to the CIA, I must point out that there is the chance that Hawke got himself ensnarled in a masterfully complex hoax. A CIA lawyer I spoke with not long ago insisted that was the real answer, although he, too, admitted that he would never tell the truth in national security matters. With its U.N. implications, Sparrow is a matter of national security.

"Then how can I believe you even if I realize it is possible that Hawke was actually duped by Board and de Montmarin?" I asked.

"You just have to," he said.

"Then how can you explain Board's easy escape, the seven successful missions, the fact that nobody has tried to get Board sent back here for trial, and all the other questions?"

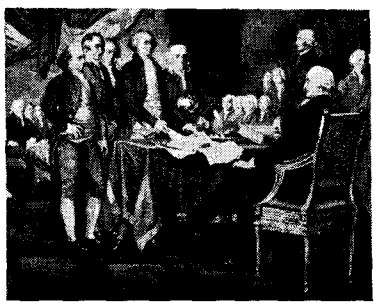
"I can't tell you," he said. "But I'll tell you one thing. We're working up a hell of a case against those guys. I think we'll win because we're really in the clear this time." □



There was no trouble with Canadian Customs in June, 1965, when flier John Richard Hawke put down at Torbay, Newfoundland, prior to his first flight over the Atlantic to Portugal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial



The practical revolutionaries

A distinguished novelist and a Nobel Prize winner, John Steinbeck has always devoted a prodigious amount of time and energy to understanding the American scene. Out of love, wrath and fierce concern, he writes in this issue of his concept of America and his vision of her future. His vision could stir us and strike from us a vision of our own, especially since July 4th, the 190th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, is just ahead.

Our history is short, less than 200 years as an independent nation, and we still have a clear view back to our beginnings. If we can understand the emerging American character of the 1770's, we understand ourselves better. One thing we can certainly understand is that it is no accident that we are a great nation: The most extraordinary body of men ever assembled in America created the imperishable Declaration.

A remarkable thing about the Declaration of Independence is that it very well might not have been created. There was nothing foreordained about the American Revolution. The distinguished historian Samuel Eliot Morison makes the point in his *Oxford History of the American People*, that "although Americans found the imperial system occasionally irritating, they were not ready to do anything about it. . . . They simply had the normal state of dissatisfaction that every free man of spirit should have with government, whatever its form."

George Washington continued to toast King George III at officers' mess through 1775; John Adams throughout the war never lost his desire to go back to the old colonial system; and in Britain and America there was a bitter, enduring storm of opposition to the war. In *The Age of Revolution* Churchill wrote of the gloating in England over every setback to the British cause. He tells how a patriotic duke's eyes sparkled with joy as he reported the death of 1,000 British sailors off the coast of North America in a storm.

There was such an agonized reluctance on the part of the leaders and the people to separate from England that the Continental Congress did not even assign a committee to produce the Declaration of Independence until the war against the crown had been going on for 13 months. For this stretch of time, Washington and the patriots pretended that they had been fighting the royal governors and not the king. It was not the fact of armed rebellion that disturbed the Americans, it was the thought of creating a republic. Grievous doubts wracked leaders like John Adams, who expressed deep uncertainty that an American republic could survive. He wrote that there is "so much Venality and Corruption, so much Avarice and Ambition, such a Rage for Profit and Commerce among all Ranks and Degrees of Men even in America," that he doubted that we had "public Virtue enough to Support a Republic."

Even after the fighting started, it was a reluctant revolution. But then, abuse had been piled on abuse: the Boston Port Act, the Quartering Act, the Quebec Act. A deep mysterious stirring began across America. In the early summer of 1776, John Adams wrote: "By every Post and every day, Independence rolls in on us like a torrent." And Adams himself had perceived what he described as "the revolution in the hearts of the people" which he considered the real American Revolution. Historian Morison tells a story that defines the American attitude of 1776. It is the report of Judge Mellen Chamberlain's interview with a 91-year-old veteran of the Concord fight.

"Did you take up arms against intolerable oppressions?" the judge asked.

"Oppressions?" replied the old man. "I didn't feel them."

"What, were you not oppressed by the Stamp Act?"

"I never saw one of those stamps. I certainly never paid a penny for one of them."

"Well, what then about the tea tax?"

"I never drank a drop of the stuff; the boys threw it all overboard."

"Then I suppose you had been reading Harington or Sidney and Locke about the eternal principles of liberty?"

"Never heard of 'em. We read only the Bible, the Catechism, Watts' Psalms and Hymns, and the Almanac."

"Well, then, what was the matter? And what did you mean in going to the fight?"

"Young man, what we meant in going for those redcoats was this: *We always had governed ourselves, and we always meant to. They didn't mean we should.*"

It was an instinct for freedom that moved the people and sustained them. And it was the same spirit that our forefathers so brilliantly captured and preserved in the Declaration of Independence.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness." These words were radical when they were written, and they still are today. They did not solve the problems of 1776 but anticipated the problems of the next 200 years. The practical revolutionaries who tempered their revolt with wisdom and justice and hope have given us a charge to our own people and to all of mankind.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLAROID®

You can get color prints like this in 60 seconds with a Polaroid Color Pack Camera. Is there any other way to take pictures?

Prices start at under $60.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What makes Viceroy the right one?

Viceroy's got the taste that's right... right any time of the day

©1966, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION *The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED